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*The Lorgnette:  
Or, Studies of the Town*

Donald Grant Mitchell, Felix  
Octavius Carr Darley

5005

R. Butler

May 1853











Yrs truly, Jno. Simon

THE  
**LORGNETTE:**

OR,  
*STUDIES OF THE TOWN.*

BY  
**An Opera Goer.**

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**VOLUME II.**

*NINTH EDITION.*

SET OFF WITH MR. DARLEY'S DESIGNS.

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**New York.**

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TO MY  
***R E A D E R S .***



THE critics have treated me kindly,—except in calling me by every manner of barbarous name ; and they have so split up my identity with their conjectures, and assurance, that I have become a kind of hundred-headed and hundred-handed Briareus.

I scarce know now whether I am talking in my own character, or in the character of some one else. And by whatever name I may be called to-day, there is an even chance that I shall lose it, and find myself standing, within the week, upon the legs of another man.

If my readers derive amusement from this cruel sport, I can have nothing to say. But I entreat them, as they love charity, not to put such title on me as will make me blush. And however much the good people may multiply my name, I hope they will leave me integrity of purpose, so that in any new tilt upon the follies of the day they will recognize the old handling of the lance, under whatever strange pennant I may enter the lists.

*JOHN TIMON.*

Dated from my Attic,  
December the 4th, MDCCCL.

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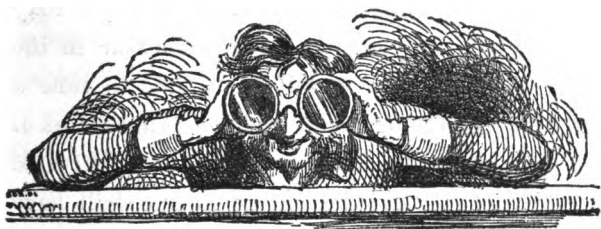
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MAY 10.

NEW-YORK.

SECOND SERIES—NO. 1.

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*Mirandola*—(Il satiro si anderà a poco a poco addomesticando.)

LA LOCANDIERA

WELL, Fritz, it is even true, that notwithstanding my rusticity, I find myself approaching, little by little, to a state of town domestication; and at the earnest solicitation of my worthy bookseller, I am led to resume my weekly observations, and even to extend their influence, if influence they have, by association with a large publishing house, which will give to them a wide country circulation. It is quite possible, therefore, that this may fall under your eye at the house of your parson (if a liberal-

mind person), or of your village attorney (if a man of progress), even before you shall have broken my private seal.

Nor shall my country readers be without their share of aliment; for, to say nothing of the approaching season, when the town disgorges itself upon the rural districts, and when safely I may turn my glass upon our Nebuchadnezzar in the fields, I shall allow myself from time to time a rural diversion of remark; and the damp places of our country society shall here and there serve to wet my pencil; and the village gossips shall have a relisher to their tea that will marvellously quicken the point of their Souchong and Gunpowder talk.

Even the brusque, self-important, country pettifogger shall have his miniature set off in the dainty binding of a town-worker: and the fashionable belles of the village, too delicate to be buxom, and too buxom for the gas-lights of a Waverley Place rout, shall have as truthful a daguerreotype as ever was painted by the limner of the exquisite Eve Effingham.

And as for the civilian turned loose, a little careless and very eccentric habit of travel will enable me,—Providence and the rheumatism willing,—to follow them to the ocean breezes of Nahant and

Newport, or to the sulphury mountain air of Sharon. The town-ladies will find an old seven-league boot set upon my heel, which will make me as untiring in the chase of their charms, and perhaps as romantic in my adventure, as the Knight of La Mancha upon his raw-boned Rosinante.

The French understand the *phisiologie du gout*, as you know, and will throw in a basted partridge, blanketed with pork, between the soberer courses of a boiled meat and a *filet*; so I, Fritz, will spit together on the same bundle of converging rays, a squeamish town poetaster stuffed with garlic, and a Broadway beauty gone wild in Schoharie or at Lebanon. But as for the bill of fare setting forth at length the name and family of the dishes, I shall leave it to the happy *initial* graces of the Express and Herald; and you must judge of the quality of your meal, only by the taste and the spice of the cookery.

It will astonish, doubtless, many very good people who are not believers either in Fourierism or in the Rochester Knockings, to find John Timon so ubiquitous in his flights as to be one week sketching in the city, the next brushing away the mists from his glass in the spray of Niagara, and the third moistening his ink-horn with the scum of the beach at Long Branch. But let them quiet them-

selves ; John Timon is no necromancer ; and instead of startling them with any narrative too improbable for belief, he will be far more apt to shock them with the very homely truth of his stories. At any rate, he is content to have his matter judged by its agreement with fact ; and when he throws away his allegiance to truth, he will lease his pen to the —— newspaper. Or, should he wish to maintain an appearance of gentility, though truth is discarded, he will devote his mornings to politics, his evenings to fashionable society, and relieve his noons with a study of the portraits at the National Academy.

—

#### MAY MOVINGS.

‘If there be any such thing as destiny in the world, I know nothing man is so predestinated to as to be eternally turning round.’—*Dr Fox*

I HAVE looked in vain, my dear Fritz, through the chronicles of the city, from that of the venerable Diedrich, to those of Mr. Dogget, Jr., to find any historical account of the origin of the May festivities of this town. Almost every people has its way of welcoming this most cheerful of months ; and you will remember how, in the remote districts of England, the children, in their best dresses and with happy faces, will crowd about one, with pleas-

antly spoken petitions, to loan a penny for the May-pole.

The festivities of our town are of a different order; they do not smack at all of the old dance and garlands. The population of children, in virtue, as I am told, of an old custom, are upon May-day—homeless, and are wandering in a state of sad vagabondage, up and down our streets, earnestly petitioning the charitable passers-by—not for a penny, but for a house.

The public roads are filled with a long procession of spring vans, carrying immense piles of shabby furniture; the walks are encumbered with nursery-maids in very dusty bonnets, carrying thin-plated mirrors tied up in a scurvy counterpane; small boys groan along under the weight of enormous China vases, or Griffins; and family portraits, never intended, surely, for any but the indulgent eyes of kindred, are carried modestly and discreetly along the side streets. The parlors of reception are given over to the possession of burly and capless carmen, who spit tobacco juice upon the polished grate, and whose heads are adorned, in place of May garlands, with scattered flecks of down. The hall-doors are flung hospitably open, into which walk very distressed-looking women, who are on that day anything but Queens of May

Here and there, too, you may see a quiet journey man cabinet-maker, in green baize jacket, passing in at the hall door and gliding swiftly up the stairway to his May festivity, with a small tin pail of varnish, or haply, an iron bed-key!

As for the town-lady, a month ago so courtly, her empire is now divided—not alone with extortionate porters and tasteless upholsterers, but, what is worse—with some new incoming mistress. You have been rocked long enough, my dear Fritz, in this rickety cradle of a world, to know what a delightful provocative to the festivities of the season must be this joint lady-rule under a single roof!

Character, as you may well suppose, develops very swiftly under this May ordeal; one poor woman, in a frenzy of fear, may be seen hunting after some dear little vase which has escaped notice in the general onset, and which will, by-and-by, perhaps (to humor her good-nature), be found crushed under some ponderous *armoire*. Another, with cap-strings flying wide, and with faded shawl pinned in very dirk-like fashion, will general the whole May movement with an air and gesture very strongly calculated to keep aloof any nervous husband, or weak-limbed sons-in-law. A third will go into hysterics at the crash of some cherished bowl and ewer, and between vexation and fatigue, will per-

sist in imagining, notwithstanding the repeated assurances of the chamber-maid to the contrary, that the world is near destruction, and that all terrestrial things are then and there, on that May-day, rapidly passing into oblivion.

Out of respect to the season, meals at home, are for the most part taken standing. A few Boston crackers, with a delicate cut from a cold ham, and a small bottle of London stout, are recommended.

At a late hour in the afternoon it is discovered that the carmen have left something they should have borne off in procession, and that they have taken away still more that they should have left. Meantime the scant, cool dinner humors the fatigue of being much a-foot, and more provoked; and the evening closes upon our blooming May queen, installed with May festivity, in a May palace. This last is curiously set off with beds huddled into corners; and the stewpans, and tea-kettles, are unfortunately, if not irreparably lost, in the depths of some subterranean vault.

Such, my dear Fritz, are a few hints thrown out, to serve you as coloring matter, with which you can work up at your leisure an imaginative painting of our town May-day. I think you will agree that it is an odd way of celebration, and will scarce

wonder at my curiosity in searching the records for its origin.

If it would not be immodest, I would respectfully suggest the topic to the New York Historical Society, confident that it is one that will afford full scope to those abilities for thorough and profound investigation, which are possessed in so ample a degree by nearly all the regular—not to mention the honorary and corresponding—members of that distinguished Society. I might safely predict, indeed, I think it could be affirmed with the utmost confidence, that a paper upon the topic alluded to, prepared in the usual form of the Historical Society papers, and read with characteristic enunciation, could not fail to keep at least one-half of the members of that association awake up to the end of the recitation. And with an equal degree of certitude it might be affirmed, that the author, whoever he might be, would be unanimously thanked for his ‘very able paper,’ and a copy be placed in the archives of the association: and furthermore, a report of the resolutions might be reasonably expected in the Express of the next morning, provided no ‘extraordinary disclosures’ supervened.

Since, however, the Society above referred to has failed thus far to throw light on this important subject, I must even venture myself, Fritz, to try and

get at the causes of these strange movements of May. Why they should occur at this particular epoch of the year, is a matter of minor importance, and may be safely left in the hands of the Historical gossips; why such movements should occur at all is a more interesting inquiry, and one which in my view, can only be settled by a reference to the condition and character of our social progress.

In our town, the house, in common with the coach and the coat, is a type, and a bold type, of social position. As position is gained, or hoped to be gained, the types must correspond. People must not only get on in reputation, wealth, and in society, but they must give ocular proof of their progress, made palpable by houses, and publicly demonstrated at the fête of May. Furniture good enough for a quiet housewife who cooks a small grocer's dinner, and who, with the aid of a stout Irish wench, is her own laundress, will never do, when her grocer husband, by dint of shrewdness and industry, is making a stir on 'Change; and if new furniture is to be had, then there must be a new house; and if a new house, then there must be a move; and if a move, why then—a May-day fête!

Some small mechanic comes in to fill up the place of the promoted grocer; and the grocer, perhaps,

fills the place of some advancing importer. Thus wave upon wave is rolling along the drift-wood that floats upon the sea of the town; and on May-day the tide is at the flood. And it is a remarkable fact, and one well worthy of the attention of public economists, that the movement is almost invariably from small quarters to large ones. This is certainly most flattering to the enterprise of the town; perhaps more flattering to our enterprise than to our honesty. For I have observed that even bankruptcies, or defalcations, do by no means create exceptions to our general rule of progress, but on the contrary, seem to have a manifest tendency to accelerate the advance. Indeed, from a careful series of observations, I am almost persuaded to believe that a brilliant bankruptcy, well fastened, and clipper-built, is one of the best craft on which to scud over our waves of progress, into such elegant harborage as Union Place, or Grammercy Park.

It does not yet appear to be settled upon any Malthusian basis, what space is exigent to the necessities of a family of a given size, or even of given tastes: let the social rank be given, and the calculation is easier. Though even here, the inquiry is beset with difficulties; swift progress, contrary to the law in mechanics, being understood to require more space than the slow, old-fashioned ad-

vance. Thus, if a man rise fast, and by some principle of progression which is not very patent, he must needs have a big house; if he rise slowly, and by healthful stages, a small one is quite adequate to his wants.

No plan, that I can learn of, has yet been laid down—not even by the architect of the late Bowling Green fountain,—as the *ne plus ultra* of a town house. Vistas of constantly extending parlors, and multiplying suites of rooms, mock the judgment, and leave the inquirer, in this part of the subject, in a state of sad perplexity. No limit, indeed, can be safely predicated of our town houses, except the length of a city square; and it would not be very surprising, if some new aspirant after position, with the requisite California credentials, should presently build a modest mansion for himself and a small family, reaching from street to street. The middle rooms (though my architectural observations are reserved for another paper), might be lighted with wells sunk through the roof at convenient distances, which would make pleasing mementoes of the gold-pits, and would furthermore serve the younger members of the family for telescopic purposes, and for prosecuting, in a domestic way, sidereal observations.

In most other parts of the civilized world, a cer-

tain modicum of room, and of interior appliances, is reckoned essential, and *complete*. A well-defined supply satisfies; and the social character is based, not on such supply, but upon certain trivial contingencies of private character,—such as worth, family, or even wealth. Many a man of fortune, as you know, Fritz, who can command respect in various ways, is at this very time occupying a suite of rooms upon a single floor in the Rue de Bac, who would disdain the dashing palaces of the Chaussée d'Antin, or the Place St. George. A cultivated dignity is satisfied; a refined taste finds space enough for its wants; and the home is complete. You will recall, too, in this connection, (or your memory misgives you) the rough brick walls of many a modest mansion of London, not to be named beside our free-stone palaces, and yet these walls cover the gatherings of a delicate and accomplished judgment; they embrace the solution of the most difficult of social problems—that of content; and they make the quadrature of the whole circle of the home-pleasures complete.

But with the scions of our social nursing there is no brick and mortar terminus, except superiority to one's neighbor. And at the end, perhaps, our discomfited aspirant, mortified with being overshadowed by some new house-builder, must fly

abroad, to escape that ennui which a position based on houses and display would very naturally create. In Europe, however, there is relief; the harasses of change are no longer felt. His palaces will not make for him position, and lack of them will not make its forfeit. A quiet suite in the Rue Lavoisier will be *enough*: and enough, even in the city of fashion and of form, has its meaning. Good sense has assigned to it limits, and prudence has given it a reception. The man is relieved from strife; and any vulgar show, whatever crowds it may bring to his dinners, or whatever jewels it may scatter over his evening receptions, will not magnify his repute with those who gauge his character with a knowing eye. For even French politesse, though it may allow itself to drink applaudingly of his *Volney* and *Latour*, cannot so far forget its sense of truth, as to suppress a chuckle, and a murmured—'*quelle sottise!*'

The sad conclusion which I am led to from this, my dear Fritz, is the fact, that in our town, even the comforts of a home are thoroughly conventional. The acme of display may have been reached; but what house-owner, or housewife, in ignorance of what their neighbors may build, or an impending, brilliant bankruptcy may bestow, will say that they have arrived at true comfort?

The man who holds, or has ever held fair social position, and yet contents himself with a modest house, must either be possessed of great moral courage, or he must wear a conscience in his bankruptcy; and these are two qualities, which in the given connection, must be sought for in our town—as Diogenes hunted for a man—with a lantern.

It would be pleasant, Fritz, to take you to the auctions that belong to our May festival, and which may be met with at every half dozen steps,—showing the last trace of the old May-pole, decorated with a little banner of red bunting. But the girls who throng to this part of our festival are mostly old girls, of a buxom race, who may be found either seated about the apartments, or diligently feeling of the plush; and they are the most indefatigable ‘snappers up’ of shabby furniture that can possibly be imagined. In what quarter of the city they live, has never been satisfactorily ascertained; it is conjectured, however, from the style of their purchases, that they must be the occupants of some of the old Dutch houses with lofty gables. They eye you very sharply if you bid against them; they know to a dime the value of a broken-legged table; and they are on very familiar terms with chatty cabinet-makers. They wear dingy bombazine, and faded shawls, and judging

from action and manner, (and this is not to discredit their husbands, who are too good subjects of pity for anybody's sneers) probably 'rule the roast' at home.

There are some few meek ones, who are no match for the *habitués*, and are restlessly nervous. They are extremely anxious lest some particular article should escape them; they are very sure to show their anxiety to the penetrating auctioneer; and astonishingly apt to raise their own bids. Here and there, among the crowd of furniture dealers, you will catch sight of some poor fellow, who by his hang-dog walk, has evidently been driven to the auction by his wife's command, and who is very fearful lest some of her strolling neighbors should report his delinquencies at the bidding.

I have reported thus, Fritz, in very homely style the peculiar show which we make of our May festivities. Brush up now your recollections, and compare these new-world sketches, these creaking furniture vans, this change, bustle, and brooms, with the sunny May-day that you have passed on the bank of the Wye, under the gray ruin of Chepstow;—or with that luxuriousness of air and action, which wrapped you round like a garment, as you floated on a May-day, in your gleaming caique, along the plashing waters of the Brazen Horn.

From all this, my dear Fritz, you will fish out the moral, that change belongs eminently to our American life;—that the settled quietude of a ripe civilization has not yet been reached;—that we have not yet learned well enough how to live, to be sure when we are contented with the modes of living; and that even the comforts of a home are measured by space, material, and talk. And the whole drift of these observations will go to confirm the remark of that sage historian, Diedrich Knickerbocker, who says, in the third chapter of that renowned work, which by German suffrage has been put upon the same plane with that of Thucydides,—‘Our ancestors, like their descendants, were very much given to outward show, and noted for putting the best leg foremost.’

#### A WORD ABOUT THE POLKA AND POLKISTS.

‘The gods have bestowed fortitude upon some men, and on others a disposition for dancing.’—HESIOD.

‘Si on ne valsait que pour valser, qui valserait ?’—STAHL.

STEELE was the elegant apologist for dancing, in his day; and a certain Mr. Jno. Weaver, who so far worked himself into the good graces of the *Spectator*, as to secure a puff for his book, was the historian of the dance. But in that time, with all

their kissing cotillions, and Sir Roger de Coverleys, they were not advanced enough for a Polka.

This triumph of Terpsichorean art was reserved for a more enlightened age, and has yet to secure its classic historian, and its moral advocate. It is surprising, indeed, that while we are in the possession of such poets as the author of *Liberty's Triumph*, its evolutions are not moulded into an epic ; and there are moral and classic essayists about the town, who would add hugely to their fame, by letting slip their didactic periods upon a topic so level to their qualities. And a book, of whatever character, would only need a *bravura*, from every polkist, to make a din that would deafen the whole town into acquiescence.

The rage, indeed, for the whole family of polkas is most infectious ; and not only has it taken educational possession of Misses who have not cast their nursery strings, but it has smitten men grown gouty ; and ladies, who can scarce maintain their hold upon the charitable side of forty, in the intoxicating eccentricity of the polka, revive their youth, and in its pleasant delirium, cheerfully forget their years. It has even made its appearance in the streets, and at the circus ; and the polkas made up, for a long time, the musical stock of the performers

at the Anatomical Museum. Traces of the polka movement may be seen even on the public walk, and in the periodic and luxurious oscillations of the figures of our belles at the Opera, and Grace Church; the springy, elastic, and long-continued salute of a lady seems to have its accomplishment under the influence of a certain volatile, polka element, which pervades the system, and gives a well-timed, though highly-eccentric vibratory action to the nerves. I cannot well say, but think it highly probable, that the movement may have found its way into domestic arrangements, and the baby be lulled, the dumb waiter rise and fall, and the cook stove rotate—polka-wise.

One or two strolling Italians have taught the polka action, with great effect, to tame monkeys; the hint should not be lost upon such young gentlemen as find, now that the ball season is over, their occupation gone. And from not a little careful observation, I am disposed to think that they would meet with far greater success in the ring, than they have ever found at the bar.

A new polka has latterly engrossed the attention and study of our town ladies; and though some of the old women, who are not apt to learn, are condemning it as a little too free in its movement, it is all the more admired by the established belles. It

must be confessed, however, that a little prudery is just now spreading among the young ladies; gentlemen are absolutely required to withdraw their arms from the waists of their partners within three minutes after the close of the music; and this upon penalty—of having to dance the next set. Several of my acquaintances, in an access of virtuous resolve, have sworn off from polking with gentlemen they do not know, for the rest of the season: this is not understood, however, to embrace the watering-place campaign.

What the old gentlemen will do in time, I can hardly imagine. A jig, or a cotillion, was not so difficult a matter for them as to forbid their wearing a creditable air of agility. The polkas are too eccentric; the whist-tables are scouted; and as for standing about the walls, in imminent danger from the dripping candles, and with corns cruelly jammed by those fellows who give effect to the music, by an occasional thump with their heels, it is not to be thought of.

Unfortunately for them, too, the Polkas are rapidly multiplying; as much in eccentricity, as in number. And after the success of the 'Tip-top' Polka, we shall look with interest for the introduction of a 'How d'ye do' and a 'Kiss me if you can' Polka. There's nothing like novelty in an

accomplishment of this sort; and after dancing one's breath out to an old tune, it is quite surprising how some fresh air will set a body going.

A little modest dance has been thrown in on occasions, for *entracte* at the new Opera; but it quite shies the matter; the man is too coy, and the woman wears too many flounces, to make the affair taking.

Touching the matter of polking, I have received this *bijou* of a letter:—

MR. TIMON:—I have read all you have written, and like it very much. My mamma (for a wonder) likes it too: so does Aunt Sophy. But they have forbid my polking with strange gentlemen, at least those who are introduced to me at the balls. Is not this ridiculous?—one meets such nice young men at the balls, and nowhere else! I wish you would persuade mamma so; if you could, you would greatly oblige your true friend,     TERRY.

As I neither know the church, or the 'set' of my good-natured correspondent, I shall fling out a few opinions of various complexion, by which her mamma can help herself toward forming a healthful judgment, and fixing the line of duty beyond all possible cavil.

The Presbyterian Elder abhors the Polka from

his soul, and thinks it a device of Satan, to carry off souls in a whirl-a-gig. He has almost as bad an idea of polka dancers, as of the polka itself. He thinks dancing-masters emissaries of Belial, who are supported by stated contributions from the world of darkness. In short, he thinks nothing more demoralizing in its tendency, unless it be the fancies of the Ecclesiologists. or a cross upon a church gable.

A mother of six daughters, and of easy Religious faith, encourages the polka, as she believes it cultivates grace of limb, and brings young people together into a proper degree of familiarity, which may ripen into matrimony—which is the true and natural state of the human family, as there is no denying.

A young lady of retiring habits is opposed to the polka from principle, though she does not object to a stray turn with Cousin Harry. As she doesn't take lessons, she is rather out of step, which has a tendency to confirm her principle.

A stiff prigg, who smells of book-covers, sneers at the polka as an absurdity, which no sensible man would abandon himself to ; and which puts a person in a very ridiculous, not to say awkward and embarrassing position.

The *debutante* is delighted with it, as one of the most fascinating pursuits in life ; and looks forward to a brilliant stretch of years, made bright with thousands of interesting polkas.

A high church Divine looks upon the dance, as scripturally emblematic of joy, and by natural reasoning, regards the polka as ecclesiologically emblematic of ecstasy. He does not believe in reducing proprieties to abstract forms, without any of the pleasing graces of typical attachments, and well-ordered ceremonial. The white robes of the dancers are clearly emblematic of innocence ; and as such will have efficacy, by virtue of association, in screening the polkists from any impure thoughts or desires ; at least they ought to have such efficacy, and perhaps do. Let the form, and the coloring be right, and the accessories will take care of themselves. 'Heaven has made us, and not we ourselves.'

And now, Fritz, John Timon takes the liberty of asking the pert and homely question—if the free and careless handling of our town-ladies, by every booby who can boast a boot, or a fringed cravat, is not in the minds of many sensible ones, weakening the delicacy and the beauty of that respect, which every gentleman desires to feel for the other sex ?

Is it not making common, what is most valued when uncommon ?

It is an undeniable fact that there is a freedom in the approach to unmarried ladies at our balls, which cannot be found elsewhere in the civilized world, except indeed at the public gardens of Paris, or the Assembly-rooms of the German Spa. The world is on the gain I know ; and we affect to lead ; the waltz was stoutly combated on its introduction to the salons of Paris, by no less a person than Madame de Genlis ; and Byron even uses strong language in disgust for,

‘ hands promiscuously applied  
Round the slight waist, or down the glowing side.’

But is it not worth inquiry, if we are not rounding our habit into too much wantonness in this thing ? One would suppose indeed, that brothers, if not fathers, would place some limit to this luxury of indiscriminate intimacy.

Do not suppose, Fritz, that with the canker of years upon me, I am enjoying a fling at an accomplishment which can no longer be mine. It is not the dance, nor even the polka that is condemned ; for both are accomplishments of grace ; it is only the license that is growing out of their abuse. I

would fain cherish, even in the decline of life, a tender and delicate respect for that sex, whose highest charm is modesty, and whose richest glory is a spotless virtue.

**TIMON**



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. . . . . that numerous piece of monstrosity, which taken asunder, seem men, and the reasonable creatures of God ; but confused together, make one great beast, and a monstrosity more prodigious than Hydra : it is no breach of charity to call these fools.'

SIR T. BROWNE

I LIKE, Fritz, in my quiet way, to moisten my pen in the dribblings from any butts of ridicule, even though they stand upon the floor of our Tabernacle. Our towns-people are a very Christian people, and, of course, a very civilized people ; but they also have an odd rotatory sort of way of serving God and the Devil by turns, as best chimes with their humor. They get up a comfortable charity, and the next day will hatch us a mob.

We have anniversaries of missionary movement, which are damned with faint praise of the journals; and we have anniversaries of mob-movement, which are zealously defended. We keep our Chat-ham well sustained, and our Churchman in lusty health. We point the dullness of our Lenten fasts with Opera critiques; and many good Presbyterian Elders take off the scandalous edge of their Sunday's Herald with the pious causticity of the Independent, or the mild magniloquence of the Observer.

Our police arrangements, since the introduction of the Star and cigars, and since the election of our new Aldermanic Council, are said to be highly perfect; and our journals are most consistent and order-loving journals, actuated naturally by the most conscientious intent: And yet, Fritz, the week past we have had a demonstration of order, philanthropy, Christian intent, police perfectibility and newspaper independence, which must carry the weight of a counter opinion as far as the cracked dome of that temple of St. Peter's, which the Christian Union and Dr. Adams are trying hard to crack wider.

The anatomical argumentation of Dr. Grant, very cogent as it seemed to his abettors, would have been worse than useless, if any such infernal bick

ering had disgraced a company of negroes, as belonged to either the first or the second session of our American Anti-Slavery Society. As for municipal perfection, it is quite lost in the shadow of the heavier clouds; and let them put the disturbances at whose door they may, they reflect very badly on town-civilization, and still worse on human dignity.

Don't understand me, Fritz, to endorse any of the crazy fulminations of our Garrison zealots, while I point out the barbarity and usurpations of our Bowery demagogues. Whatever may be monkeys or negroes—whatever may be Rhynderses or hyenas, and whatever geese or Garrisons, order is one thing, and disorder is another. City tranquillity is manifestly one affair, and city turbulence, setting its accursed heel on the altar of our churches, is quite another. The distinction needs no Grant anatomy for its exposition, and none of the electric flashes from any dark Ward, to light it. It does not even need a tea-sitting of the Aldermen, or a consultation of his Honor the Mayor, with his other Honor, the District Attorney, for its elucidation.

You know, Fritz, that we have been gathering in our town, for a week past, a corps of workers, variously equipped with white cravats, broad brims, black coats, petticoats, and carefully-committed

discourses, to help forward the heathen and black men a stage or two in Christian civilization ; and so vigorous has been the endeavor, that we have recoiled with the shock into the ditch of barbarity. Journals have been found, which, though they pointed their eulogiums with exclamation marks at the shooting down of the Astor mob, could yet stretch a yielding veil of sympathy over the better paid and better drilled mob which choked the cackle of the Garrisonites.

We have been showing the Philadelphians, latterly, that the title of their city to the metropolis of misrule is in danger ; and we have weakened the strong and steady influence of a great city by a little eruption of bile, which has already grown putrid in the eye of sense. What a story to carry to our august plotters at the seat of Government—that a few conscientious and Bible-reading fanatics could not compare notes, and quietly exorcise all the demons in Christendom, without drawing out a rush, and a howl from Bowery freebooters, to prove man an ass—to stretch their pewter panoply over our General President, and to defend the insulted dignity of the nation ! It makes a modest man blush for his patronymic when the national dignity is in such keeping.

Senator Foote, indeed, might accept the defence

as refreshing and germane; but the conqueror of Buena Vista, used, as he is, to the bad smells of a camp, one would think might turn up his nose in disgust at the brimstone odors of such Bragg artillery. The Disunionists will, perhaps, take heart from this town flurry, since all disorganizing tendencies are kindred: moreover, they have much need to take heart, and they will find few sources of capital so abundant and so well adapted.

But do not let me spoil the freshness of your spring air with such nauseous memories. We will return to topics which belong to the every-day life of the town, and which rise at every hand, 'sueing to be pressed.'

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#### A CHAPTER ON BELLES.

'The impositions now to be set on foot are upon bare-necked ladies, patches, moleskins, Spanish paper, and all the *Mundus Muliebris* more than what is necessary and decent.'—VISIONS OF DON QUEVEDO, (*made English by* SIR ROGER L'ESTRANGE.)

OUR winter belles, my dear Fritz, having now fairly clipped the shell of the ball-room, and having begun to fledge in a spring array, give me good occasion to take their figures on my canvas, before they shall have sailed away on the full wing of the summer passage.

Altering, for the nonce, the systematic nomen-

clature of my philosophic friend, Tophanes, I shall divide the race into

BELLES BY EXCLUSION,  
BELLES BY INCLUSION, and  
BELLES BY DELUSION.

While we are in the possession of such erudite and delectable expounders of language and proprieties as Mr. T—, and the Editor of the Mirror, it will hardly be necessary to tell you what is meant by a town belle. At least, I shall choose to be simple, though at the expense of seeming shallow, and shall only advise you, that we understand by a belle, any lady not over sixty, nor under sixteen, who is either talked about because she is admired, or admired because she is talked about. And if our fashionable essayists of the lady magazines, from Morton McMichael down, can give a better definition, which shall cover the ground with fewer words, and less of metaphor, they will do more than they are in the habit of doing.

Exclusiveness is a happy way of arriving at a triumph, and of winning a place under the first category of belles. There are various ways, I find, of effecting this in our town, some of which are worth your attention.

A carriage has its merits; and an attachment to it, if rigorously persisted in, is quite effective. Vast numbers are disposed to admire what is far away from them; and there are certain styles of face, which appear much better at a little remove—say as far as the walk, from the middle of the street; graces, too, which might suffer on a close inspection, are multiplied by a ready imagination, when they pass us at a sharp trot.

Even some venerable ladies, by properly darkening the back seats, and by due circumspection in appearing afoot, maintain a considerable stock of admiration, and are fairly entitled to enrollment upon our list of old belles. Such ladies will, of course, recognize the propriety of doing their shopping at an early hour, or upon lowery days; nor will they expose themselves to such an exhibition as an open carriage entails, unless (and this device sometimes succeeds capitally) they screen themselves with a defensive sun-shade, for which, the fashion with elderly belles, is a lining of rose-tinted silk.

In younger aspirants, a slight irregularity of feature, if only lit up by passably good color, will fairly escape observation under the shadow of a coach-top; and a reputation for a considerable share of beauty can be successfully maintained for

a long period of time. No better per centage on investment in equipage can well be imagined. Such ladies, too, if possessed of creditable forms, with the requisite degree of fullness, (although our French mantua-makers will be able to supply any small lack in that way) will benefit their reputation by an occasional ride. Horsemanship is not altogether essential; at least I infer not, from a comparison of the styles. The rides should not only embrace the Bloomingdale thoroughfare, but may be extended, in the case of a gallant-looking esquire, through the Fifth Avenue, or even upon Broadway, with excellent effect. Hats à l'homme are the best, and really invest their wearers in some instances with a dignity which could hardly be predicated of them in a simple lady coiffure.

But belles by exclusion do not stop here. A name, or a family will not unfrequently prove the basis of a notoriety, which will entitle a claimant to enrollment among the town belles. Nothing, indeed, is requisite but a proper degree of caution, an avoidance of simple, unpretending people, and an assiduously cultivated intercourse with those of distinction. Personal attractions even are hardly of enough moment to demand the alleviating dressings of our very worthy Martel; and I have seen faces, which, aside from the name, I should have

stupidly thought plain, pointed out to me by my friend, Tophanes, as belonging to accredited belles. Exclusiveness seems to me a very safe way of guarding such distinction, as I should think that common observation would sadly weaken its force.

At our balls, such belles delight in an exceedingly haughty habit; they are observed to dance with few gentlemen, and those only who are currently known; they meet a new acquaintance with a look by which they seem to honor him; they look superciliously on prettily-dressed girls who are not of their acquaintance; they are exceedingly affable with the hostess (if of good family), in order to throw more force into their coldness with others. They dance with remarkable absence of *abandon*, as if they had something to depend on for salvation, besides mere grace.

Their topics are discussed with prettily-fledged hints, gleaned from Papa's dinner parties; the current waves of talk are curiously avoided; even the paragraphs of the Home Journal are kindly tossed over to contempt, and our LORGNETTE, my country Fritz, is sneered at, as the crude melange of a literary adventurer. I have, however, with the help of Providence, smiled as I have listened to such prating; and I have possibly seemed to admire the dignity of such ladies; but in reality, have

pitied the pretence which deprives them of prudence, and sighed over the affectations which are too transparent to conceal their weakness.

But if you meet such belle under the favor of some kind recommendation, or with some name for gentlemanly character, or have the benefit of being espied by her, in close conversation with Madame Blank, who is distinguished, then, no matter what may be your real worth, the tactics change. How quick is the flow of her remark; how earnest, and yet seemingly careless, is her effort to convince you, that you are in the sunshine of distinction; what an array of pertinent authorities, taken from the upper lists! For one remark she will fling you two; and will spice them all with an air of triumph, that makes you then, and there, perhaps, seem to rejoice in so delightful an acquaintance; but afterward, and soberly, regret that so much enthusiasm should be lost on such poor confirmation of her superiority.

Occasionally a literary lady of uncertain age, takes rank in this scale of belles; and by the studious wit, and cultivated modesty of her talk, builds a wall of exclusion about her, which none but the most hardy, and infatuated of admirers can overleap. I would not mean to say, however, Fritz, that such ladies are common, or that literary

attainments are generally high enough, with any class of our belles, to make their learning an insurmountable obstacle to an approach ; and if one cannot fairly scale the rampart of their literary acquisitions, he can, generally, with high-heeled boots, see over to the flat surface that lies beyond.

Our literary ladies proper, are deserving of a separate sketch ; but such of them as class with belles are usually measurable by a French Journal, an Italian Phrase Book, and the Literary World. And they do not, at the worst, possess so great a knowledge of the occult sciences, as to damage what little housewifery they possess, or to spoil their eye for worsteds.

I do not justly know if I ought to include in this galaxy of our goddesses the married belles of the town. Our Venus is no less a Venus, though the mother of a half a score of Cupids ; Proserpine has wooers, though princely theft has been made of her person and her dower ; and we have Penelopes, by half less constant, and with twice as many suitors, as paid their court to the consort of the wandering Ulysses.

The exclusiveness of this class is not limited even by the rights of the husband ; and he is apt to feel the weight of her claims to this species of belleshyp, in a way as significant, as it is successful.

The extent, and character of his means of consolation, will come under my pen, when I give you, as I intend to do, a study of our clubmen, and of our connoisseurs.

Among all the French arts which have become acclimated with us, none is so decided in its manifestations, and seemingly so easy of adoption, as that of conjugal indifference; and I feel quite satisfied that our trottoir and Opera-house would show samples in this way, which would not do discredit to the best studied *naïveté*, and most artless intrigue of the Bois de Boulogne, or of the summer evenings, in the Pitti gardens at Florence.

It is needless to say that this action is essential to the state of a married belle; but she must beware how she perils her reputation by a delectable intimacy with any but a man of note. Literary reputation, or a foreign air, are either of them good outfits in a wooer, and will, if well managed, perfect the married belle, who is the object of their address, in those more exquisite Paris accomplishments, which serve to distinguish the tame and spiritless wife, from the agreeable and fascinating *femme du monde*.

The education of our belles by exclusion, is necessarily exclusive. It is naturally, too, somewhat capricious. It does not feed on popular accomplish-

ments; it is on the search for extraordinary attainments. The belle by exclusion, will be coy of passing French compliments in the presence of the grocer's daughter, who has learned them as well as she, but will prefer to twist her lip into a practiced enunciation of German terms. She will not boast her proficiency upon the piano, which is vulgar; but upon the harp, or guitar. She will not sing the music that is in every shop window, but will painfully elaborate some bit that has reached her through the courtesy of a friend in Paris.

She withdraws herself as much as possible from the current of the town, whether in speech or in dress; she will flourish a 'Marie Stuart' when others are rejoicing in a simple cottage hat; or, sustained by the authority of a Parisian friend, she will trim her hood or her cloak with marten, when the street-world is all given to laces.

It is grateful to approach now, Fritz, the second class of our belles—by inclusion. These gain position unwittingly. The town determines on their belleship, and the belleship is accepted.

Prominent among them are the belles by good-nature; they are lively, chatty, rarely out of humor, always ready for a polka, and not objecting seriously to a waltz; they are familiarly kind, not always pretty, but have compromised with nature

for a little gracefulness. They are good dancers, careless diners-out, capital companions, and always ready for service. Their dress is easy without being *outré*; they are up with the times without being before the times. They make acquaintances without condescension, and they keep them without other bait than the sallies of unshaken good-humor. They talk of their neighbors without cultivating sarcasm, and they meet acquaintances on the street without fearing infection. They are favorites without being hated, and are admired without being immoderately calumniated.

Yet their position is not without its dangers; to be a favorite of the public is always dangerous. Popular favor is as capricious as a woman, and whoso seeks to fill his canvas with its breath, has need to secure quick running blocks, and ready hands for the trimming of his yards. The man or the woman, whose opinion or whose action is always flattered by the public, is very certain to have no opinion and no action which is integral, or which is not rather an off-shoot of the public fancy. If such a woman could marry the world, the marriage might be happy, and the domestic life be passably tranquil; but if she marries a man, there is sad danger that her old suitor will continue to pay his court, and the memory of her first love will

fill up the marriage bliss. The public is a sturdy wooer, and if it can win favors, it will be sure to keep its hold on a woman's vanity by being querulous for more.

Others, among the belles by inclusion, are modest and beautiful—two qualities so rarely associated, that I have great fear of periling my name for accurate observation, and of being condemned, as one who makes up his statements from hearsay. Yet they are to be seen, here and there, in retired corners, and in modest attire, not taking a conspicuous place either at the church or the opera. They will not talk brazenly of their distinguished acquaintances, nor make a boast of a word dropped from a great man, or a great lady ; yet something of air or of manner may unfortunately give them rank with our belles.

The first season of the rank may sit with a pretty impudence upon such award ; but the second, if she be not guarded by some Cerberus of propriety, prudence, and principle (a trio as rare as any three-headed dog), will break her down into the hackneyed caste of the town belles, popularly admired and popularly sought after. From having made her walks at discretionary intervals, she will become a show of the trottoir ; she will cultivate showy acquaintances ; she will achieve showy ac-

complishments ; she will become an attendant of a showy church, subscribe to a showy loge at the Opera, and be showy of everything, but a soul.

Again, belles by inclusion, here and there, embrace some member of a noted family, who will be cherished with cordial pertinacity, until age breaks up all excuse for her charms, when she is consigned over to the galaxy of distinguished elderly ladies. Wealth too, will solder its golden links to the chain of town admiration, and sweep it around the ugliest of figures, bringing them into the herd that the town will worship for a winter. From time to time some stray country beauty, albeit a *Bostonienne*, will come within the charmed cycle, and reign for her day the queen of a score of salons. A lady of foreign birth, or name, if a stranger, and if her qualities are dexterously quoted by her guiding chaperones, will succeed to the caste, and become a belle by inclusion.

Some little marriageable damsel, who is half coquette and half honest, who is respectably pretty, not a little pert, and gifted with a modicum of *esprit*, will frequently become a belle by a mere fantasy of the town ; and yet the town would be puzzled to say why she gained her position. Her belleship is sustained by persistence of mention ; once let the name pass into the boudoir catalogue,

and force its way into the brain of our male devotees, who are not over-apt at processes of memory, and it will form an oily and easy hinge for chat. And the poor stranger, twisting his moustache,\* will be overwhelmed with such inquiries as, '—, have you seen Miss B—?' or, 'Was Miss B— at the Opera?' or, 'What did Miss B— wear at the ball?' or, 'Do you think Miss B— is really pretty?' or, 'How painfully Miss B— laces;' or, 'They say Miss B— is an heiress.' These inquiries, successfully pushed, will insure most young ladies a very successful, or, what is the same thing, a very noisy reign.

Such belles, however, require nurses; and these may be found in the persons of indolent (not indigent) respectable and aged females, who, perhaps, without any daughters of their own, are fond of matronizing young ladies of yielding disposition; and who by dint of incessant talk, will cram the candidate for belleshyp with requisite instructions, and cram the gentler half of the public, both male and female, with a catalogue *raisonné* of her charms.

Belles by delusion remain; nor are they very difficult of handling. On the contrary, not a few

\* 'Filant les moustaches de sa barbe.' C'est la contenance d'un homme qui s'ennuie dans la compagnie ou il se trouve.—RABELAIS.

of them are inveterate and familiar in their polkas, to an extent that renders them the most tangible and accessible of any whose virtues I have attempted to describe. They are belles more by sufferance than by election; yet they wear their honors more proudly than any. They are loud, and think loudness the best tone for a belle; there is much brass in the metal from which they are moulded. They are much in sight, and are always conspicuous.

They compare with belles by inclusion very much as the fire-bells compare with those of churches. They ring, not unfrequently, false alarms, which startle a great many unsuspecting ones into amazement and inquiry; and even when they herald a conflagration, they are sure to furnish the means of its speedy extinguishment. They are not dangerous, although they show the way to danger; nor are they remarkably sweet-toned, although well constructed and well lodged.

They are at every ball, and the chances are that they dance in every cotillion; our young fry they bewilder into attentions, the middle-aged they coax, and our old beaux they flatter. They are earnest in the polka, gay at supper, intense in conversation, religious at church, demure at a funeral, and serious on birth-days.

There are others who are deluded by their position into assumption of our third rank : a little accidental elevation either through our political fermentations, or by sudden accumulation of property, or perhaps by marriage with a millionaire, will create a title, which, unlike most titles, is sound, in proportion as it is wordy and pretentious. As is quite natural, and true indeed to the kindness of the sex, these belles are held in cordial detestation by all our belles of exclusion.

A dashing return from abroad, with the accompaniments of new-fangled hair-dressings, familiarity with French conversation, a tidy *femme de chambre*, and well-studied talk about the Louvre and *Versahye*, will prove excellent capital with this class for a winter. Occupation of some new palace of a house will also beget a coy disposition to appear at pretty intervals in the places of *belle* resort, and to flatter one's self into a nominal registry upon the scroll of notoriety. Occasionally, a beauty of a provincial city, or suburban village, will strangely enough fancy that a winter translation to the air of our town will only confirm her standing, and that she will be reckoned among the admired ones. In given instances, where the traces of maidenly modesty are discreetly hidden, it may be true ; but very many too fondly count upon their

gifts, and are utterly lost in the flood of belles, which sets up its hybernal eddies in our bays of fashion.

Eccentricity, either real or assumed, is a current source of delusion; and it is mortifying to think how many of our town ladies, who—though destitute of any personal attractions, would make charming housewives and most respectable companions—do, in the sad hope of winning attentions and establishing reputation as a belle, cultivate the most extraordinary and unfortunate eccentricities of conduct.

Their infatuation will even get the better of their prudence; and in the effort to surpass their rivals, they lose all appreciation of delicacy. Do they not perceive that they might offer as striking a contrast, by an assumption of modesty? But this is a quality, which, it is greatly to be feared, does not belong to belles of whatever class; at least the assumption should be apparent, to make its color good.

Our eccentric belles are most wayward in their movements, and unintelligible in their fancies: they walk the streets at unheard-of hours; they dress in most unheard-of colors; the fashion of their hats is absolutely startling; and their walk is as far removed from the grace of a belle, as it is

from the dignity of a woman. Their dance will draw the eyes of a whole salon : modest old ladies who stand in corners, and who carry neatly-folded pocket-handkerchiefs, with narrow edging, will possibly be shocked by it ; but it will afford most marked delight to our *fast* fellows, who linger over the supper-table, for a talk about mademoiselle's action.

Their talk might be *fine*, if it were not too rude ; and its prettiness is all of foul complexion. Their satire might be biting, if it were not too noxious of odor ; and their playfulness sits as uneasily upon them, as gambols upon full-grown kine. They may possibly say clever things, which show acute observation, or a ready wit ; but they will spoil it in the next breath by a *rudesse* that finds no apology either in custom, or kindness. They may be cultivated ; but the cultivation only makes more striking their barbarities ;—‘ a compost on the weeds, to make them ranker.’

They perhaps affect a great disregard for town-gentlemen ; in which, indeed, their eccentricity shows a tincture of discretion : but they pursue the notion oftentimes with an intensity that makes one doubt its sincerity. And in this, as in most kindred matters, the very noisiness with which predilections are discarded, tempt one to believe

that the secret heart, or sense, is yearning toward the objects of so angry disavowal.

In the country, or at the watering-places, our eccentric belle has full scope, and is not cooped by any of the burdensome proprieties, which, for the sake of public decency, do hedge her in the town. Her action is most impressive in its effects upon country bumpkins, and will win for her a name, which even the din of a city cannot wholly drown. In achieving publicity her pride is satisfied; and in cherishing it with honesty, her modesty is uncorrupted.

Had she been pretty, perhaps her tactics would have been comparatively peaceful; as it is, she makes up for crudeness of weapon, by the assiduity of her assaults. She scales the heights of town admiration by the vigor of her action,—which lacks only a little energy, a little foresight, and a little modesty, to make it—manly.

Such, Fritz, are some of our town belles; but, thank God, all town-ladies are not belles, though all belles are not ladies. And those who carry the title, and carry the talk, bear the same relation to the unpretending ones, that our Fancy Stocks bear to the comfortable sixes and sevens of regular dividends. The first do admirably for speculation; they will excite hopes, and create anxiety; and

will from time to time loom up gigantic; but the owners are true, orderly, and satisfying.

And let me, as an old man, drop a caution to such as are cleaving the bonds of nursery and school life, against too indefatigable efforts to win position as a belle : even beauty and modesty will be very apt to fall in the pursuit ; and the prettiest native graces, when acted upon by the acidity of the extreme life of fashion, will be very sure to corrode—leaving, if I may so speak, the merest oxide, or protoxide of a soul.

If, however, our ladies will study to be belles, as there is abundant reason to anticipate, let me throw out a few hints, which will help their progress.

They must gain a running knowledge of most of the topics afloat ; and names of things will be far less odious than opinions. They must cultivate the Opera music, whatever may be the obstinacy of their taste ; and they must be small eaters in public, whatever they may be in the pantry. Too many brothers and sisters are not advisable ; nor any considerable swarm of country cousins. They must guard their seriousness for privacy ; and not fail to appear devout, however bitter the trial, at Grace Church. They must be familiar with belles of the past generation ; and must look with con-

tempt on upstarts, and (if married) on their husbands.

They must wear their eccentricities, if lack of charms drives them to such *dernier* resort, with aplomb, and dignified unconsciousness. They must admire with enthusiasm, and condemn with vigor. They must be coy of respectable old ladies, confiding, and liberal with their *femme de chambre*, and affable with their neighbor's husband.

From much careful observation of the town-life, I feel quite sure that these hints faithfully followed, offer chances to the most disconsolate, and apparently, most hopeless cases. And even the plainest pretender, may come to chant with the swimming grisettes at the open baths of the Seine,—

C'est ainsi qu'on descend gaiement  
Le fleuve de la vie !

And now, Fritz, having nicked another from my Studies of the Town ; and wishing you all manner of goodness, in this bursting spring season,—a world of blossoms to your parterre, and a deep green to your sprouting corn,—a light handling to your rod, and a plethora to your creel,—a rich dressing to your early salad, and a charity for us all,—I remain,

TIMON.



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JUNE 10, 1850.

NEW-YORK,

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Ex nihilo nil fit.—LUCRETIVS.

PARDON me, Fritz, one word of *prolegomenon*, as rebutter to the assurance of those who whisper in the ears of my publisher, the name of your correspondent. To say that on no occasion had the right one been hit upon, would be only to say, that out of fifty guesses, all were wrong. But this much may be safely averred,—that not three inhabitants of the town are cognizant of the authorship. Even my excellent friend, Mr. Kernot, who for keenness, will yield to very few of the town wits, is profoundly ignorant in the matter. Perplexed as he

has been by pertinacious lady questionings, and by no gentleman, more than by John Timon himself, his conjectures at this moment are as wide of the mark, as those of so shrewd a man can well be.

No one, indeed, connected with the publication, from printer to proof-reader, has ever had personal interviews, so far as his knowledge goes, with the real writer. The MS. has been copied ; the letters have been mailed in different towns and states ; and not the greatest *expert* of the Boston writing academies, could find in them sufficiency of evidence, to convict any single individual—except before a Boston jury.

I must be allowed also to put on their guard those young gentlemen, who by conscious looks, put in an ill-defined claim to authorship ; and although in personal intercourse their winks have been credited, and pressing inquiries have been courteously forborne, yet truth will compel me to an open and decided denial. Those, too, who have been eager enough to revolve the propriety of calling upon my printer, are known to me, and would do well to forbear their pertinacity. A dollar to a printer's devil may be very acceptable ; but even printers' boys are more tenacious of their honor, and better guardians of their dignity, than those who seek to corrupt them, with such knavish arti-





DRESSING ROOM

# A SALON PICTURE

‘ But for our meer gallants, who live in no settled course of life, but spend half the day in sleeping and half the night in *dancing* ;—as if they were born for nothing else but to eat and drink, and snort and sport ;—let them know there is not the poorest contemptible creature, that crieth oysters and kitchen-stuff in the streets, but deserveth his bread better than they.’—SANDERSON’S SERMONS, IV. *Ad Populum* ; Sec. 19.

Now that the Academy, with its babies, Governors, Popes, and asses, is drawing the town-taste after it, and is warping the mental habit of our ladies into an easy connoisseurship, I do not know how I can better fill up my paper, than by sketching a scene or two, which will revive recollections of the winter, and which, though they have but a small amount of likelihood to commend them, will at least be as fair candidates for charity, as one half of the portraits upon the walls of ‘ Design.’

‘ Mrs. Diggs’ compliments to J. T., and requests the pleasure of his company on Thursday—at 9½, P. M.’  
(Bon-ton Place, No. 1.)

I hate humbug, Fritz ; and fourteen letters now under your hand, which have gone to combat it in every shape, and to defend what is earnest and manly, will confirm, if there be need, my assertion. I am not, therefore, going to assume that I have been honored with any such invitation as is written above. Were it so, it would be an abuse of cour-

tesy to record it; and were it not so, it would be an abuse of truth to avow it. In this dilemma, I have only to assure you that it is a purely hypothetical invitation. Mrs. Diggs never wrote it; John Timon never received it.

But, as in our recent political, as well as natural philosophy, an hypothesis may sometimes be safely, if not profitably pursued to its probable results, so in our town studies, I deem it philosophic to run out to certain hypothetical issues, the invitation recorded above.

In virtue of a modest R. S. V. P. *au coin*, an acceptance is returned; and this, whatever may be the real intention, or though in the crowd of engagements—which it would be well for a man solicitous for fashionable reputation to plead—the time may escape attention. But we will suppose the acceptant fairly accoutred, and in his carriage at the proper hour, upon the evening designated, He takes his place in the queue, that stretches the length of a block; or, if unfashionably early, his arrival will be announced by a shrill whistle of the superintendent of affairs, serving as a signal to the footman in white Berlin gloves, who is on the alert within the lobby, at No. 1, Bon-ton Place.

He hurries through the brilliantly-lighted hall, with the merest side-glance into the parlors, to see

how he is standing for time; and enters, upon the second or third floor,—as the assemblage may be for size, and the mansion for room,—the apartment appropriated to gentlemen. And here, I shall be opening to the eyes of the ladies themselves a little budget that is fairly behind the scenes, and nothing but the fact of its being purely hypothetical, could possibly excuse my indiscretion.

In a corner, with his back quite accidentally turned to the few persons who are present, the novice cautiously unrolls a brown paper wrapper, and sets himself to the task of drawing on a very shoppy-smelling pair of gloves, with all the earnestness of a man bent on some important pursuit.

The old stager of the balls, our town beau, on the contrary, applies himself carelessly to a pair of kids, which by cautious usage, and a little application of a wheaten crust, may possibly do as effective service at to-morrow's opera, as they did yesterday. He prefaces this, however, by dusting his boots with a silk handkerchief, brought for the purpose in the pocket of his 'coachman.' As he adjusts his gloves, he moves back and forth—more from force of habit than real intent—before the mirror, and casts casual glances at himself, which return the interest of a quiet and sober satisfaction. He dresses his hair

or moustache with an air of a connoisseur, and drops his remarks here and there to acquaintances, between touches of the brush, with a most delectable softness, and pliancy of tongue.

The boy, in the very stiff collar and broad-armed cravat, who by his movement and downward glances, seems not quite sure whether his boots pinch him or not,—takes off as much as possible from the verdancy of his years by a noisy hilarity, and an abandon, which give show of intimate previous acquaintance—not so much with fashionable circles, as with a fashionable glass of brandy and water. He talks in amazingly flippant style of Miss so and so, using the first names in a very audible under tone, and impressing timid adventurers, such as John Timon, with an enlarged idea of his attractions and importance. He gives still farther proof of his ease, and (as Mr. Willis would say) his at-home-iveness, by great constancy at the dressing-table, and a very diligent and assiduous use of the brush.

The married gentleman, whose wife is arranging fixtures in an adjoining room, moves about uneasily—glances at his watch, and wonders when Dolly *will* be ready; and consoles himself with adjusting a pair of gloves that need very little coax-

ing to the hand. His special delight is to sit down in the corner with some fellow-martyr, and talk over the day's sales at the 'board.'

The spruce foreigner bustles about with a very dignified and ceremonious air, and perhaps patronizes some of the young gentlemen *du monde*, with a word or two of French,—venturing an inquiry possibly, in regard to the lady of the house.

'*Ah, oui—oui, monsieur,*' responds our hero of fashion.

The foreign gentleman, if not yet schooled enough to know that such response is the limit of much of the French talk of the salon, will perhaps throw his interrogatory into some simpler form, in the hope of gaining more valuable information.

'*Ah, oui—oui, monsieur.*'

'*Mais, que diable,*' says the embarrassed questioner, '*qu'est-ce que c'est donc—que oui ?*'

'*Ah, oui—oui, monsieur.*'\*

Here and there a middle-aged bachelor, not used to balls, and who has been seduced into this affair by a sudden and strong fancy for one of the *habituées*, will ply vigorously the ladle of the punch-bowl, and in his nervous trepidation, will seek by

\* I wish it were possible to render by type the pronunciation of our continental English by Hoffmann on the boards of the *Variétés*. Whoever has seen *Les Anglais en Voyage*, will be indebted to me for a hearty laugh by the mere mention of the play.

poorly feigned study of the others' action, the proper period for a descent upon the terrors below. With him, poor man, it is evidently one of those horrors of social life which must, like marriage, some time be encountered, and for which he has been screwing up his courage by a series of fainting resolutions, for a week past.

It would be very immodest in me, Fritz, to take you into the adjoining room, and show you the fitting-on of satin slippers, drawn out of oil-silk bags, or worked reticules,—the auxiliary lacings done at the hands of some stout friend, or the readjustment of Martel's wreaths. I could never reconcile it to my conscience to tell you of the laments over some broken japonica,—or of the dexterous flirt of the fingers, by which a crushed brocade skirt is restored to its original rotundity,—or of the anxious look of the novice, who is not quite sure but her bosom is packed a trifle too low,—or of the indignant scorn of some town belle who is waiting for a study of the mirror, engrossed by some fussy old dowager in diamonds. All this, gallantry compels me to leave to the imagination; and the escapade to the rooms below, will be as fortunate for us, as for them.

You are received, let us suppose, by the lady of the mansion, in a dress of modest character, for

this rule of etiquette is now punctiliously observed, —that a hostess should not outshine her guests ; you are welcomed and commended to the mercies of the throng. She, so far from having leisure to drop a hint as to how you may get a foot-hold in the socialities of the night, is belabored with unceasing receptions, and finds it a hard task to command breath and composure enough to welcome at the door the crowd of new-comers.

Of course, she must not be expected to remember names, and may possibly at supper address you as the Reverend Doctor, while you are nothing more than a tidy vestry-man. No such mistake need, however, be corrected : first, because the title is not an unfashionable one ; and second, because it will serve to embarrass the hostess, whose fancy is as easily humored, for the time, by your playing the Divine, as by your playing the Roué.

Having espied a lady acquaintance, it is worth while to consider whether she will pay the tax of a corner, for a talk, or whether you will pay the tax of a dance, for such fragmentary critiques on the Opera, and complimentary sallies, as can be hazarded in the pauses of the music. With doubt on either point, it would be discreet to ignore her presence.

A little caution is needful that the mother be not mistaken for the daughter ; an error, which between jewelry, bare arms, and strong lights, it is quite possible, and eminently pardonable, to fall into. Should a mistake occur the other way, and a stranger inadvertently ask a young lady of five and twenty if her daughter is present, he has committed an offence for which he can only forget his blushes by a candid explanation with the mother.

The style of our salon conversation, as you would naturally suppose, my dear Fritz, is more vivacious than entertaining, and between the incessant scraping of fiddles, and the *toot* of clarionets, there is hardly room for any delicate balancing of those repartees or prettinesses of speech, which give a charm to the legitimate soirée. Custom too has strangely hedged us in, even in the matter of subject for talk ; and though the lady purveyors of the intellectual wardrobe, have deftly chosen for our wear, such short-made garments, as will not in the using embarrass the dance, they have stripped us of all the old-fashioned, comfortable robes, and set us up to starve under the scanty furnishings of the ball-room topics.

Upon the Opera one may launch out safely ; and it would be interesting to meet with a young gentleman of the town, who had not used this conver-

sational laxative, in the opening of his fashionable acquaintance. The Dusseldorf gallery has proved a most happy aperient, and has helped out more cases of obstinate constipation of speech, than can be found under the Sarsaparilla advertisements. If a certain degree of intimacy exists between the parties, talk may turn upon the last ball, or a recent marriage; and under extraordinary circumstances it may take a playful flight to a late book, or settle down upon a popular author. In this event, a proper degree of dignity will be sustained among the high-bred, by strong praise of what is English, and by a naïve ignorance of what is American.

The theatre, unless a star is upon the stage, is not reckoned a legitimate subject;—with the exception, however, of Burton's, and the new play of Mrs. Kemble. Churches and architecture are admissible and fertile. These give a moral tinge, moreover;—and notwithstanding the loss of this, I am free to say, that it would be quite refreshing to meet with a lady chatterer, who was not possessed of an arranged opinion about the spiral proportions of Trinity, the gaudy windows of Grace, and the rural simplicity (church building, and not church offices) of the Holy Communion.

Dress is a nice topic, but reckoned too personal, and in many instances, too low, for pertinent dis-

cussion. A clandestine marriage, or a divorce case, are Sacramento gold pits, from which will be drawn out rich ingots of conversational metal, that will need only the assaying of a leader of the ton, to become fashionable 'tender' for a twelvemonth. An unexpected, or a conventional match, such as that of an old roué with a modest beauty, or of an old belle with a weak young man, is an admirable furnisher of salon eloquence, and of such epigrammatic hits as can be let off in the *piano* of an orchestra.

It is worth while that you be advised, however, that the topics change with the advance of a season; and that they have as regular an ebb and flow as the Cuba news, or the morals of the church. In early winter the tide is well up, bearing the scum and froth of the beach: Some delightful watering-place or fancy ball will be uppermost, and a little, rank tid-bit of scandal, serve as a *paté de foie gras* to the dinner of the talk. Then will follow a discussion of the acceding belles, or of an acceding family, which now entering upon the third winter of a palace home, is game for chat, and admissible to town circles. Next in progression, will appear the opening flirtations, the Art-Union Collection, the fashion for furs, the new opera, and the length of the Indian summer. New Years and

Christmas are killing baits, that will decoy the most shy of conversational finsters ; and will fill up wide gaps of talk, until the current of opera remark shall have settled into a well-considered code of condemnations and approvals.

The lions of the time will have a lion's share : and true to Peter Parley and Buffon, whoever will pull a thorn from their foot, will be meted their rude caresses. As the season advances toward the blush of spring, the current of chat will again flow out toward the prospective charms of the watering-places, where it is now setting, very strong, and very turbid.

But to return to our salon ;—supposing yourself a stranger, and anxious to relieve the monotony of staring stupidly about you, and to carry as genial a humor as possible through the crush of the throng, you address yourself to a lady-friend, for presentation ; since there is little hope in the crowd, of finding your hostess.

And here it is worth while to remark a sometime peculiarity of our salons : although, upon the barest subterfuge of acquaintance, familiarity may run to most riotous limit, yet without such previous or supposed acquaintance, distance is extreme ; and the offer of even the most trifling assistance or remark, to a stranger lady, might give a serious wound to her

social dignity. It does not seem to be an axiom of our laws of hospitality, that the character of a hostess is a guaranty for the character or social level of the invited ; and we present in our Republican City the strange spectacle of well-defined castes revolving in a single salon, under common invitation, yet each one retaining its social individuality.

This solecism is, I fancy, hard to be found in any other Christian country ; nor is it often left out of civilized codes,—that scorn of a guest, is an insult to the host. The truth is, the generality of invitations forbids coalition of sets ; and so long as fashionable position is based on notoriety, and notoriety is sustained by the number of protégées, we see no present help for the absurdities remarked. We invite more freely than the European caste-men ; but we maintain our castes under the invitation. In word only, we are democratic ; and in spirit, full of aristocratic cravings.

Note again, Fritz, that I am not arguing for any full and free intermingling of breeding and vulgarity ; this would be to argue against natural laws—to create combinations without chemical affinities ; and at best, in the ungenial mixture, crude precipitates would be thrown down, that

would not and could not re-combine. But, I am arguing against pretence, against an assumed mingling which is but mockery,—against a boasted social evenness which shows in the most offensive lights (offensive as well to humanity as to good-breeding) our unevennesses. We are making the veil of an invitation the shield of our disproportions; and yet it is a glass shield,—a paltry lens, that reveals and distorts all that it covers !

The assemblage of different persons under one roof, by one invitation, and in honor of the inviter, should be, and by all reasonable laws of society is, a virtual recognition of the social equality of those persons *for the time*. It is an insult to a host to suppose otherwise ; it is a dishonor to one's self to act otherwise. But if for the time, there may be danger of its continuance ; and here comes up another town peculiarity which is worth its mark.

Socialities with us, running as they do to routs, and having their measure and culmination in polkas and at the Opera, are not acted upon by old-fashioned quiet gatherings, and the unaffected easiness of familiar visiting. The consequence is, acquaintances are formed and refined in the crush of a ball ; they are of public origin, and public execution. Hence, a little coyness must be used

in the densely-packed salon of a friendly host, and *bonhomie* must be thrown aside for seasonable manoeuvre. The social line might receive infringement, which could not easily be made good ; and the admitted truth at the soirées of European cities, that the intercourse of an evening, under favor of an inviting host, is no ground for future familiarity, modifies in no degree the action or the politesse of our salons.

But to return again : you are presented to a lady, a polkist, one of the ——'s. Every one talks of the ——'s. Even the Home Journal indulges in conjectures as to where the ——'s will spend the summer. The public is interested to know ; fashion is at a comparative stand-still ; the railway stocks are fluctuating, and will probably continue to fluctuate until it is ascertained where the ——'s are going. Even Tophanes has been heard to express a wonder, as to where the ——'s are going ?

The conversation of the ——'s is, of course, what it should be, full, rich, academic, and ——'s-y. I had hoped, Fritz, and have made two or three well-intentioned efforts, to give you a sketch of the salon-talk ; but it is useless ; its gases are too volatile ; the heat of the pen-point rarefies and disperses them altogether. With the

staple you have already been supplied, three pages back ; turn it in kaleidoscope, and you will have the various phases,—rich in colors, rectangular and methodic in proportions, always changing, but eternally kaleidoscopic. And its variety may be reckoned up in the witty line of the old French comedy,—

*Que de nouvelles ardeurs, et des ardeurs nouvelles ! (Double Veuvage.)*

But, lest you in the country, Fritz, who are used to base your agricultural action upon a careful analysis of the guanos, and sulphates of fertilization, should object that this is not a very specific account of the ball-room conversation, I will even give you a prescription, after the way of our town doctors ; and I am sure that any accomplished druggist may easily prepare from it, a dose.

|                         |                            |
|-------------------------|----------------------------|
| R. Academy of Design    | 3j.                        |
| Opera . . .             | 3vii.                      |
| Watering Places         |                            |
| Dress . . .             | aa. f. 3iii.               |
| Scandal vel Ipecacuanhæ | 3j.                        |
| Common Sense, pulv.     | gr. ss.                    |
| M. et cum aqua (q.s.)   | ft. mass in pil. vig. div. |

And I might safely go on to add, in the way of the schools,—an excellent carminative, and much employed in cases of flatulence.

By varying the prescription in one or two unimportant particulars, I have no doubt that a

patent might be obtained; and should any enterprising individual be desirous of rivaling the fame, and success of Moffat or Sherman, by a wholesale manufacture, John Timon could confidently recommend to him one or two young gentlemen as excellent canvassers.

In the interval of talk, let us take occasion to look about us; the Frenchman, never not easy, is making himself charming, by calling it all *magnifique*! while he flatters his hostess with a considerate gaze—timed to the word. A little later, he will rub his hands unctiously over the supper, and utter a feeling *superbe*! The distinguished German gentleman, stains his beard with the wines, and gives the best possible compliment, by keeping his stand at the table, and by a subdued and choky —‘ver goot!’ Our little hero, who has forgotten his Livy and his polka for the time, is pulling off a partridge leg with a thumb and forefinger, and studying attitudes while he eats.

A poor dowager, who is unfortunately crowded in the front ranks, is looking a very feeling lament over a drop or two of *creme*, that has been decanted upon her powdered head, and her *protégée* is talking very gayly, and is apparently very forgetful of a torn skirt, which is hidden by her discreet position in a corner. Married ladies, such as are

done (for the evening) with their polka partners, are discussing Charlotte Russe, or the scarcity of wild fowl. A connoisseur in spectacles, is holding a blue glass to the light, and thinks, loud enough to be heard, that he has rarely drank better on the Rhine. A candy, or a bon-mot is stolen by a feint from the central pyramid, and straightway the whole fabric goes down under the onset of those who accept the printed mottoes as a gospel of wit, and to whom the pastry-shop is a mission-house.

In the next room, an old gentleman is brushing about uneasily, casting irregular and not very amiable glances at his wife, who is polking with a 'love of a man,' and who is evidently enjoying the ball very much more than the husband. At every gap in the music the old gentleman, by a series of very earnest nods, and pretty conjugal pantomime, endeavors to suggest a leave-taking, but the wife has a conscience in the matter, which she does not like to offend. *Le mari trouve que le bal est dégoûtant ;—Sa femme trouve que non.* Old gentlemen, and irascible young gentlemen should stipulate about the number of polkas to an evening, before marriage.

With the German cotillion, and three of the morning, the *bougies* grow dim, and the carriages

roll away. Heads are slightly heavy with the close air, and the champagne; but hopes are built upon the evening's attentions which will doubtless ripen into a very dreamy sleep.

Madame has not only paid off at a brush a score of civilities; but she has won honor, perhaps, by having given 'one of the finest parties of the season.' Hospitality is satisfied, and pride is delighted. Calls of acknowledgment and gratulation should be cautiously deferred until the glassmen have resumed their wares, and the scavengers cleared the wreck. Then will come the true ovation of our hostess, in a long line of calling equipages. Talk will be brilliant and investigation earnest—as to where the ——'s are going? Even the delicate lady who sickened on the Charlotte Russe and the punch, writes a delicate note of gratulation, and thanks;—trusts she shall be out in a few days, hopes it will be delightful weather, and says (in a postscript)—'pray can you tell me where the ——'s *are* going?'

It would be very odious to show such divergence from the town-taste as to question the propriety, the charms, or the value of such a winter jam. The town is its own guide; and the town relishes and renews these proofs of its refinement and civilization. The old-school dinner-table, well rounded,

and with a little generous wine to mollify the wit of the after-talk, is almost forgotten ; and even the busy *soirée*, with its earnest groups of talks, and playful repartee, is swallowed up in the maw of the balls.

There is little hope for any of the old-fashioned ideas of comfort, good cheer, and moderation ; railways have scoured the country of cosy stage-coaching ; and a species of wiry, magnetic sociality is stretched across the town, to shock us with its reports, and to electrify us into smiles. These are dangerous elements to contend against ; and a plain man would be apt to fare as hardly in the combat, as did Quixote thwacking at his mills.

But at the risk of discomfiture, I offer to suggest for the benefit of a few aged, sensible, and respectable people, that some measurable limit be set, even to the extravagances of a town-ball ;—that at least enough room be guaranteed to ensure feeble folk against bruises, or broken shins, and the belles against being stripped of their flounces, or, what is more terrible, their skirts.

Furthermore, John Timon, in behalf of the petitioners, would most respectfully pray, that the cream be handed in suitable dishes,—that the punch be generously iced, and that—in view of certain mishaps of the winter—written notice be

given, as on the walls of the Massachusetts groceries, to this effect,—‘not to be drunk on the premises.’ It is moreover humbly suggested, that—according to the opinion of all practiced hunters, leo-hunters among the rest—a small ball is as effective as a large one, and not half so apt to tear or damage the game. And it is specially prayed, that if people will continue to pack, some safe retiring-place be reserved for feeble ladies and for married gentlemen;—and that a corner be railed off for whist or talk, by substantial fixtures, under the direction of the sexton.

And it is furthermore asked, that a hall of sufficient size be set apart for those of our *Ephebi*,\* who wish to make trial by the Polka or wrestling, as in the Spartan Gymnasia, with the women;—and finally, that a surgeon and mantua-maker be always in readiness, near the punch-bowl, or such accessible locality, as may seem fitting, to splint broken bones, and to repair drooping skirts. Humanity and modesty alike demand the attention. And for all these and the like privileges, the petitioners do humbly pray, and, as in duty bound, will ever pray.

\* Term for the Greek youth who had arrived at the age of eighteen. In Sparta they were enjoined to wrestle and dance with the girls in the Gymnasia; and he who could not vanquish his partner, was considered unfit for marriage. It is fortunate for our *Ephebi*, that the Mayor Woodhull is not Lyeurgus!

## AN EAR AT THE CAPITOL.

‘ — nous transportames au lieu où c’estait, et veismes ung petit vielliard bossu, contrefaict et monstreux, on le nommoit OUI-DIRE : il avoit la gueule fendue jusques aulx aureilles — et autant d’aureilles comme jadis eut Argus d’yeulx : au reste estait aveugle, et paralytique des jambes.’—PANTAGRUEL, Liv. v., Cap. xxviii.

THE little old man *Oui-Dire*, as Rabelais goes on to say, was surrounded with a crowd of men and women, eager to know what he had ‘heard say.’ I am disposed to believe, Fritz, that there are a vast many *Oui-Dires* in our city of Washington,—not only old men, but old women too, who are better found in the matter of legs, and eyes, than the *vielliard* of Pantagruel; and who can ramble easily from the lobby to the gallery, and can see—much more than is to be seen. Nor are they reduced like Rabelais’ man to squat upon their haunches, in the street, to secure hearers, but are, on the contrary, of a dignified, and important class, entirely above street-singers, and hand-organists; and if we may trust their own accounts, are on the best of terms with our eminent men, and think no more of tossing off a punch with Mr. Webster, or of a hand at ‘old sledge’ with Harry Clay, than of taking tea with Mrs. Swisshelm, or of singing a psalm with Giddings.

They have not only a great many ears, but they

have wonderfully long ears, and can hear at great distances. They not unfrequently surprise us with accounts of occurrences in our town, and manifest such intimate knowledge of our own affairs, as can hardly be due to anything but their extreme length of ears. Very many such *Oui-Dires* are to be found in various parts of the country, but nowhere do they thrive so well as at Washington. That city seems to possess a climate highly favorable to the species; and to tell the truth, there is not a little of the stock in our town, who are the first to catch and Herald the accounts that come to us from the pleasant old chatter-boxes of the capital.

At one time we are startled into a shudder by a pathetic story about poor Bodisco, gone to the mines of Siberia; another time, Mexico or some neighbor country is in a flame of war, or M. Calderon has received his papers; and as for the announcement of 'changes in cabinet,' it has gone into the political calendar, and is as much a part of public faith and rule, as the 'expect rain about this time' of the Christian Almanac.

Another remarkable circumstance, and one which cannot have failed to strike the acute and sagacious observer, is the extraordinary variety of coloring which is given to the different reports; thus, one individual of a dignified style, and hopeful

spirit, expresses himself thus :—‘ It is now, I am happy to inform you, currently reported that the slavery and territorial question will be settled the present week ; and I have it on the best authority, that Mr. Clay is to withdraw his opposition to the Presidential plan, and to lend the resources of his indomitable energy to the aid of the masterly inaction of the administration.’

Another of a prompt and business order, writes : ‘ I have the great pleasure of assuring you on the most unimpeachable authority, that Mr. Clay and his friends have at length won over the cabinet to a participation in their views, and I shall therefore be able to announce to you definitively the issue of the great question before the country, by the last of this week.’

A man of progress, and of high though ambiguous morals, indulges in the following tender reflections :—‘ There is little to be hoped, I fear, from our public men ; they lack that afflatus of a divine humanity which lights up the true philanthropist. This cursed slavery is binding their souls, as it were, with shackles. It is a mild Sunday as I write this, and I cannot but think as I sit in my window, quietly smoking my cigar, and looking out upon the hypocritical church-goers, of the blessed time that is coming, when there

will be no need of churches, and no need of slaves, for every man will be his own teacher, and his own head-waiter !'

One of the racy, and cheap-novel school, writes : ' Look out for a tornado ; a tempest is brewing in the tea-pot. If, before the end of the week, there is not such a hullabaloo among certain prominent individuals I might name, as will make a devil of a stir, then my name's not HUMBUGH.'

Even the same correspondent not unfrequently corrects his telegraphic report by letter, and his letter by telegraph : with such assiduity in making corrections, the town is ensured, as you will readily suppose, reports of exceeding accuracy.

I am just now, Fritz, in the receipt of a Washington letter, which, as it brings to light some things which are not in the papers, may interest you. I will not vouch for the truth of the reports, nor for the character of my correspondent ; such a course would be as unsafe for me as for the town journals. All I can say is, he has the air of being an honest fellow ; and his statements, if not true, are at least highly probable.

MR. TIMON,

Sir :—I can't say that I like altogether the tone of your remarks about Washingtonians. You

seem to have looked only at such stray individuals as have lost character at home, (which it is possible to do,) and gone to your city to set up. As for the members, I shall not defend them, as they are at best but a shabby set of fellows, who bother us amazingly in the winter-time, and have no more gratitude for favors, personal or domestic, than so many office-holders.

It occurs to me that you may be a disappointed office-seeker yourself; if so, you are not the first who has vented his spleen on Washington in general. But I beg you would use discretion, and let your wrath lie where it belongs; we do not boast any consanguinity with the successive cabinets, and only show them favor as they are liberal with their wines, and ices. The Galphin affair was a fat thing for them; and if the stupid louts of your town had held their tongues, would have been paid back in dinners, before the end of the session. The Whig party is believed to be a very intelligent party, and I trust it is so; but their family management strikes us as a little queer. General Taylor is an honest old gentleman, and it is fortunate he is so—to keep up the executive reputation to a fair average.

Cuba made us a little stir and fright the other day; and M. Calderon (who serves capital mulled

wine) was in a sad fidget. Buccaneer stock seems to be on the gain, and Savannah has led off with a handsome figure ; it is hinted that proposals are afoot to erect a monument in the neighborhood of the Pulaski House, to that intrepid adventurer, the late Mr. Kidd. My friend, Mr. Foote, with whom I strolled down the Avenue yesterday, is rather disappointed at the turn things have taken ; he has his doubts about Lopez's bravery, and says of him, (he talks Spanish) *No est tan bravo il leon, como se pinta* ;—which means, I suppose, that he is not so brave in the shade, as in the 'Sun.'

As for Daniel, he is hearty, and feels quite set up by that snug dinner at the Revere. He thinks Mr. Mann is better at 'hints to young men,' than hints to old ones ; and that all good schoolmasters are not, in virtue of the ferrule, good politicians. As the mail is near closing, I can only give you a sketch of the proceedings at a late Southern caucus.

Mr. Clemens being called to the chair, and Mr. Yulee appointed secretary, the committee, named for that purpose, reported the following preamble and resolutions :—Whereas, the United States of America are just now perplexed by sundry embarrassing questions, which, from the nature of the government, devolve upon Congress for settlement ;

and whereas, that Congress is not the most efficient that can be imagined, and is made up in a great measure of hot-headed Northern fanatics; and whereas, the questions alluded to are vital, involving the dearest interests of a great many gentlemen of the South, and collaterally of the North; and whereas, the session of Congress is fast passing away without any security being effected for a continued, peaceable, and orderly possession of privileges at present guaranteed by the Constitution; and whereas, California as a State, has repudiated slavery in a most hasty, injudicious, and ill-advised manner,—therefore be it

*Resolved*, 1st : That active measures ought to be set on foot to turn the current of the world's opinion, and to effect as far as possible, a revival of those ancient and most respectable authorities which sanctioned slavery, while they admitted the duties and charities of our Christian Religion.

*Resolved*, 2nd : That Henry Clay, in his proposed arrangement of the points at issue, has flagrantly overlooked the true interests and the rights of the South, and has seriously compromised his character both as an orator, and as a man.

*Resolved*, 3rd : That the admission of California as a State, in view of its action on the subject of slavery, would be a crying injustice to Southern

opinion, and such a breach of our favored institutions, as no Southern man of honest principles, and no Northern man of Southern principles, could for a moment consent to.

*Resolved, 4th:* That the special thanks of this assemblage are due to the New York Herald, the Globe, and the Journal of Commerce, for their dignified and unflinching advocacy of principles dear to the heart of every freeman.

*Resolved, 5th:* That Mr. ———, the eminent civilian, has taken a noble stand in defence of institutions which have been illustrated by his pen ; and that a subscription be set on foot for the purchase and circulation of his works, and that in addition, the freedom of the South be presented to him, in a—tobacco-box.

*Resolved, 6th:* That in Dr. Grant, the advocate of the Tabernacle, we recognize one of those brilliant intelligences which are in advance of their age ; and whose merit is only the greater, because it is popularly denied.

*Resolved, 7th:* That the noble State of Mississippi, never recreant to her principles, and always ready to Foote her debts, is doing yeoman service for those institutions that have supplied her coffers ;—and that her martial governor is applauded in his sympathies, and encouraged in his devotion

to the progress of liberty, and the triumph of arms.

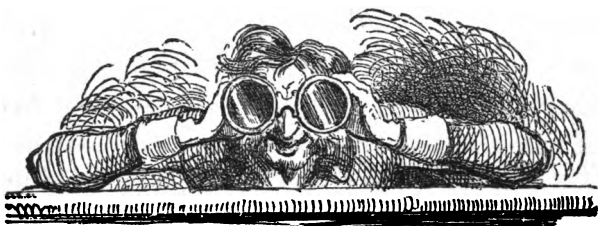
*Resolved, 8th:* That we cherish the Constitution, though it was made in Philadelphia; and that we are ready to stand by the Union, though at the cost of association with the crazy zealots and fanatics of the North. But patience has its limit, and forbearance is only human; and if provocation be renewed, the South will rise in her strength, shatter the bonds of a corrupt and corrupting connection, trample to the dust the fetters of modern opinion and enlightened philanthropy, and place her hope and strength upon the immutable basis of freedom and humanity, as understood by Southern jurists, and as illustrated by Southern chivalry!

P. S.—If Mr. Timon wants further accounts, I can only say facilities are not wanting. I have an old friend in Mr. Clayton's household (head-waiter) who is all right: I may further mention that I have opened negotiations with one of the chamber-maids at the White House, from which I am led to hope a great deal.

Yours to command,

THEMISTOCLES.





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JUNE 24, 1850.

NEW-YORK.

SECOND SERIES—NO. 4.

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‘Critics must excuse me, if I compare them to certain animals called asses, who, by gnawing vines, originally taught the great advantage of pruning them.’—SHENSTONE.

‘I have writ me here a letter to her ; and here another to Page’s wife ; who even now gave me good eyes too, examined my parts with most judicious eyelids.’—FALSTAFF.

AMONG the noticeable things of the epoch, Fritz, as worthy of my hap-hazard chronicle as the conquest of Cuba, which was no conquest, or the unrolling of a Boston princess, who proved only a dry bituminous man, is the climacteric of negation ;—viz., a spring, that has been no spring.

The saucy winter, which we in town were mak-

ing faces at, as no winter at all, has taken our contempt in dudgeon,—has bridged over all that time that used to be spring with clouds, and has landed us plump in sultry summer, having taken toll in catarrhs. And as the town ladies are now making out their balance sheets of the winter's strategy, and 'laying their course' for the summer, let me too trespass on your patience in filing away my papers, and in making an easy conscience anent my correspondents. 'T is good now and then, as Webster says, to take a squint at the chart, and the compass, and to make sure that good steerage-way can be gained.

The first letter for my file, appears to be from a lady, and is filled with eloquent regrets over the present conventional arrangement of the town marriages. It is feelingly written, and possesses a pathos of expression, which altogether redeems its carelessness of style. But I must beg leave to forego its publication; the griefs enumerated are too common, and too real, to be ventured on lightly; beside which, there is an air of likelihood in my complainant's story, that I greatly fear, would subject me to the imputation of personality.

Moreover, in such cases, I am led to understand, as well by common report, as by much personal observation, that the private consolation of a friend

is much more effective than any amount of public sympathy: and I am credibly informed that not a few young wives, who have bargained themselves away after the marriage price-current, have forgotten all the odium of the contract, in the caresses of a sympathetic companion. It is delightful to contemplate the sweet offices of friendship, coming to the relief of an enslaved woman, and redeeming an affectionate heart from the legal tyranny of a husband, by the dalliance of private and disinterested attentions. My warm-hearted correspondent can therefore hardly be reckoned without hope; and if she feels grievously the bonds of an enslaving wedlock, I commend to her two sufficient and ripe sources of consolation,—a religious endurance, or a town-lover. It is a hard case, surely, when a young woman of tender feelings (and who ever heard of any other?) finds herself, by virtue of our conventional rules of property and position, forced upon a husband, with whom she can have no feelings in common; but the town, with a most reasonable compassion, takes pity on such, and yields to them the free enjoyment of those delightful intrigues, which though exotic of origin, are found to have wonderful ease of acclimation. I dare say that with a little furbishing of my own pen, the plaintive letter of my correspondent might be

turned into a very pathetic tale, which would draw tears from the eyes of more than one of my readers ; and if a cool afternoon should be mercifully vouchsafed us in the city, the coming month, you may possibly hear farther from ARABELLA.

A snarling correspondent has addressed me quite a long letter, in a dashing style, prefacing very much verbal criticism, with a few generous compliments. Speaking in general praise of the pure English of my papers, he declaims lustily against some lapses in my orthography ; but keeps up my good temper, by sneering in the same breath, at Dr. Webster. Now I am no apologist for the innovations of our great lexicographer, and do not rest my quickness in reform, upon spelling traveler with a single l ; but if one is to be condemned, it is pleasant to be condemned in respectable company.

If I were to hazard a guess as to the character of this correspondent, I should set him down for some punctilious old bachelor, mightily critical in small matters, and a deep student of his lexicon ; and who withal, is as much of a connoisseur in brandies and pronunciation, as he is in dress or in grammar. Such pleasant old gentlemen take excessive pleasure in being annoyed, and in finding matter for condemnation ; they are nothing if not

critical ; yet they are pleasant-witted fellows, harboring no ill-will ; and the man who will never impugn their authority, and never refuse them 'a choice in the packs,' will be sure of their good-nature.

It is difficult so far to watch both printer, and proof-reader, as to give to all my papers accuracy of orthography, or infallibility of language. The most I can hope for, is to carry my meaning straight, and pointedly ; and this, with due respect for Mr. Snarl, seems to me a higher object, than punctilious observance of the dicta of grammarians. Our language is one of progress, and is in the constant receipt of new accessions from the phraseology of science, and the introduction of foreign habit ; and the art of its use now-a-days, seems to me to consist, not so much in strict observance of old formularies, as in such a management of its material, as shall enable it to keep pace with the growth of modern inquiry, without impairing the force and integrity of the old English idiom. I know no reason why the social inquirer should be debarred from the use of occasional descriptive terms, not to be found in the dictionaries, any more than the chemist, or the geologist. But the privilege, if used, must be used with daintiness, and in the conviction that the term employed is the most full,

and best possible presentment of the given idea, that could be found.

Words, it is said, follow upon the sense, and play the lacquey to the thought. '*Verba non invita sequuntur.*' This I should think eminently true of the many elegant writers who are now swarming on the town; and words do play such queer antics to keep up with their notions, that a plain man is lost in the pursuit of their meaning; and in a short time, there can be little doubt of a demand for an elegant dictionary as interpreter, edited by an elegant compiler. It is needless to say that I have scrupulously endeavored to avoid interference with our elegant men, who belong to the newspapers and monthly magazines; and whatever may be said against me by my enemies, I shall try hard to avoid the odium of being condemned for an 'elegant writer.'

As for my correspondent, I will do him the credit of saying, that his letter is well put together, and that he has shown himself a critic of smart capacity. He will very likely quarrel with so homely language; but I want he should understand that I have a sneaking fondness for homeliness, (not of women, but of words.) And it is no little object with me, in the prosecution of these Studies of the Town, to catch hold of the strong, old-fashioned

English, and to see how it will bear contrast with the cultivated delicacy of modern paragraphing. I want to bring back to daylight some of those homely, Saxon utterances, which, though they are not tricked off with the furbelows of modern haberdashery, carry on their backs such a burden of strong sense, and such width of meaning, as would split the muslin, and crack the corsets of our *belle* language. And I must say that it has been with a happy surprise that I have seen the public welcome, and commend the homeliness of my words ; and accept as good coin, the old-fashioned, plain speaking, which does not dodge the matter at issue with rhetorical prettinesses, but plants a right-down, honest, fisticuff blow, in the very face and eyes of the matter.

A third correspondent thinks I should make a far better preacher than clown ; and advises me to forego all attempts at pleasantry, and content myself with giving sober advice to the town. I strongly suspect the fellow of being a bit of a buffoon himself ; and if I might judge from his letter, think the bells would become him, much better than the surplice. With due credit, however, to his sagacity, I shall be sober, as I find subjects demanding soberness, and not kill my pleasantry (as I fear my correspondent sometimes does,) by giving it too vig-

orous a chase. I shall not set myself up, either for a laughing Democritus of Abdera, or a sighing Heraclitus of Ephesus; and with regard to giving rules of action, and laying down a plan, as the same correspondent proposes, I may refer to Socrates' reply to Cleander, in Lord Hardwicke's Athenian Letters; he was not confident, he said, as yet, of the best course to be pursued; but he *was* quite confident that what he condemned was wrong; and he chose rather to go where certainty led him, than to lose himself in the mists of doubt and difficulty.

I cannot in a better connection, allude to a graceful letter which has been sent me in a late number of the Literary World. The kind writer has given me much more praise than was deserved, but has unfortunately dampened it with a very odious objection to my sincerity. The flattery I could have forborne, better than I can bear the disapproval. If the lady-writer (for she appears no less,) has formed her opinion upon any fancied knowledge of personal action, independent of the papers, she has reasoned upon most false premises; and has no right to allege that John Timon is not doing as much as lies in the power of an humble man to do, for arrest of the follies that are condemned, as well by voice, and action, as by his pen. For with all

the apparent cognizance of the true authorship, I must take the liberty of saying that she is in error ; and I only hope that the individual in her thought, may wear the honor of fair words from a spirited lady, with the grateful pride that becomes a gentleman.

Nor can she suppose, if she be the sensible woman that she seems, that any scorn of lady indiscretions, is mark of disrespect for her sex ; or that it is not rather dictated by a higher regard, and a more loving consideration, than animates the herd who push their vain flatteries into the ear, and who, in paying to our town-ladies, the tribute of stale and unmeaning compliment, reduce them to the level of their own perverted nature. A fair-minded woman, who is what God made her, adorned with modesty, and sublimated by purity, is as inaccessible to praise, as crystal to lightning. Herself is the best story of her worth.

And you, Fritz, will have grossly misread these pages, if you have not caught glimpses of an underlying reverence for what is reverence-worthy in the sex, which will have more than balanced any harshness of expression, or lightness of remark. There is something too devotional in the esteem felt by every gentleman for a deserving and beautiful woman, to permit careless mention, or to provoke

publicity. To say that such women are not to be found in our town, would be to reduce us at once to a state of barbarism, too dreadful to think upon.

‘What are these gentlemen censors doing, to better the social condition, they lament?’ says our fair querist, with an air of triumph, and with her hand upon Miss McIntosh’s *Woman in America*. John Timon presumes to answer—only for himself,—that he is drawing attention to questions and issues which have been slept, and dreamed upon, until they were forgotten; that he is probing an old ulcer, that so the foul matter may discharge itself, and nature have a chance for a healthy healing. He is venturing to test the propriety of what has been accepted; and to call out defence, where no defence was thought needful. Believing as he does that social forms and fashions have much to do with the spirit, and health of humanity, he has endeavored to call attention to vices and follies, which even their lady patrons in their private moods have long thought over, and deplored. He is kindling their consciousness of something nobler and better, that irks with the inaction that weighs it down. He is hoping to light an impulse to reform, and to reduce to the actual, the half-uttered regrets over what is unreal and factitious.

But perhaps it is objected, that the whims of the time are humored by gentlemen censors, that vapid-ity is met by vapid-ity, and that even men of sense are apt students if need be, in the artificiality of converse, and the most stupid of social formalism. But surely it does not need the penetration of a woman to perceive, that in this, the man is the subject, and not the monarch. He must conform to the ritual: and to maintain his place as a man of the world, he must bend to the fashion of the world. As Goldoni wisely says in his comedy, (*Le Smanie*)—‘*Chi vuol figurare nel mondo, conviene che faccia quello che fanno gli altri.*’

But as I have more than once hinted in the progress of these papers,—in social life, woman is the mistress and man the slave. And yet, as is true of many principalities, it is not the subject alone, who suffers. It is the giver of the rule who laments over wasted time, or wasted words: it is *she* who deplores that long array of calls, and counter-calls, those hideous jams and that education of the dance, which though well enough in its way, bids fair to overtop what grace of mind, or play of wit, she possesses. It is she who shudders over the routine of that fashion which compels her hours and her thought; it is she who inwardly detests that omnipotence of position or caste, which makes her body

and soul the barter to a marriage contract, that fastens her to the ever-revolving wheel of torture. It is she who finds her thought, and deeper sentiment, and irrepressible longings nothing, and worse than nothing, because they are ever tantalized, and never enjoyed.

The man is of a vagabond order, who can seek solace in very many ways where the lynx-eye of propriety cannot see him, nor the claw of morality catch him; he can live, and enjoy life by stealth, and reputable disorder; but the woman is hung in the trammels that she herself has made.

The kind Boston friend who has favored me with his commentary, will find a range given to his observations before he shall have smoked through the present paper: and the gentleman of Wall-street, who has so pertinently commended some study of the morals of that portion of the town, shall not long remain a neglected suitor.

A long letter, which wears a strangely clerical air, takes occasion to commend some of my religious observations, and proffers most excellent advice, for which I would express myself even more grateful than I am needful. The letter gives me good occasion to drop a word or two upon the topic generally; and to declare at the outset against the justice of an evening paper, which has condemned

what is called a 'fling at the anniversaries.' It must not be supposed for a moment, that John Timon intended to throw contempt either on Religion or Religious teachers; self-respect, if no worthier motive, would utterly forbid. He is not one of those leveling philosophers who seek to drag down great things, by treating them as if they were little; nor has he any wish, like some overfond, intellective Doctors, to strand the mysteries of the Godhead, upon the low beach of Humanity. Nor, on the other hand, has he any squeamishness in broaching the topic; nor does he believe that either church officers or offices, in white or black, looking east or west, are too sacred for an honest and homely handling in the types of the times. I see no very good reason for thinking, that absurdity is any the less absurdity because it slips from a pulpit, or that extravagance is the more tolerable or worshipful, because it is hung with a surplice, or kept afloat with a fish-bladder.

Whatever may be the rights or the duties of Doctors, I would venture to suggest, as I would suggest to any sort of men, that they be careful to understand what they write about, or what they talk about. It is scarcely to be supposed that any man, not familiar with the Rochester spirits, should be very effective in condemnation of the drama, who does not know a

farce from a ballet, or a drop-scene from a foot-light. Nor is it reasonably to be hoped, that a person should be very pointed in his condemnation of Rousseau, who has never read a line of Emile. The Swiss writer was bad enough it is true; but he had one or two capital qualities; he generally knew precisely what he was attempting to deny, and did not affect to know, that of which he was palpably ignorant.

Although conservative in the main points, John Timon would not like to avow himself a special friend to the Calvinistic rack, whereby Christian opinions are stretched into good pastoral form, and a host of us condemned in a twinkling, to the great discredit of the final Judgment. Nor am I one of those who think that ceremonial is a very good substitute for earnestness, or that all of genuine devotion can be slipped out of the soul on Wordsworth's lyrics, warmed with a watery-eyed sensibility. Least of all, would I be disposed to join forces with those intensely religious ones, who go about, to dress the bruises that the Devil inflicts on our poor sinning nature, with bulky bandages of Hope, and plenty of the hard, dry lint of Faith, but who are very apt to leave at home, the healing oil of Charity

I much rather would side with old Dr. South,





BOSTONIANS.

who says somewhere, that 'a good man is three-quarters of his way toward the being a good Christian, wheresoever he lives, or whatsoever he is called.' But lest you be weary with my sermonizing, Fritz, of which you shall have no more, until your early apples are ripe, I shall sum up with a little line of admonition from St. Austin ; which will suit both the High Doctors and the Low, and the Westminster catechizers, as well as the creed-men :—*Ubi charitas, ibi humilitas ; ubi humilitas, ibi pax* !

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#### A BOOST FOR BOSTONIANS.

'Boost ;—to lift, or raise by pushing ; to push up. [A common vulgar word in New England.]'—DR. WEBSTER.

'Voyez un peu l'habile homme, avec son benêt d'Aristote.'—*Le Médecin Malgré Lui*.

It is pleasant to have within a radius of two or three hundred miles of our town, such a sampler of manners, morals and politics as the city of Boston. There, conversation is an art of life, instinct is refined by birth, religion is sublimed by intellect ; the Opera is cultivated with extravagance, French pretence is confined to the kitchen, education supplies nerve to the feeble, dignity conceals weakness, yellow flannel covers the babe, genius riots at the Town and Country Club, and Egypt

tian princesses are unwrapped for the delight and instruction of the learned. It is pleasant to leave from time to time the brick and dust of New York, its stifling heat, and crimson fronts, its sad foolery of Perrine pavements, and everlasting omnibuses, to stroll through the clean and Sunday-like streets of our sister city, to lose one's self under the shadow of Faneuil Hall, or to snuff the air (by permission) of Beacon, or Mt. Vernon—those Pisgah heights, from whose houses Puritan infancy looks forth exultingly upon its land of promise—the Boston Common. Say what we will, Fritz, of that tidy Eastern sea-port, Boston is altogether a nice place; its weather is nice; its laws nice; its Juries nice; its churches nice; its gentlemen nice; its literature is nice; its taste is nice, and they have a nice Religion.

More than all, its ladies are eminently nice. Far be it from me, Fritz, a merely humble Republican, to assume any intimate knowledge of the habits, or private peculiarities of those whose birth, accomplishments, air, and dignity, place them beyond an ordinary man's observation. Boston princesses are not easily laid hold of, and when unwrapped, may turn out only a swaddled man. But even station does not forbid a certain knowledge of excellencies, and they must console themselves, as they

best can, for the afflictive dishonor of popular mention

Boston ladies are not so remarkable for beauty, as for accomplishments ; nor do the graces of their persons often outshadow the attractions of their mind. All those minor arts for the cultivation of natural grace, which are so assiduously cultivated by New Yorkers, are entirely discarded by Bostonians. They talk better than they smile ; they ride better than they dance, and they walk better than they waltz. French *coiffeurs* and *modistes* are not receivable ; and will not make polka partners, even at the most retired of watering-places. The Boston lady is not much upon the public thoroughfares ; she may venture into Washington street, but it is only for her shopping, and her morning stroll upon the heights above the Common, is simply hygienic ; her luxury of display will be in a ride to Roxbury, or a pretty 'straw' at the church.

The Boston lady talks always like a connoisseur about paintings ; and though her opinions of the new Athenæum gallery, are modulated somewhat by the names, and reputations of the owners, they are nevertheless, curt, *recherchés*, and decisive. She is not given to any of the prettinesses of Puseyism, reckoning them among such vanities as

small waists, and gaiter-boots ; yet she is an uncontrollable admirer of Holy Families, of which she finds a full supply in the newly-opened stock. She is much more tenacious of head-dress, than of foot-dress ; and though not especially coy in the matter of ankles, she studies very little the graces of a *chaussure à son pied*.

The Boston lady is intellectual ; and with all her ruddiness of cheek, and robustness of form, she is not a stranger to libraries, or to lectures, and her opinions are far more apt to show the aplomb of a woman, than the delicacy of a girl. She is a lover of mystics, and a good patroness of Boston genius. She occasionally dabbles herself in the ink, and here and there, a touchy, testy letter in the Boston Transcript, shows traces of a feminine hand, joined to a masculine judgment. As her age ripens (and even Boston fogs cannot always preserve freshness) she may turn her faculties to the elaboration of a stately paper, for that stateliest of Journals, the North American Review. And there are those, as I am informed on good authority, whose energy and literary perseverance, are sometimes equal to a perusal of that extraordinary Paper.

The Boston lady has friends at Cambridge ; either a nephew who is a rising man in the University, or a cousin who is making a stir in Divin-

ity, or an uncle who is a man of vast erudition, or an acquaintance, or *quasi* lover, who is a pattern of a scholar, or a Pindar of a poet. She encourages the Opera, more particularly if the piece has been applauded in the Cambridge circles, and echoed by the Transcript. Nothing in her view, could be more exquisite than the performance on the night of the late high prices. Commendation was general; and telegraphic, finger announcements of the price of seats, ran around the house as so many proofs of the genial and characteristic appreciation. The Boston lady does not affect French; or, rather, she reckons it a school-day accomplishment, with which she does not often sully her lip in society. The English lady is her pattern of breeding, as she is her sampler of grace. Her ideas of free dressing never go beyond Sir Peter Lely, and would stop far short of his voluptuous beauties, were they not hallowed by her recollections, or her reading of Hampton Court. The lusts of the eye, and the pride of life, are not so much among her sins, as the sufficiency of the Pharisee. She is no poor Publican, but by Heaven's bounty a Bostonian. Her religion is intellectual to a fault, and her Christian ingenuity revels in theologic conceits. Between Messrs. Parker and Emerson, a divinity radiates from every corner of Boston; a mystic in-

tellectism pervades their fog of belief, from which an occasional scintillation of genius breaks out, as a signal for a shout, and as a new 'star in the East.'

Following close upon the Opera, the Egyptian Princess has created one of the periodic fevers of Boston. It was not allowed to the people of our town to be the patrons of such a learned, and antiquarian exposition, as belonged to the unwrapping of a mummy. The enthusiasm of our sister city amounted even to romance, and poets made anticipatory sonnets to the Theban princess. Boston prudery forgot its blushes in the presence of so old and august a belle, and came prepared to witness the unclothing of the high-priestess, without a veil.

The company was worthy of the interest of the subject. Scientific men, the erudite Agassiz, and the accomplished Bigelow, with a host of others, were proud to lend their aid to the unfolding of that mystery, which, for the time, was to throw into the shade the lectures of a Hudson, and the antitheses of a Parker. Day after day, the enlightened assemblage gazed upon the rapidly diminishing envelopes, occasionally forgetting their dignity in an operatic bravura, and only restraining a shower of bouquets upon both lecturer and princess, when it was discovered that the mummy was

a man! Dr. Bigelow blushed, and Professor Agassiz put his hands in his pockets.

But the Bostonians are too well taught, and too erudite to be surprised: the metamorphose astonished no one; and the old, withered, bituminous Theban was as much a thing of course in the progress of their inquiry, as a north-easter to their summer, or a mystery to their faith. Had it been even a dipped, bituminous crocodile, there would have been those present, who would have foreseen it from the beginning, and who would have taught Mr. Gliddon his hieroglyphics.

Upon the whole, the result was effective; it has given an admirable topic for disquisition on mysteries in general, by the Town and Country Club. The theologians are put upon the alert; and they will lack their accustomed ingenuity, if they do not draw from the contradiction of the mummy case, to the mummy included, a new argument against the authenticity of the Gospels. The metaphysicians, too, possessed of the bare fact, that an undoubted Egyptian princess, bore every appearance of a man, will easily base upon it some new theory of objective philosophy, for publication in Mr. Brownson's Review. The Historical Society of our town will, without my suggestion, see the propriety of putting in a claim for the scattered leaves of papy-

rus, and the leathern belt strapped around the old Theban. A paper should, of course, be prepared, to be read at the next monthly meeting, showing with historical accuracy, and with the acumen characteristic of the Society, what might have been on the papyrus if it had been longer, as well as indulging in a few moral reflections upon leathern belts and bitumen.

But, Boston is our fit rival; as fit as Sparta to Athens; they will show us a Lycurgus for our Solon,—a Lysander for our Pericles, and (to their honor be it spoken) a Spartan mother, for our Aspasia. Even in the matter of associations, they can fully match our Historical, with their Horticultural. Our learned men of the University Hall are not more zealous, philanthropic, and devotional in their search after inscriptions, musty pamphlets, and Dutch breeches, than the old, white cravatted gentlemen of School street, in their pursuit of vegetable enormities, and their inquiries concerning grub-worms and cabbages. Indeed, the assiduity and earnestness of these vegetable philosophers of Boston, would quite throw into the shade the chocolate and stale jokes of our historical doctors.

Boston bugs are classified, and not a chrysalis can break upon the Common, but the size and color of the escaping fly will be reported to the Board

As for carrots and mangel-wurzel, they are ticketed, dressed, and exhibited as the triumphs of Boston science, acting upon Boston soil.

The Boston Clubs are perhaps worth a note ; there is the Old Suffolk, coming near to our 'Union,' with its lazy, corpulent, dinner-loving men, who talk slowly, and easily, and who are always sure their own opinion is the best possible opinion ; who look upon New York with complacency, and who think it a rising town, and that it will come, in time, to be a respectable city. There is the Town and Country Club, once quite promising, but now given over chiefly to Dial-men, who rival each other in throwing shadows upon what is light to other people ; and in casting the electric flashes of their words upon what is made darker for such lightning.

The Temple, in their new building, numbers the budding hopes of the Boston nobility ;—distinguishable, in their case, by such exquisiteness of dress as a Boston man can wear, and by much prattle about the Traveler's Club, and the Reform Kitchens of London. They adore Britain, and turn up their noses at the cholera, because it had no English run. Their learning is measurable by the syntax of the Cambridge course, spiced with a nominal knowledge of Porson's critiques ; and their

taste in Art, is predicated on that British standard, which governed the construction of the pepper-boxes on the Royal Academy, and which tolerates the chalky extravagances of Turner.

As for the Tremont, it would show badly even beside the New York Club ; its evenings are lighted up with rich talk of horses ; and its heroes are they who have triumphed over the virtue of an actress. In a town like Boston, where an air of sobriety is fastened upon the houses, and the streets, the extravagances of lust are loathsome. Splendor seems in a measure to legitimate license ; but a debauchee who wears yellow gaiters, and a short-waisted coat, is even more pitiable, than he is polluted.

But after all, Fritz, this neighbor town of ours, is a strong town. It has an air of permanence and civilization which does not belong to our tottling splendor. In Boston, houses are built, not for sale, or show, or balls, but for comfortable habitations, and for homes. Streets are paved, not by demagogue jobbery, but by authority ;—not for fat contracts, but for service. Municipal laws are made, not for political capital, but for order ; and police regulations are enforced, not by accident, and spasms of efficiency, but regularly, and for the public security.

Their education is not for the display of an even-

ing, nor for the getting of a marriage,—but for life. Their plans are not laid for the next week, but for twenty years to come. Even their coachmen take their fares, not for a full dinner to-day, but for a good reputation to their stand.

And the analogy obtains even in their literature; books are written more for soberness, than brilliancy. They are the result of study, more than of fervid enthusiasm. Their Sparks, Prescott, and Ticknor, labor, not so much for pretty complimentary periods in the Literary Journals, as for a name on the catalogues of libraries. Boston men have the power and the gift—to wait. Boston belles (be it said in parenthesis) have a little of the same.

The New Yorkers may temper their condemnation, and their sneers by what I have set down; for it shames them; and yet it is true. It will not do to throw sarcasm lightly upon the compact and vigorous manhood of the Massachusetts province. There belongs to Bostonians a granitic hardness, that will stand shocks; and that does not lack either the felspar of Puritanic morality, the sharp, translucent quartz of education, or the scattered mica spangles of various accomplishment.

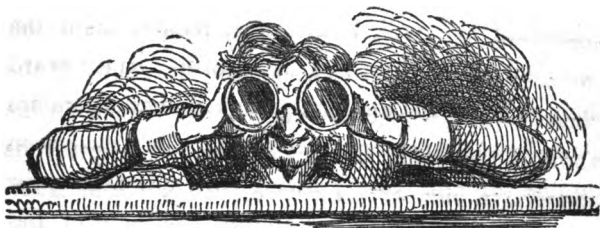
You and I, Fritz, have rambled enough about the world, to set our opinion free of any town-barriers; and where worth is to be found, in God's

name, let us be bold enough to say it. They may acknowledge it with a kind grimace, or with a sneer ; with, or without either, I shall hope to survive.

It is said that when Theban Pindar was fined in a large sum, for abuse of his native city, Athens in consideration of certain complimentary terms which the poet had bestowed, discharged the debt. If the New Yorkers should ostracise John Timon for his abuse, I trust that the Bostonians will be generous enough, in view of his praises, to show him Athenian justice.

And now, my dear Fritz, hoping that this city sultriness does not reach you,—that your new milk is not soured with thunder, and that your oat-fields are fast feathering into blossom, I bid you, for a fortnight more,—Adieu

**TIMON.**



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JULY 8, 1850.

NEW-YORK.

SECOND SERIES—NO. 5

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—Id arbitror

Ad primè in vita esse utile, ne quid nimis.—TERENCE.

Too much of anything is worth very little ; and least of all, Fritz, in this sultry weather, will you be able to bear a constant succession of city pictures. There is a heat in the very words (I wish it was my own) which carry a reflection of the town atmosphere and habits. In winter, a poker warmed by courageous stir of the combustible material about me, might pleasantly temper the flip of your thoughts ; but with the thermometer at 90°, and mosquitoes come, you will need the cooler of a

country punch, or at least, the prickly flatness of the Saratoga water.

Even our town ladies are hot subjects at this season, except they be put into the bath robes of the Newport beach, or hung in the muslin deshabelle of Judge Marvin's galleries. Your own cold, grimalkin eye will, I am sure, reckon them the more attractive in these new guises; and toward their summer life and equipments I shall therefore henceforward turn my LORNETTE. But, as a noon ramble through your growing corn quickens your appetite for a crisp salad and an iced pint of Lafitte, let me throw in for contrast with the cool gauze that is to flutter in my wake, one of the hottest pictures of our July Town.

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#### THE WALL STREET BROKER.

'I went next down a pair of stairs into a huge cellar, where I saw men burning in unquenchable fire, and one of them roaring, cried out, "I never over-sold; I never sold but at conscionable rates; why am I punished thus?" I durst have sworn it had been Judas; but going nearer to him to see if he had a red head, I found him to be a *Broker* of my acquaintance that dy'd not long since.'

QUEVEDO's Vision of Hell. VI.

THE faces of Wall street are stretchy. Scarce one turns of a morning from under the cool shoulder of Trinity, which does not wear as many

changes in the progress of the day, as a Gutta Percha Jenny Lind in the fingers of the most indefatigable infant. The morals of Wall street are as stretchy as the faces. Our hero, Paine, is purposing to convert water into fuel (a very intemperate purpose); if he matures his discovery, and is desirous of something new for his fancy to work upon, I would commend to him the conversion of Wall street morals into some sort of Caoutchouc; and feel confident, that if the conversion can be wrought, a substance will be secured that will make most elastic fishing boots, or money belts, and very excellent suspenders, equal to sustain (if desired) a man's weight, conscience and all.

As for the bench, the bankers, and the bar, such of them as turn down the Wall street avenue, are reserved for future notice; I wish now, Fritz, to give you only a playful sketch of our stock-broker, whose nature affords capital commentary on what has been noted about elasticity.

The stock-broker is, professionally, nothing more than a stock-broker. Lawyers are not stock-brokers, nor physicians, unless retired from practice; nor is the stock-broker a calico importer, or a grain speculator, notwithstanding he sometimes deals in 'shorts.' But morally, and to outward appearance, he may be something more or less than a

stock-broker. Sometimes he is prim, clean-shirted, and may even venture upon a broad brim, and all the outward sobriety of Quakerdom. He may be sly, with heavy whiskers, twinkling eye, flaring shirt-bosom, almost a swell in appearance, one whom you would take for a cavalier at the Minerva balls; and yet, perhaps, he will hatch out such a rise in figures, upon some small stock, as will entitle him to immense respect at the restaurant where he dines. He may be of plethoric habit, sometimes indulging in a white cravat—possibly a vestryman, or at any rate, very thoughtful at class-meetings, and with religious interest in some younger brother, will give a nudge of advice in favor of some *short* sale, while he stands by, in the person of a friend, to buy up *long*. Money changers in the Temple, is an old story; and to sweep them out, would in our time be as serious a work, as that told of concerning Hercules and the Augean stables.

Most town morals are understood to vary with the coat, sometimes with the season, and in very many cases, with the demand. But stock morals are quite uniform; and after no little observation, I know not whether they are more 'stiff' between straight coat-collars, or under the embroidery of a flash waistcoat

The stock-broker's capital is as elastic as his morality ; it is even more ethereal, and less susceptible of a practical, and easy working. In ordinary parlance, the sale of a house implies ownership, and even the purchase of a mummy, whether by tickets, or on credit, supposes property in, at least, some sort of mummy. With the stock-broker it is different; capital and tangible property are at best mere *locum tenentes* ; and our pompous member of the craft will knock you off five hundred, or a thousand shares, without so much as the shade of one in hand, or in pocket. And I use these terms, inasmuch as what is in the hand or pocket of the stock-broker is as effectively and practically his own, whatever may be the delusions of his church friends, or of any residuary legatees, as anything that he eats or drinks.

Trifling sales, or purchase of half a million, leave him in excellent good humor for his evening cigar ; though he knows not if to-morrow will rise on him a broken man, or simply a man of broken faith. His purse, like his soul, is a sort of Toricellian vacuum, tube-shaped, into which solid matter rises, as the Wall street atmosphere is, either heavy or light. Now and then some querulous ones will make a stir about some queer absorption of funds, once called their own,—quite indescribable, and

even less easily traceable by unpracticed eyes than the rise of the mercury in the barometer; but the stir, like atmospheric stir, will only serve to make the silver mount in the pocket of our broker.

The stock-broker is dexterous at dodges. Nothing in a sporting way is prettier than his manner of slipping out of a *combination*, just as it approaches a crisis; and nothing affords better game. You have seen coursing, Fritz, if I mistake not, upon the downs of Hampshire; and have been delighted with the way in which some veteran puss will double *short* upon the hounds, just as they are upon her; and will leave them to shoot their long carcasses crazily in advance, while she gathers breath and courage for a new run. There is capital coursing of that sort in our town, and prodigious *sweats*, this hot weather, in consequence. The game is served up, as you know, in style. And such hares, when caught, are, as Charles Lamb advises, 'done brown.'

The solicitation of a friend's money on deposit, or the receipt of a patron's funds a day or two previous to a 'break up,' are modes of treating Wall street depletion, which, though not set down in the rules of practice, are occasionally like homeopathic ventures, eminently successful. Any but Wall street morality would hardly recover a healthful

shape after such serious stretch ; but the nature of the material is proof, even against so violent practice.

The broker, in his purchase of stocks for a friend, is considerate. He assures him (with a finger in his button-hole,) that though the price given was the highest on the list, he had fears of a rise ;—stock was stiff,—might have fallen off a trifle at the second call, but he had the friend's interest at heart, and hopes he will gratify Madame ——, (the broker's wife,) by dining with them the next Sunday.

It is not a little mortifying to one's pride, to find our friend's superior sagacity—the friend of Wall street—commuting our dull dollars into very active ones, on his own behalf ; and to find our funds rapidly sinking, while our friend is flourishing in an opera-box, or sporting with his wife at the Springs. Not only is it mortifying, but most singular, and hard to be accounted for, except by reason of that peculiar elasticity already commented on.

The broker is a man of taste, and chooses his moneyed acquaintances as he chooses his wine—y color. Green is his favorite in the first, and claret in the wine. He has an eye for pictures, too, and prefers single figures to groups ; and, in a

general way, does not much affect a crowded back-ground. Strong lights he abhors, and the atmosphere, to his liking, is hazy and subdued. He follows the clergyman closely in his headings, and will consider the chances of a rise in Harlaem stock up to the 'seventhly,'—will turn the 'improvement' into a lucky venture, and throughout the closing prayer will cast about, as eagerly as any, for a 'new hope.'

The broker endeavors to preserve a uniformly serene air, and is never hurried, except when in search, at a late hour of the morning, of a brother broker, who has a 'few thousands over.' His language at the board is short and crisp, and never wearies the thought, except of the uninitiate; it is full of ellipses; his accusatives are governed by *Synechdoche*, and his mood, after a similar Greek standard, is usually *optative*. He will sell you 'a hundred Harlaem at sixty, seller twenty—five to ten up,' or 'take 'em at fifty-seven at the opening, ten or twenty up.'

He is fond of seducing some successful Pearl street man, of ambitious views, into the neighborhood of the board; and, after an evening or two over Delmonico's Chambertin, may bring him into a healthful state for an 'operation.' Its issue will be apt so far to disgust our simple merchant

with Wall street, that he will ever after go to the Fulton, or to the Bowery Banks for his discounts.

As for the legality of our broker's action, it is a small affair, scarce cognizable even from the second story windows of the Wall street offices. His field standard is honor, which is as steady as his morality, or as the politics of the Herald.

He has a bowing acquaintance with the writers of 'money articles;' and is on easy terms with telegraph operators. He has even been known to invite them to dine, and to supply gratuitous advice about the prospective value of stocks. He also cultivates occasional acquaintance with such literary gentlemen as write letters of general intelligence for the newspapers; and he has been known at times, himself to furbish up racy sketches of railway accidents, and very sympathetic appeals against the wanton disregard of human life, manifested by the Norwich and Worcester Railroad.\* Some engine, too, of extraordinary speed, will sometimes keep him to a pretty period or two about mechanism in general, accompanied with the information (quite accidentally thrown in,) that the extraordinary engines in question, have been se-

\* The Wall street gentlemen are informed that John Timon, having already invested the sum accruing from the sale of the first volume of the *LORENETTE*, is not looking out for any of the Norwich Stock.

cured for that admirably conducted road, from New York to Albany.

The broker, as he advances in life, stretches from some down-town lodging-house, to a fashionable hotel, or to a reputable square. He becomes a patron of benevolent enterprises, particularly in his own house. He surprises his wife with a Cashmere, the poor box with a pistareen, and his friend, the country capitalist, with a balance against him, and an invitation to dine. He grows bland, and *habile* of feature—like the gutta percha heads—with twisting; he pays more heed to his shirts, to the opera and to the church, diverting his elasticity into up-town channels. His coach may, in time, drive to Wall street to take him up, and the great elasticities of his career, whose memory still lingers in some sorely pinched pockets, are sheltered with strongly welded ribs of brick and gold. He is a lover of dinners, and rarely, however he may be cramped, dines short. He becomes a pillar of our town society, and by dint of a fat subscription, a manager of some artistic union.

Yet the heated air of Wall street is as necessary to his health, as hot places are always, to hot natures. Beelzebub out of Pandemonium would be as ill-placed, as our broker away from the board. And if he goes up into a high mountain, where air

is fresh, he goes like the brimstone tempter of old ; and from some prospective coal-field, he will point out the shining tracks of water, and the bright mineral beds for future combustion, which, if grasped, or longed for, will consume his victim.

God grant you, Fritz, nerve and firmness to withstand the Tempter, whether he be broker, or be Baal. May your conscience keep firm, and not lose shape under pinching and pulling ; and whatever you may do in the sultry air of our Wall street summer, keep yourself free from a Wall street initiative to that hotter place, where the 'fancies' are in active demand, and toward which elastic morality is very apt to rebound. Our brokers hold large stock in the inclined plane that leads thither ; and remember, before you take shares,—that *facilis descensus Averni*—pray look up your hexameters yourself ; and forget this Dantean measure of our broker, in a *pius* spondee, and *Ænean* dactyl.

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#### A TASTE OF THE SPRINGS.

—cum tamen in confesso sit, *Thermas illas et fontes, virtutes suas, ex venis mineralium, per quas permeant, nancisci. Hanc igitur partem, de imitatione naturæ in balneis artificialibus, desiderari censemus.*

BACON. De Augment. Scient. Liv. IV.

LORD BACON laments that science, in his day, after all its study of poisons, could not make up a

good mineral spring, or, as we should say, a good watering-place. The venerable Chancellor had never taken a Seidlitz powder, nor 'put up' at Congress Hall. Were this old lord Verulam upon his legs now, and equal to a summer divided between Sharon and Saratoga, he would find abundant topic, not only for *Augmentis Scientiarum*, but, if I do not greatly misjudge, for an entirely new series of the *Interiora Rerum*.

It hurts my modesty grievously, Fritz, to drop an *ego* so near the name of the great philosopher; but the truth is, that this system of periodic paragraghing does so dull one's diffidence, and so deprave his native sense of decency, that unless I use great forbearance, I shall soon find myself expressing opinions, with all the assurance of Mr. Bennett, or of the Boston Post.

Our towns-people are not a rural people, my dear Fritz,—scamper as they will, to watering-places, of a summer. The love of country is no way infectious with New Yorkers. Were there only some Hyde Park convenient to the city, for evening drives, or some Prater with its brilliant Cafés, or some Bois de Boulogne with its retired and unfrequented copses, I question very much if the infirmities of our belles would demand the sul-

phurous treatment (of Sharon), or even the carbonated action of Saratoga.

Here and there, it is true, some old gentleman, who has been, on a visit abroad, hospitably entertained at Hampstead, or Twickenham; and who is anxious to follow out the English ideas of comfort, will buy himself a magnificent country seat,—hire, upon Thorburn's recommendation, a Scotch gardener, and go out for three months in the summer to amuse himself with astonishing the neighbors, cursing the musquitoes, reading the newspapers, and feigning content with his larder. But in nine cases out of ten, he will be very ready and very anxious to hurry back to his 'brick-house' on Washington Square, and enjoy his cigar in the basement.

We have got very few of that class of men, who, like hundreds along Lombard, or Thread and Needle street, have their little suburban places, flanked by a pet of a garden,—as far off from the city as Clapton, or Stamford hill from the Bank,—where they go each night, at five, to enjoy a luxurious dinner, a pint of London-dock Port, a quiet smoke under the trees, and a talk with John, the gardener, about the dahlias, and the honeysuckles. Our suburban men have got no ruddy-looking daughters to run down to the green gate, to meet them,

and no substantial wife in the bow window, to smile a home-sort of welcome, as the city man moves up the gravel walk, at a pace which says, as plainly as words could say it,—that he has a capital appetite for his dinner. I doubt very much whether one Pearl street man in twenty, could distinguish the *Camelia* from the *Azalia*; or say which was native, or which exotic. Such native taste as may come to the town with him, is scorched off by the harrowing years of his trade travail. There are no Regent's Parks, or *Jardins d'hiver* to keep it alive.

Thus it happens, Fritz, that no country place is secured, in the majority of instances, until the wife, or the position, demand it for talk or show. And then, unless our townsman be fortunate in his gardener, and architect, the country seat will offer a sad spectacle of God's work, at the mercy of a taste refined in Pearl street, or cultivated by assiduous study of the South street wharves.

This matter, however, of city cottages, suburban taste, and cockney ruralities, is a good subject for a full chapter: and you may be assured that it shall have my early attention. Meantime we must follow our city families to those resorts, which receive them, in lieu of country seats. And these resorts show the temper of our town; they are not

quiet; not in many instances, even rural; but they are bustling, overflowing, noisy, showing a sort of city festivity, transplanted to the fields, or the shore.

Occasionally, it is true, some town family will find quarters in a country village, where the air is good, and the society respectable; but ten to one the family is encumbered with a short string of town infants, to whom it is necessary to give good breathing room, and liberal toilettes. But once let the little misses twist their nursery tails under a comb, and drop the broad hem in their dresses, and they will pine for the pungent waters of Saratoga, and sigh for the salty saturations of Newport.

Our watering-places, like our town routs, have their scales and grades,—not of hygienic properties, merely, but of caste and respectability. And as in the town, it is worth while to foist one's self upon the set, where Madame Goodstyle is received, so it is well to become the familiar visitant of such springs as help the gout of somebody's Excellency, or as cure some distinguished dyspepsia. Indeed, watering-places might easily be divided into

First class watering-places,

Second class watering-places, and

• Third class watering-places.

The first group, to give the matter philosophic

classification, might be arranged in two sub-divisions ;—to wit, the easily accessible, and the not easily accessible.

The easily accessible will be honored with the presence of a vast many fashionable persons, of known worth and position, spiced with a considerable number of ambitious and deserving people, desirous of being 'genteel,' and assiduously studying how to be. There will also be suddenly-rich people, following in brilliant wake, and an incredible number of barbers, gamblers, pleasant young gentlemen in moustache, and nankeen pantaloons, male dancers, and other epicene persons, who like the camp-women, pick up a tolerable living by doing small services for the rank and file.

Those places, difficult of access, are not overrun by givers of concerts, or by men of uncertain tone in any calling. Being well protected, they are in high favor ; they are much sought after by Bostonians, and by 'old families' generally. They are attended, however, by an annoying mixture of the newly rich, who have the shrewdness not to husband their pennies, when dignity and refined intellectual intercourse are in the market, at so very cheap a rate.

The second class watering-places, are either first class a little gone by, or they are growing places,

which by respectable city representation, will shortly come to the first rank. They are generally towns possessing really valuable springs, where you will see a great many honest-looking old people hobbling with a rheumatism, which they call the gout; and a great many stout, red-faced ladies, who are 'very delicate.' This very seriousness is utterly antagonistic to the spirit of the first class; and a genuine invalid at Sharon, or Newport, is almost as rare as a thoroughly well-man at Lebanon, or at the unctuous springs of Avon.

As for the third class, they are quiet little country spots, where many a man of sense will go for undisturbed enjoyment of the country, and whose worst visitants will be some rough, honest country people, whose yellow silk handkerchiefs and promiscuous use of napkin, would serve as the nucleus for a capital period in one of Mr. Cooper's American novels.

Of all these classes, my dear Fritz, you shall have from time to time a report, and shall bear me company in type, now to Newport or the Mountain House, and again to Nahant or Crawford's,—as you have already borne me company in person, at the Vier Jahreszeiten of Wiesbaden,—on Frascati's beach, in Frascati's bathing robes, or stretched through the live-long night upon the hard floor of that little highland

inn, which lies midway between Lochs Garry and Oioh.

I shall entertain you now with a letter, which, like a great many books now-a-days, 'was never intended for publication.' It has come to me through the hands of my friend Tophanes, who is on intimate terms with the parties. He says it is characteristic; I should think it very likely. I suspect it must describe the young lady's first visit.

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U. S. HOTEL, SARATOGA SPRINGS.

MY DEAR KITTY :—

Here we are at length, and what a charming place!—such trees, and dinners, and then the bowling alley; (do you ever bowl?) if you do, get a pair of those pretty gaiters at what-d'ye-call-him's. Papa has taken two rooms for us in the east wing, and Marie sleeps in a little alcove just out of mine. The galleries stretch around inside the wing, and several gentlemen—married gentlemen, ma says—(but very handsome) pass very often. You don't know how pleasant it is to sit in the window, in that *deshabille* you said was so becoming. Ma begins to think so too, for Miss Fig-gins has got one just like it.

They say the company is not very good yet, so, of course it isn't; but you don't know how many

elegant gentlemen there are lounging in the gallery down by the office. I can see them now and then through the trees. I think there is rather too much shade ; it looks gloomy, you know.

Ma don't know a great many people yet; and she says I am too backward ; I am backward ; but then it is very awkward always to come up and interrupt mamma, when she is talking with a strange gentleman. She says it's very proper ; do you think so ? There are some foreign-looking gentlemen (don't you like a moustache ?) who somehow manage to talk without being introduced. I like that ; there is something so romantic in it ; and then beside, you don't know but you may be talking to some foreign prince. I walked for an hour last night, under the front colonnade with such a dear man ! I shall be quite ashamed of cousin Dick when I get back to the city.

Papa tries to make us go to the Springs early every morning, but ma and I don't wish to. One's eyes look so heavy after sitting up till twelve. Besides, none but old gentlemen go to the Springs in the morning, and some of them are vulgar acquaintances of ma's ; and they are so abominably familiar, that I will not bear it. Marie says it is vulgar to go to breakfast in bare arms ; but the Fidges do ; and there's a gentleman nearly oppo-

- site me, who I know admires them ; he looked so hard at them, he scarce ate anything.

I wish papa would keep a man-servant to stand behind us at table ; a great many do who are not half so rich as pa ; who, he says, owe him ; but he can't get it. Droll, isn't it ? The barèges are all the fashion ; so are those dear little charms ; I wish I had bought more of them. If you are down at Black's buy me a little dagger, a coral dog, a hand with a ring, and a cornelian heart, and anything else that's sweet, and send them up by express.

You know I walk well, at least Marie says so, and it's a great thing here ; such everlasting promenades in the galleries ; if you mean to come, you had better practice. In the morning I write letters, up by my window, in the white muslin, with a flower or two in my hair. Then I dress for dinner, which takes about three hours. I wish papa loved hock ; to be sure it's sour stuff ; but then it looks so distinguished to have the green glasses ; the Figginses do. I don't eat much at table ; you know one is so watched ; and then, I don't know why it is, but I never have an appetite. Marie, good soul, brings me up a nice plate of cold beef and pickles, every night.

Pa eats just as he does at home, and Ma can't

prevent it. It's very mortifying only to think of the way he eats spinage and salads! I overheard a gentleman who was looking at him the other day, whisper something about *dejeuner à la fourche*, at which the lady next him—a perked-up sort of thing—laughed very hard. What does it mean? I always thought it was *fourchette*. Isn't it?

After dinner we go into the parlor, where it is very dull, until the gentlemen have finished smoking. Sometimes, though, we go out to ride. Ma and I went yesterday with Mr. Templeton, out to somebody's lake,—one of the wildest places. Mr. Templeton repeated some of Willis's lines. He said it reminded him (the lake, not the lines,) of Salvating Rosa. He is a very talented young man, and I will introduce you when you come up. I believe he knows French; at any rate, he pronounces *soirée* and *amour* beautifully. Before tea-time we are all walking, and perhaps, go down to the Spring, or stroll up to the railway upon the hill. I like it; but there seems to be nobody but vulgar people riding, so ma has forbidden it

Do you think, Papa took boiled onions yesterday, and then offered to help mamma, though she looked the other way, and then he wanted to know if the Springs had changed her taste? I thought mamma would have gone off.

You haven't sent me the last number of the LORGNETTE. They say John Timon is here, I think I saw him yesterday; he is a thin, tallish man, with sandy moustache, but not at all distinguished-looking. I should say he was about forty-five; and, would you believe it, he has got a wife and baby. Who would have thought it?

Some of Pa's friends stopped at the Union, and they wanted us to go there. But one don't see half so much, or get into notice half so quick. To be sure Uncle Dick says there are better men to marry at the Union, but they are not half so good to flirt with.

A handsome gentleman sitting under the trees, is reading a newspaper (or pretending to,) and looking every little while up to my window. I am getting tired, Kitty, so I shall close.

Your true friend, &c.

P. S.—The gentleman in the chair is the one I walked with the other evening,—a charming man; he has just bowed to me.

2nd P. S.—I will tell you more about him in my next.

*Adieu, Chère Amie.*

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Now, my dear Fritz, do not knock the ashes from your cigar with a petulant flip of the finger and say—'this is all sad stuff.'

I like its *naive* variety, and brokenness of utterance ; it shows you, moreover, the habit of the hour, and of the time. It is one of those gossamer playing shadows, which the sun of the summer life throws upon the dial of American habit. It is a small side-view, which goes to make up a part of our social history, as we advance toward a perfected civilization.

Read considerately, then ; sip composedly of your port, in all charity ; and I, when my letter shall be sealed, will balance the kindness of your thought in a wee-bit of iced Geissenheimer.

TIMON.





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JULY 20, 1850.

NEW-YORK.

SECOND SERIES—NO. 6.

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—*Mors sola fatetur, quanta sint hominum corpora.*

JUVENAL (ad Fid. TIMONIS.)

OUR President is dead !

Fritz, God forbid that you should think me so far gone with the frivolities of the town, or so much engrossed by those phases of social interchange which make up the chronicle of our summer history, that I should either forbear, or hesitate to drop both an encomium and a tear at our nation's loss. You know me, Fritz, as an American ; you know that none of the lascivious luxury and attenuated civilization of Europe, have been able to withdraw

my sympathies and soul from that country where I was born, and to which shall always be credited gratefully, whatever slight consideration may be won. With this knowledge, you will have anticipated my poignant sorrow at the death of the man who, from birth, education, habit, reputation and success, was the man of all our public men, to form, by his weight and probity, such balance-wheel to our eccentric, administrative machinery, as should secure its regularity, and perfect its issues.

I do not at all envy the reputation or the reflections of that Congressional declaimer,\* who so recently, stirred by party animosity, moved the vote of censure upon the language of our dead hero. I doubt much if he has anybody's envy. Yet he has won a singular distinction, worthy even of my humble record ; and by one marvelous stroke, he has achieved a splendid notoriety, and covered his name with a blasting renown. Let not the hope of following our idlers to their summer recreations ; or our social studies, of whatever strangeness, make you begrudge the half page on which I record my sorrow, and a nation's grief.

Read my epigraph again ; it is altered widely from Juvenal : *Corpuscula* has become, to the

\* Mr. Thompson of Mississippi.

fault of the metre, *corpora*. The diminutives are abandoned, and the positive is assumed. Death has told us, not of how little worth was the man called Zachary Taylor, but of how great worth.

God grant that the times and the men may fill up well the gap that the Presidential grave has opened! And may Providence, that has touched us terribly, so order events and action, and so control and moderate the spirit of our newly-come President, as that the altered epigraph may rest properly upon his tomb-stone, and the world of to-day exclaim—*Bene tanti fieri!*—It is well to be worth so much!

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#### THE HABIT OF OUR AMUSEMENTS.

Cela se fait,—cela ne se fait pas;—voilà la décision suprême.

ST. PREUX A JULIE.

THE stranger who saw our town only in this heated month of summer, would have very incorrect, and unsatisfactory notions of the life and aspect of the town year. We are pre-eminently a business and a practical people, (without giving even the Bostonians the benefit of an aristocratic exclusion;) and at the same time, we are the most arrant, and impetuous seekers of pleasure that are to be found

in the world. The foreigner coming among us at any ordinary season, and finding few theatres where action is an art,—few operas where a delicate appreciation of music makes the charm,—few public balls where gayety is the impulse, and the end,—few hotels where daily enjoyment is the pursuit, and not mere getting of food, and getting of lodging; and few mansions where the proprietors study a leisurely enjoyment of life's best comforts, would decide that we were given over, body and soul, to trade.

And he would be more than half right : with us business is the habit,—pleasure is an exception. The hurry of enterprise, and commercial endeavor, may be likened to the regular, leafy development of a plant, in which the abounding succulence goes only to supply foliage ; while our paroxysms of pleasure-hunting may be aptly compared to that extraordinary action of the vegetable life, which shows itself in flowers. Our female plant, to renew the simile, blossoms twice a year,—once in mid-summer, and once in mid-winter. Our male plant has but the single flowering period of mid-summer ; an exception, however, is to be noted, in favor of a certain class of perennial beaux, who blossom double, and who, like all double-blossoming trees, make no fruit.

In the cities of the Old World it is different. There, pleasure is a part of life. It is incorporate with the whole animal and mental being. It is an element of their civilization. It is compacted with the whole manhood ; and it is the daily grace of the life of woman. We, on the contrary, are in that stage of civilization, where all hands and nearly all of energy, are busy upon the crude, mechanical framework of society ; and toward those cultivated pleasures which will fill up the interstices of a perfected civilization, we reach by spasms of desire, and grapple them by piece-meal, and apart.

I do not know, Fritz, if I convey to you by such language a fair idea of what I wish to express. Let me give you, therefore, a practical illustration. Our mid-summer, by habit and conventional usage, is our pleasure vacation. Being such, it is a business to enjoy it. To enjoy it, the country must be sought,—no matter what may be the ties of circumstances, or of employ,—no matter how rough the roads over which we are to travel,—no matter how shabby the hotels we are to visit,—no matter what may be our tastes, or habitual indulgences,—no matter what may be the fashionable sketches which are to hamper us,—the business in hand is pleasure, and it must all be called pleasure.

The pursuit is entered upon as we enter upon a

commercial speculation ; there is the same rapidity of movement ; the same bustle of progress, and the same fears of failure. The hunt after enjoyment is a venture, into which our anxieties enter as much as into an investment in grain, or in stocks. Pleasure is a marketable commodity ; it is a business in hand, upon which valuation is set, by cost. We bag it as we bag game ; and estimate it, like hunters, by the difficulties of the capture.

I put it to you, Fritz, if the European has not more method in his madness ? Are not his recreations more intimately blended with his life, and with his daily habit ? Are they not more a part of him, and less hideously objective ? Enjoyment with him is not at the end of some rough journey, but lies, on either hand, along his road. It is not with him a matter of patent manufacture, whose excellence is to be established by puffing, but it is a thing of education, and of existence.

The Englishman quits London for his country place, for Brighton, or for the Moors, not altogether when the town chooses, but when he chooses himself. He loves variety, in his way ; but he acknowledges no high road, by which it is always to be approached, and out of which no enjoyable variety is to be found. He may love the Cliffs of Scarborough, or the rural attractions of Leamington, or the

splendor and parade of Cheltenham, but he does not like to admit that either one or the other, is absolutely essential to the attainment of a summer's pleasure, or that talk of them is to make up the only valid catalogue, and measure of his enjoyments.

The Parisian, tiring of the Sunday's talk in the *Passage de l'Opera*, or of the Sunday evenings in the *Grand Balcon*, may run away to the terrace of St. Germain, to the baths of Dieppe, or to the waters of the Pyrenees. And this he does—if done at all—because he can afford it, and because he finds a pleasure in every step of his progress; and not because crowds have gone before him, or because it will be essential to the chat of the winter, to talk either of Pau, or of Aix la Chapelle.

There is nothing conventional in his pursuit of pleasure; it sits on him as easy as his coat; and when it irks him, he throws it off as sudden as his dressing-gown. Because the Champs Elysées are without their equipages, he does not consider himself debarred the pleasure of a drive; nor does he repine because he cannot find rooms at the same watering-place with her Grace the Duchess. Into the whole web and woof of his life are twisted the gilded threads, which give the blazon of amusement; they are not arranged in bands, broad,

heavy, and cumbrous, but are fine, and evenly distributed.

Do not understand me, Fritz, to undervalue our national characteristics of enterprise, and commercial vigor, or to admire more the easy, and life-long indulgence, which belongs to a graceful, but a frivolous nation ;—and yet a nation which can well instruct us in the matter of those amusements which adorn civilization. It is hardly worth while that our summer pleasures be piled up in masses, and be billeted, and appraised, like so much gauze merchandise : they should be tempered by common sense, and so worked into the cloth of life, that they may decorate it and relieve it everywhere. Nothing is to be feared, and much is to be gained by a comparison of our recreative resources, with those of a people, who have served a very long apprenticeship at the trade. The true art of rational amusement is in so moderating, and multiplying its characteristics, as that there may be no danger from satiety, and no intemperate flush from undue excitation.

I began, Fritz, with saying something about the July aspect of our town ; it is not like the winter town. The streets still have their fullness ; but it is not the fullness of the spring-tide, or of the hybernal flood. Even such of the winter belles as

remain have changed their air ; they have become moderate in dress, and less exacting in their demands. They glide slyly in the shadows of the houses, as if their vacation had come, and as if their need of city display had gone by. Some few who were not noticeable in the fullness of the town, and who have adroitly out-stayed their more successful rivals, are grown into objects of attraction, and are reaping a harvest of favors from those who possess the habit of bestowal. In the comparative absence of equipages, too, not a few see the possibility of arresting attention ; and will triumph in a Brougham, that two months ago would have given only the most tedious chance of success.

Middle-aged ladies, who, in the plethora of the winter festivities, might have despaired of smiles, can now win such adoration as finds no other object. *Neglige* dresses are both in rule, and in worship. Etiquette is forborne ; and belles may shop at their grocer's without fear of observation, or of remark. The town may be fairly reckoned in *deshabille*, and a kind of easy looseness (I mean no harm) belongs both to its dress, and to its habit. The formality of receptions is passed away, and people chat from balcony to balcony, as if they belonged to a common family.

As you will naturally suppose, there are long

lines of deserted houses which a month ago may have been exceedingly gay. An old gentleman whose wife and daughters are at the Springs, reigns for once in his own house, and over his own household, and appears to enjoy exquisitely his freedom. He may be seen peeping at dusk from between the half-opened shutters, with an air of pride and independence, which, though it does not sit upon him naturally, will yet impose upon many the belief that he is master of his own mansion. He may even smoke in the balcony, with an audacious front, that owes its character only to the distance that lies between the town and his wife. In the ecstatic enjoyment of his temporary supremacy, he may even crack jokes with the maid, without fearing the punishment of a wife's glance. He will take advantage of the opportunity to cultivate a neighborly spirit with the ladies about him, and astonish them by his courage. Whether his wife may not be balancing the account, in her own way, at the Springs, is a question I may broach later in the season.

Pursy gentlemen, who are heads of families, and who are allowing their wives and daughters a week's shopping in the town, may be seen walking at dusk with their domestic trains, flanked, possibly, by some negro nurse or body servant. A

Southern influx gives its tone for a time to the public parlors of the town, and the lions of the day are strangers. Strange faces are in the public shops, and the churches are sprinkled with strange-trimmed hats. Amusement has driven away the absentees, and amusement has brought in the newcomers. But while this summer rush for amusements makes the town bare of its old formalities, it imposes its peculiar restraints upon character and habit at the watering-places. Nor are these restraints, for the most part, those either of morals or of religion; (it being generally understood that the winter education supplies a sufficient stock of these useful and respectable matters). The restraints are of the making of that special tyrant which we Americans delight to honor—I mean—public opinion.

Even the arbitrary enactments of the town lose their force, and rules of propriety languish. What will be said, and what will be seen,—give a turn to our summer's choice, the color to a summer's wardrobe, the moderation to our summer action, and a zest to the summer amusement.

A little township of jealousies, sects, and reputations grows up in the heart of each of our summer resorts; and it forms no small part of the amusement to keep them warm and active. We

amuse ourselves by cultivating assiduously a happy notoriety ; and our poor belles, worn out with the fatigues of a winter, restore their languishing systems with such air, such dresses, such dances, such hates, and such acquaintances, as fashion declares nutritious. If the bitter, nauseating waters of Sharon have touched pleasantly the fancy, or the palate of some town leader of the modes, it becomes part of the summer amusement to cultivate the sulphurous taste. If riding is in vogue, or Madame Such-an-one has given the cue, it is capital amusement to ride. If their graces, who discipline the hour and the modes, have set their hearts on Newport, there will be crowds who will get the first hint of their amusements, by following in their wake. If Avon is vulgar, with its strong-smelling waters, and its rough, honest country folk, it is a part of fashionable amusement, to stay away.

If the society of a watering-place, by popular mention, is reckoned good, it is part of our amusement to be amused with it ; but if the society is doubtful, or mixed, or lacks the quickening leaven of well-known names, it is the part of our seeker of amusement to be horribly *ennuyé*.

In short, my dear Fritz, it will not do to be amused without discretion. A reliance on one's

own appreciation of entertainment, is a very unsafe reliance ; and one may be subjected to the mortifying reflection of having found amusement in what the amusement fanciers utterly condemn. A schedule of the means and appliances might be judiciously, and most charitably prepared, by which the ignorant would be informed of all that would be requisite for a summer's amusement. Into such schedule might safely enter the details of some given lady's management ; as, for instance,—her choice of resort,—the style of her morning dress,—the name of her coiffeur,—a list of her tenpenny novels,—the intervals in her town correspondence,—the age of her partners in the polka,—her pronunciation of *plaisir*, and of *liaison*,—her terms of endearment, ordinary and extraordinary, and her views on social education. With all these made known, it would be a very dull pupil who did not learn the art of a summer's amusement.

Am I not right, Fritz ? Is there not a base subserviency to formalities, and to opinionated dictation, in the very search for recreation ? And do not one half of those so eager in the pursuit of a summer's pleasure, utterly lose sight of any healthful, and natural promptings, in the chase of what some notoriety has decreed ?

But I am in too sober a vein for the sultriness of

the air, and must give over my sermonizing, until autumn shall have fanned us, and the amusements of a season lie under our eye.

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#### WATERING-PLACE PEOPLE

‘*Rarus enim fermé sensus communis in illâ Fortunâ.*’

THERE exists a class of people in the country, who seemed designed by Providence specially for watering-places. They make their appearance summer after summer at Newport, or Saratoga,—adorn with their presence the cycle of the season, and then pass out of sight until the Springs and the summer hotels revive their intermittent existence. They seem gay, cheerful, and admirably calculated by nature, for that species of enjoyment which belongs to a heated atmosphere. Like the summer brood of flies, they grow festive in the sunshine,\* and lose their grace and activity, if not their existence, as the season advances.

With not a few of these, there is a particular method of advance, which serves to variegate the

\* The comparison, Frits, will lead you to recall an exquisite scrap of the old Anthology. The songs and claws of the parties under notice, will justify the citation, although it be too flattering to stick into my text;—

Τὸν λαλὸν λαλοῦσσαν, τὸν εὐατὲρον ἂ πτεροῦσσαν  
Τὸν ξένον ἂ ξεῖνα, τὸν θερὸν θερῖνα.



OLD STAGER OF THE SPRINGS



charms of their summer life. The closing days of June will, perhaps, find them at Rockaway, or at Fort Hamilton, from which they migrate in swarms toward the sand plains of Saratoga; from thence they swoop down in the heat of the season, and settle for a day or two upon the rocks by the Mountain House. At the striking of the tents, they will revive their last year's flirtations with the gray-coated cadets, or grow sentimental upon the walk by the shore, or indulge in romance at Kosciusko's tomb. Still later, they catch the breezes of September at the Ocean House; and having adorned with their presence the closing ball of the season, they fade away upon the water, and are lost to public wonder for a winter.

In this species of people, may be enumerated vagrant families—not without pretensions to beauty, and other pretensions to match—who are the inhabitants of some quite traditionary locality, the descendants of some traditionary ancestry, the possessors of some traditionary fortune, and the heirs to some traditionary renown.

They are the subjects of periodical doubts, and annual discussion, as well as of July admiration. They neither seem to disappear by marriage, or by any other Providential dispensation. Year after year they appear, without growing old, or growing

new. If some vague report has disposed of a single member, there is some new comer to fill up the gap. If misfortune has overtaken them pecuniarily, it does not, in the slightest degree, alter their periodic migration, or the eccentricity of their movement.

In the winter season, nearly all trace of them is lost; and though individuals have sometimes set on foot reports, of their having been seen in January, at the Assembly Balls of Washington,—the testimony is quite frail, and is scarce worthy of more credit than that relating, in the colonial times, to the appearance of Peter Rugg, and his daughter.

Another type of this species may be found in some pleasant, old, gouty, red-nosed gentleman, who may be found year after year seated in his arm-chair upon the corridor of the United States, or in the bar-room of our host at Avon. Everybody knows him very well, though few know much of him. Everybody knows his hours for bathing, if he is by the sea, or at the sulphur baths; and everybody knows his hour for cheese, and brandy and water, at either place. He is never fatigued, and never in a perspiration; and wherever in the whole range of watering-places your eye falls upon him, you recognize the fitness of his position, and feel quite sure you would be surprised to meet him anywhere else. If by chance, you fall upon him of a

winter, in the town, you are shocked by the incongruity, and cannot fail to think that he is wandering in his mind, and has strayed away unconsciously from the galleries of Saratoga.

Of his origin and business, only vague rumors are afloat; as for his years, none are so weak as to hazard a guess at their number. In the memory of the oldest habitué, he has neither changed the color of his hair, nor of his nose; and he has been overheard, by credible witnesses, to talk of Madison and the elder Adams, as he now talks of Van Buren, or Mr. Fillmore. He has been seen to talk occasionally with middle-aged ladies, and sometimes to pat rosy-cheeked girls under the chin; but his name has not, to anybody's knowledge, ever been in the Herald, nor has he ever fought a duel. It is uncertain in what grave-yard he will be buried, if indeed, he should ever die.

Of a somewhat kindred stamp are certain middle-aged bachelors, who delight themselves, by talking of each other, as young men. They dress in very perfect style, and know vast numbers of people. They are familiar and easy in their chat about heiresses, and the belles of the hour. They are nice judges of cigars and brandies, and the comparative size of ladies' ankles. They pride themselves specially on some extraordinary personal accomplish-

ment,—such as a delicate hand with a cue, or on being a good horseman, or on their conquests of pretty milliners. They never go to second-class hotels, or to second-class watering-places, and are exceedingly attentive to young ladies on the point of 'coming out.' They expect some day to be married, and to be esteemed; and it is possible they may be so.

There are not a few middle-aged ladies who adorn, year after year, the tables of our summer hotels, and who seem to have been spared the possession of their maidenly charms for their annual attendance. But, much more noticeable than these, is a class of married ladies of independent aim, and fair exterior, whose town-life, if rumors may be credited, is far less satisfactory than the summer indulgence in sea breezes and bath dresses. They have fairly worked up their social education to a level with the freedom of country recreations. They achieve easily, and maintain boldly, a distinguished notoriety; and while they adorn the distinction they enjoy, they give brilliant eclat to the quietude of private life, and to the elegancies of social action.

They give much of the burden to the talk of the watering-place salons, and they study to make the burden light. They have husbands, it is true; but

when these make their appearance, they do it with considerate forbearance, and manifest an *insouciance* which is as creditable to their education, as it is to their discretion. As to what their husbands may be, rumor talks with a lagging tongue, as if the topic were not worth a trouble ; and it is only on one or two points, not connected with their profession, or their family, (perhaps not with their happiness) that public judgment has ever ventured a decision.

Such ladies are not usually to be found at Union Hall, but favor sooner the cool corridors of the United States. They are fond of rides ; and will make their reputations so brilliant, by the character and earnestness of their cavaliers, as that the torpidity of a winter's exclusion will leave it undimmed. They are not overcharged with the fastidiousness of a prurient modesty, nor have they any absurd notion of covering their gayety with the sombre veil of matrimony. Their views are of public width, and they would adorn our American life with that prettiness of freedom, which our laws have left neglected.

There are young ladies, who maintain the title wonderfully well, and to whom it sticks, from force of habit, year after year ; these are to be found, with every revolving season, playing the belle and

the peasant. Their attractions multiply by repetition, and grow by being made familiar. A shade of scandal will only spice their reputations, and make their services more desirable in the perfecting of our summer recreations.

The subject grows, Fritz, though the weather is wilting. And I must give no farther enumeration until the quicksilver has gone down, and the study is more complete.

I pray the patience of those correspondents who have favored me with their letters. They shall all be served in due time, and shall receive such attention as their merit demands.

My letter is short, Fritz, but if I may draw an opinion from the trial of most of our book-writers and pamphleteers, its brevity will be its best ornament

TIMON.



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AUGUST 4, 1850.

NEW-YORK.

SECOND SERIES—NO. 7.

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——Recorded honors shall gather round his monument, and thicken over him.—*JUNIUS of the Earl of Chatham.*

You must remember, Fritz, how on a certain evening, many years since, when we two were seated together on the front bank of the Speaker's gallery, in the British House of Commons, we listened admiringly to the terse and blazing castigation, which was inflicted by an eminent historian, and essayist, upon the first minister of England. You will remember that after the orator had closed, with one of those studied, and euphonious perorations, which make the final periods of each chapter of his history of England, ring upon the sense, like the

vibrations of a bell, there rose opposite to him, a tall, and portly man, who commenced mildly, and who wore at once a dignity, and an ease of utterance, that forbade the idea of putting on their possessor either contempt, or condemnation.

You will recall, how, as he went on, his mildness gradually spread into a swift, rich river of eloquence, and the melliflence of his tones lent itself to the closely welded links of an artful, and splendid argumentation, until the reproach that lay upon him was dissipated, like a mist before the sun, and even the magniloquent talker, Macaulay, grew small under the eye, and the speech of the accomplished gentleman, and the consummate debater—Sir Robert Peel.

Remembering this, with a sentiment of admiration that can never escape, you will have felt a quick rush of blood to the heart, at the mention of that unhappy casualty which has befallen him, and which has made the British nation as mournful as ourselves. The most important man in our national crisis, and the most important man in the crisis of English affairs, have passed away, almost together,—carried into the Night by the same ground swoop of the black-winged angel of Death!

I love to draw lessons from the events of the time; and to make even the dark accidents that

overshadow us, give down the grateful coolness of a moral.

Sir Robert Peel was a commoner; he was the son of a cotton spinner; he was luxuriously rich; he was the aptest statesman, and the most admired man in England. These facts make up a very good text for an American sermon; and the elucidation of the text, without any of my sixthlies, or seventhlies, would go to show that nerve and energy can triumph over station,—and what is more to the purpose, can triumph over the indulgences of wealth.

How many of our rich cotton spinners' sons are in the road toward making Sir Robert Peels? How many are counting it any part of their duty, to be anything else than rich men's sons? How many of them are laboring toward any nobler end, than a pretty exhibition of that listless composure, and that pride, which American wealth is teaching to its children?

Our money is breeding an abundance of fine dancers, neat moustaches, and excellently dressed men; it is possibly refining such, with capital judgment about a polka, or an *aria*; but as for that sort of masculine development, which makes the will earnest, and the soul big with manly intent, and with the purpose to make itself felt on mind,

and not merely on grooms, or tailors,—it would be troublesome to find specimens, who are heirs to wealth.

Let our rich cotton spinners' sons, who are rioting in the indulgences that riches bestow, and boasting the inertia that riches are too apt to induce, reflect for a while (if their powers of reflection are not altogether withered up, and gone) on that sort of nobility—the only real sort—which takes its measure from the grief of a nation, which secures its patent by the strength of personal resolve, and which traces its escutcheon to the fiat of God!

Let us pass on, Fritz: strong words add heat to our summer: July sermons may be too long, though they are rarely too strong. The work I have sketched for myself needs not so much strength, as variety of words.

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#### THE COCKNEY IN THE COUNTRY.

Eh! in una villeggiatura non si sa quel che possa accadere. Sono stato giovane anch'io; per grazia del cielo, pazzo non sono stato, *ma ho veduto delle puzzie.*

LE SMANIF PER LA VILLEGGIATURA. (Act III., Sc. 1.)

You may possibly think, that I choose to convey the idea, by this scrap from Goldoni, that I am no cockney myself, although I have seen cockneyisms in others. On this point, I shall make neither

confession nor denial; indeed, it would little become me, after being set down by a distinguished city reviewer, as an 'outsider' who gains all his knowledge of city life from 'hearsay,' to put in any claim to a share of his cockney character; and it would as little become me to deny all relationship, when I find myself credited by another penetrating observer, an intimate knowledge of the town life, and a thorough understanding of its vices. Thus you see that circumstances confirm a resort to my habitual modesty; and interest, as well as diffidence commend to me, silence.

We may safely legitimate the title of cockney, although we have got no Bow-bells, and no Cheapside. But the American cockney, unlike the London cockney, travels. He does not always dine at Damm & Francins, or next door to the Customs; and in the heat of the season, even our Pearl street man has been seen to drive a 'buggy' to Saratoga Lake, or perhaps to wet his wine at 'White's' with the ice of Niagara

Nevertheless, we have a substantial race of cockneys;—men who measure everything by New York;—who compare the country clergy (when they hear them) to their city doctors,—who look for Bowery girls among the milkmaids,—who drink at virgin springs with a sigh for the Croton, and

who, whether you meet them among the wonderful beauties of the Thousand Isles, or on the wooden pavements of Montreal, wear the unmistakable air of New Yorkers. It is hard to describe this air by words; it is not the coat, or the walk, or the gesture, or the talk, or the set of the hat,—but it is something made up of all; and yet so sure in its intimations, that a practiced observer would be as much surprised to hear him converse, without mention of the Exchange, or of Wall street, or of the Third Avenue, or Croton water, as to find a Bostonian admit by allusion, or by anything more than a contemptuous flirt of his coat-tails, that such things had any existence at all.

Yet in justice to them it must be said, that they are more cosmopolitan than their brothers of Boston,—who travel with the habit of their city sticking to them, because persuaded that habit is not only better than all discovered habits, but the best of any possible habit, both as regards body, and mind. The New Yorker, on the contrary, wears his colors unconsciously; and not so much from pride in his mode, as from his inability to leave it behind him. *La mode domine les provinciaux; mais les New Yorkers dominant la mode.*

The Bostonian is eternally wrapped up in some small portion of the Boston atmosphere, on which

he greatly plumes himself; and is very sure that so long as he wears it, he must inevitably court remark, and secure admiration. The New Yorker, on the other hand, though clearly stamped with the metropolitan mould, and in his secret heart absolutely certain that no city ever was, or ever can be, like New York city, is yet comparatively humble under the weight of his honors, and is not so anxious to be astonished, as to be satisfied. He is not averse, on occasions, to venture his admiration on excellencies, though not quite sure that they grew up under the warming climate of his Opera, or his Exchange; and he can bestow a gaze of wonderment upon Niagara, although the half of it is on the Canada side, and the other half, not in 'the Park.' But I have not the slightest doubt that it would add vastly to the appreciation of the Bostonian, in descending the famous staircase, if the projector, Mr. Biddle, had been a Bostonian; and it detracts wonderfully from the beauty of that frail, gossamer structure which hangs over the awful abyss, to think that suspension bridges were neither contrived in Boston, nor are adapted to the flats of Boston.

All cockneys are bad enough, (and Leigh Hunt is my authority;) but a cockney who prides himself on being a cockney, does seem to me to be the most

pitiable of all cockneys. The New York cockney is green from habit; but the Boston cockney is green from choice; and by nature, as well as by 'all sorts of paragraphs,' is *posted* in cockneyisms.\*

But to return, Fritz; I am to show you something of our city cockneys—leaving provincialisms for cooler periods.

Our cockney has great admiration for watering-places generally, and collaterally of the country—of which he talks very much, as Goldsmith's Lien Chi Altanghi talks of the gayeties of London,—namely, with a great deal of apparent familiarity, and a great deal more of real ignorance. However straitened he may be in his purse, he is sure to husband enough from his Opera and Olympic diversions, and such like entertainments, for a run to Newport, or for a Sunday at Cozzens'. On these occasions he drinks wine, frequently to excess, and appears of a morning in an old shooting jacket (much more worn at the elbows than in the arm-pits,) or possibly, if of good color, will dash in a

\* I take this occasion to return thanks for a recent complimentary notice in the Boston Post; of which the best point is the strong conviction, on the part of the writer, that John Timon is "as green as grass about Boston notions." I fear, however, that it was unkindly said. *'Je crains toujours que sans y songer, il ne sacrifie la vérité des choses à l'éclat de son orgueil.'*

velvet coat. He plumes himself much on the cut of his whiskers, and is very hilarious, and is almost always on intimate terms with bar-keepers, with whom it is his infinite delight to crack jokes.

He also remarks freely and knowingly on all the company; he cons the register with great scrutiny, and makes graceful observations in a cheerful mood, upon the presence of Sally such a one, or Fanny such another, or Sue such a third,—without, however, enjoying any further acquaintance with these ladies, than consists in a familiar knowledge of their names, and vague notions of their sex and properties. He dresses fastidiously for his dinner; and is very easy, though very arbitrary with the servants; since he imagines it a proof of good breeding to be very authoritative. He is excessively indignant at getting a wrong-colored glass for his hock; and although he has little love for it, he is a great guzzler of any claret which is served with a label on the bottle.

He brings his own cigars with him, which were imported by a friend; he is specially knowing about the Cuba plantations, and boasts an acquaintance with a Creole proprietor, with whom he has sometimes taken a glass of Madeira. He is very apt to know all watering-place people; and has had innumerable flirtations measured by a promenade in

Cozzens' corridors, or a ride at Newport, with very accessible young ladies. He is not partial to fishing, as it blackens the hands, and the blue-fish do sometimes—bite.

If he should venture to the 'Point,' he is sure to have some acquaintance in the army, who happens there at the same time, and who is distinguished for having conducted some extraordinary *Anabasin* retreat, or for having been captured by a distinguished Mexican General. He is sure to make the most of his epauletted acquaintance ; and counts it a good investment to ply him with porter, (*faute de vin*) for the honor of the gilt shoulder pieces at his elbow.

In parenthesis, let me say, Fritz, that the officers of our army are with few exceptions, gentlemen, both unassuming, and well-informed ; and it behoves them much, to thrust out of their social alliance such recreants as will over-drink at a public table, or carry their impudence with a beastly swagger. No amount of battle glory, however falsely, or fairly made up, and however currently reported, can atone for impertinence and a braggart assumption, that bespeak ignorance of those social amenities, which distinguish a well-bred man from a brute.

And while alluding to this place of summer festivity, let me remark upon the admirable, philo-

sophic of discretion that discipline which refuses to the host at the Point, all sale of wines, while it permits a retail of cordials.\* I strongly suspect the order must have been drawn up by some old veteran of the wars, and of the bottle, whose stomach had become parched with the use of ordinary drinks, and who could only titillate his toughened mucous membrane, with the fiery qualities of Curaçoa, or of Kirschwasser. As it is, the visitant has to sigh for his claret, and satisfy his cravings with most villainous ales, or with the hellish broth of a government cordial. I feel quite sure that this temperance schedule could not have been drawn up either by Mr. Hawkins or by Horace Mann.

To come back to our cockney ;—if amorously disposed, West Point is hardly the place for his triumphs,—except a triumph over the bottle. Cadet rank and military service are, if I may judge from no little observation, extraordinary promoters of gallantry ; and judging from what meets the stranger's eye, at the periodic government ' hops,' Mars is not the only divinity, that makes the Lares of the barracks ; for, to say nothing of Bacchus, whom they have stripped of his vine-leaves, and

\* With a tender regard for the morals of the cadets, no liquors are allowed to be sold on the government grounds, saving ale, porter, soda-water, and *cordials*.

crowned with porter carbuncles, that would have made the Greek god blush deeper than the reddest of the Lesbian vats,—they pay worshipful obeisance, and an evening gun, to Venus.

I think, indeed, that it would be hard to name a spot, where indifferent beauties, and middle-aged women, are so sure of meeting with undisguised admiration, and of finding their souls rekindled (if ever kindled before) into a spirit of flirtation, as among the comely boys, who love, by leave of the orderly sergeants, and who cultivate their temperance, with the commandant's cordials. The Polytechnics with their graceful *chapeaux*, and the St. Cyr men, with their crimson stripes, are, you know, 'taking fellows' even in a Paris salon; but their appetites are somewhat cloyed by that life of the town, to which our cadets are strangers. The rigidity of the Spartan *Ephori* could not devise a better incentive to social propensities, than their mountain air, their salted diet, and their comparative winter isolation. These together, naturally create an ardor for the greeting of their summer visitors, which, if it breed a little wantonness in the women, is surely no fault of the cadets—whatever may belong to the cordials.

At Saratoga, the cockney is as much at home as at Pearl street, or upon Broadway. He knows, per-

haps, the wealth, family, and acquirements, of half who are at the Springs. He drinks the water for form's sake ; and he dances, and goes to the raftered chapel, for the same. His favorite quarters are at the United States, and his favorite position, a seat upon the back corridor of a morning, and upon the front corridor of an afternoon, in full view of the approaches to the parlor. He is on intimate terms with the head waiter, who is sure to greet him with a chuckle and with a tip of his cap. He consults him privately about the ladies who are at the house, and forms his opinion of their habits and character very much by the confidential revelations of the chief waiter, or the still more confidential revelations of the chamber-maids. He strolls by the Union with an air of proper dignity and superiority ; and is never to be caught listening to the morning music at the Springs. He is not versed in agricultural matters, if indeed there were any such in the neighborhood, to be versed in ; and he has as little appreciation of an improved plough, as of an improved mind.

He is eager to get hold of the morning papers, as if he had great interests at stake, in the state of trade or in the sales at the board. He courts great familiarity with the newspaper correspondents ; although he professes to gentlemen not in that line,

(and with some show of justice) great contempt for them. He is not especially literary, although he reads Dumas' works, and an occasional number of the Home Journal, or of the LORGNETTE.

At a small watering-place, or country town, he becomes, by the cut of his hair, and the tie of his cravat, an Apollo ; scarce less worshiped than the marble divinity of the Vatican. You will find him on occasions at such places as Stonington, or Richfield, astonishing the plain townspeople, and wearing such airs toward humble visitors, as put him at once beyond the pale of association. And at such comparatively retired quarters as the Bellevue of Newport, or the white palace of Montauk, I have myself been put to the blush by the manifest attainments and superiority of a cockney, whose education would have been high, if it had been equal to that of the Ward schools, and whose manners were grafted upon a John street stock.

But this *genus* is but one of an exceedingly large family, of a still larger class, and may with propriety come under the tribe of vagrant and unmarried cockneys. Or, if I were to class him in the manner of the naturalists, (without strict Linnæan accuracy) it would be—class *mammalia*, order *bimana*, family *pachydermata*, and tribe *vagrantes*. Another tribe of the same family, is made up of such

cockneys as, with a little advance of years and vigilance in matrimonial speculation, conceive an impulsive and not extraordinary fondness for the country. This eagerness frees them from all ordinary restraints, and their ignorance from all the ordinary proprieties. They indulge their architectural fancies either in a gaunt town-house of flaming brick, looking warmly from the green fields; or, with a pseudo taste, cultivated by as much artistic reading, as lie between the covers of Mr. Downing's 'Village Residences,' they order a Gothic cottage, and stew in low chambers under sharp roofs, exposed to a broiling sun, with exquisite satisfaction.

Our Gothic friends do not seem to be aware, that the English models, from which their style is copied, are protected by a lower temperature, by a moister climate, by thicker walls, and, in many instances, by that best of non-conductors, a heavy thatch.

Our city cockney does not ordinarily extend his Gothic cultivation beyond architecture; and he will plant his array of gables, crotchets, and finials, upon a lawn as mathematically square, and as geometrically arranged, as the town lots, or as the charming country seats of the Dearman estate. Under his wife's tuition, he will perhaps enrage

with a frenzy for flowers; he will fill a green-house with cactuses and japonicas, and spoil all the sweet-briars in the neighborhood, with his studies at grafting. The ailanthus, and catalpa, are our cockney's favorite trees; while anything like such native magnificence as an old oak, with its underlying sod, half gray with the decaying acorn cups, or an elm, whose limbs sway in the wind, like the weird arms of a giant, are out of his fancy, and out of his regard.

He has a passion for bow windows, which give views 'down the road;' and he adds effect to his hall lamp, and his plaster statuary, with glass stained blue and yellow. He puts a dovecote upon a pole, by suggestion of his English gardener; and buys a pair of Guinea fowl, that eat off his tuberoses. He purchases Chaptal and Loudon for his library, and reads the Herald and Eugene Sue. He goes into town for relaxation, and comes to his cottage to be miserable, upon a pretty lounge of knotted grape-vines.

A letter which has come to my hand, Fritz, from very much such a country liver, will perhaps interest you; and as it makes new developments about the country life, and as it seems to have been written by a shrewd fellow, who has an eye to

trumps, I shall give it the dignity of an independent chapter.

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## LETTER FROM A COCKNEY.

I will the country see,  
Where old Simplicity,  
Though hid in gray,  
Doth look more gay  
Than foppery in plush, and scarlet clad.  
Farewell you city wits, that are  
Almost at civil war !  
'Tis time that I grow wise, when all the world grows mad  
RANDOLPH.

MY DEAR TIMON :—Though your paper has rarely reached me, yet I have seen enough of its spirit, to believe that some little account of my country life will serve your turn, and give you some hints, that you may possibly work over to good account. I had made in town, by dint of jobbing, what they call hereabouts a fortune ; and not having gained much footing in genteel society,—partly because we didn't care about it, and partly because wife is principled against low necks, and the opera, I determined to set up in the country.

So I bought me a place of ten acres, in a handsome square lot, cut down the scrub oaks, and hired an architect to put up, what they call a cottage *ornée*. It's a pretty affair, I suppose, though the chambers are uncommon hot, and though there's

not much room to stir about. But a traveled friend tells us it's very English, so we bear it as patiently as we can. Besides, the young girls in the town, think it uncommon handsome; and the boys have an eye for it, and amuse themselves in the fall, with throwing potatoes at the turrets. Of course, I set up a carriage, and built a barn in pretty Greek style with pilasters, which many mistake for the house.

Wife, who is romantic in her way, proposed to call the place Sunny Dell; but as the grounds are remarkably flat, with the exception of a rather deep kitchen drain, we settled upon Gooseberry Park;—which, as we cultivate gooseberries, seems quite appropriate.

A short time after coming here, I was waited upon by two or three of the elders, to become a committee-man at a temperance celebration; as we keep our wines, and small stores in a private cellar, and as wife has a little political ambition for me, we thought it best to accept. And a very warm July session we had of it, and I should have suffered exceedingly, hadn't my wife, who is a most exemplary, and prudent housewife, had a cool punch mixed for me, against my return. But unfortunately, our 'help,' whom we got in the country, scented the punch, and even expostulated with my

wife. The next day, our 'help' told it to the neighbor's 'help,' who of course told it to our neighbor's wife, who is a 'sterling woman,' and who put on her shawl and bonnet to run into the Deacon's, and mourn with the Deacon's wife, who is a highly respectable old lady. I have great fears, in consequence, of losing my election to the next Assembly.

Wife at first, had her dresses made in town; but the old mantua-makers who have been established these ten years in the village, set up such an outcry about city-pride, that she was obliged to give it up. Though between fitting-on, and scandal, and eking out four or five days at the cottage, during which I am obliged to give up my wine, it's an infernal bore. These milliners, by-the-by, are the quickest observers you can possibly imagine; and will report, as I am told, with the utmost accuracy, how much mustard I eat to my beef, and how many times I use my napkin.

As wife is anxious to give character to our grounds, we have put up a Chinese pagoda, which is recommended I believe by writers on Landscape; and we are now thinking about a rustic alcove. The pagoda we thought would be a nice place to take our tea; but the musquitoes are very thick, and wife can't abide spiders, so we were obliged to

give it up. The boys, too, about the village, though very well brought up, are inclined to amuse themselves with drawing very awkward-looking figures about the fences, and on the pagoda, so that I have been obliged to paint them all, a dull brown. To give a little rural air, I had the walk to the gate laid out in a circle ; which doesn't seem after all so much in the rural taste, since the country people are sure to tramp across the grass ;—whereupon the gardener proposes to set out some briars as a sort of defence, which seems to me a pretty idea, and very practical. The hedge that I put out in front, has been so cruelly cropped by the cows that run in the road, that I fear it will never 'come to.'

As I wanted to get some credit with the farming interest, I concluded to buy Liebig's Chemistry, a few Berkshire pigs, and a Durham heifer. The Chemistry I don't find of much service, as some salts it recommended, nearly killed the prettiest spot of grass upon the lawn. The heifer, between cash paid out for rape-seed cake, and provender, has proved a sorry venture ; and the first day, the pigs rooted up all my wife's auriculas and hyacinths. As for the sub-soil plough, three yoke of my neighbor's oxen were put to it early this spring, and snapped the coulter at the second bout.

I am inclined to think the sub-soil plough is not intended for rocky land ; do you think it is ?

Being in the country, I have determined to revive a little, the rural literature, so to speak ; and as I had a good Academic education, I bought a Virgil, to see what I could do with the Georgics. I found them very hard reading ; and could scarce get farther than the *quæ cura boum*, which, as the Durhams were not introduced about Mantua, is probably without much applicability to the ‘improved stock.’ Thomson’s Seasons is pleasant in its way, and so is Somerville’s Farmer’s Boy. Yet after all, these writers, and Theocritus among them, seem to me a little antiquated, and don’t touch much upon the pith of the times. Can’t some of your town writers give us a little country literature ? for it does seem to me that the books are full of nothing but town gossip ; even the papers are puffed up with heathenish terms about the opera and theatres. As the country-people generally are not very particular about beauty of style, or anything that looks like superior education, I should think some of your town writers might turn their wits our way, without much danger of being abused.

I make it a rule, as well as a virtue, to go twice

to the church on a Sunday, which, as our preacher is an old-fashioned Calvinist, requires some self-denial. But with all his frightening words, he is over timid, and very much under the thumbs of three or four of the elders, against whom I observe none of his remarks are ever directed ; I suspect they lay down for him from time to time a sort of platform of opinion, which, if it is not altogether of the old Saybrook mechanism, is at least as steady, and makes as good a stand-point. The poor man I find is subject, not only to a sort of moral direction, but a regimen of dress, and household action is laid down for him, against which, as he loves his place and pittance, he don't dare to offend.

Even the old ladies of the parish take a motherly interest in him, and by their gossip, mould him, even to the cut of his hair. In short, he is as much the village property, as the hay-scales or the sign-board ; and though he points always in one direction, it is only under favor of the elders, and of the gossips, that he can safely point at all. Let me recommend his case through you, Mr. Timon, to some of the town reformers, to see if they cannot relieve him from his cooped condition, and set him fairly on his own legs.

As for enjoyment of the country, wife is beginning to doubt about it ; and Dorothy, who is just

turned of fourteen, is absolutely pining. If not up for the Assembly the coming spring, I think of abandoning Gooseberry Park forever.

Yours,

RUSTICUS.

P. S.—If you should stand in want of a picture or two of our town characters, I think that with wife's, and Dorothy's help, I could send you something handsome.

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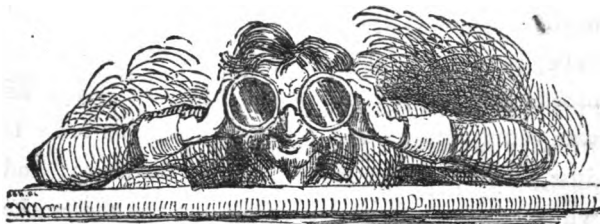
I quite like the manner of Rusticus, and shall be charmed to receive the pictures he speaks of. I must caution him, however, against too great severity; a cockney is always an ill-tempered judge. And I, as you know, Fritz, find my affections going back too strongly to the old days, when the homestead was rich in blossoms, and the moonlight shadows played—fairy-like—upon the ancestral lawn, to forget the generous remembrances that cling there yet, or to throw the shadow of a single wanton sneer upon the simplicity of a country life.

As the years thicken upon a man, and the stifling air of great cities, and the blaze of wide and swift travel, furrow his brow, and sprinkle his head with white, nothing can be more grateful to him than the memories of that artless and wild rusticity

which lighted his boyhood with the smiles of health, and which crowned his youth with strength and gladness.

And as he looks forward toward that awful bourne, from which none return, there is something in the thought of lying at last under the trees that grow old and die, and spring again ; and beside the brooks that murmur softly, as they did when he was young, and as they will do, when his body is dust,—which reconciles him even to the grave ; and which carries his hope from the trees and the brooks up to that Power, whose wisdom and strength they adorn, and whose mercy and goodness they show forth continually.

**THE END.**



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——Mon maître est un vrai enragé d'aller se présenter à un péril qui ne le cherche pas.—SGANARELLE.

**MR. TIMON :**

A YEAR ago I was married to a belle of the town, and am beginning now fairly to sorrow over my bargain: nor is this because she has lost her beauty; for to tell the truth, I think she is more of a belle now than ever; and is as complacent in her action toward all the beaux, as I ever knew a woman in my life. I can scarce come up a single day, from my business in the city, but I meet her walking with some spruce fellow of her acquaintance, with whom she appears to be enjoying herself as well as she ever did in my company.

This summer I have taken her to the Springs; but there she is sure to be hedged about with a troop of fellows, who will not so much as let me help her into a carriage. And what is the worst of it, she seems to enjoy the matter mightily,—much more than I do.

She has some property of her own, which I regret now, more than I ever chuckled over it before we were married. If she was dependent on me, I might hope to have a little control over her; as it is, she pays her own way, and is as indifferent as you can imagine. It was very pleasant at the first to find her admired; but now, I must say, it is growing dull—not to say uncomfortable. I had half a mind to take her abroad; and should have done so, hadn't she been so delighted at the thought, and insisted so strongly on a whole winter in Paris.

I assure you, sir, I am in a sad quandary; if I forbid her humors about the young gentlemen, she falls into a passion of tears, and talks about her unprotected state, and her virtue, and all that: and if I smile at her pranks, you will readily imagine that I am as uneasy as a man of honor can well afford to be.

If you could give me a little advice, I should be extraordinarily obliged; and remain your friend,

SENEX.

It is a hard case for Senex : but if he will look at the lines taken out of the mouth of Sganarelle, and put at the head of this paper, they may suggest to him some very suitable, though tardy, reflections. I would farther recommend an attentive perusal of that portion of the third chapter of Burton's treatise on melancholy, which regards jealousy ; where I think he will find some things set down that may show him the way out of his trouble.\* He had best live upon short diet, give close attention to business, and practice—resignation.

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#### A LADY REVELATION.

'Amare eâ sotate si occiperint, multo insaniunt acrius.'

MY DEAR MR. TIMON :

As you have taken upon yourself to be the censor of modes and proprieties, which office I must say, you have filled quite respectably so far, I want to draw your attention to the developements in a

\* I may refer Senex to a choice bit of French Philosophy, which may be found in the play of *Tartuffe*,—where Dorine in her counsels to Orgon, says :—

Il est bien difficile enfin d' être fidèle  
A de certain maris faits d' un certain modèle ;  
Et qui donne à sa fille un homme qu'elle hait,  
Est responsable au ciel des fautes qu'elle fait.

In case he does not read French, I would not advise him to employ his wife as interpreter

recent work by a distinguished lady, called (I speak of the book, and not the lady)—Truth Stranger than Fiction. Such barbarity as is disclosed in this book, and such extraordinary defence as is made of these barbarities, by the officers of a time-honored Institution, ought to meet with a strong rebuke from every humane person (as I think you are) and to make every woman of maidenly sentiments quiver with indignation and horror.

Trusting you will do the matter justice,

I remain,

expectingly,

DOROTHY.

If I remember rightly, there was an intimation dropped in my first number, Fritz, to the effect that tarts would be preferred to books. I meant to use the words in their literal sense, and not to express any special fondness for *tart* pamphlets. It would seem that my meaning has been mistaken.

Truth stranger than Fiction, has been lying on my table for some days ; its revelations are extraordinary enough to be sure ; but with a little selfish discretion, I have hardly ventured to join forces with the authoress, in an attack upon what seemed to me a substantial, old institution, that might

prove as stubborn, and unyielding an adversary, as the Spanish Windmills. I have even foreborne to express my regrets, that the reverend Doctors, who preside over its destinies, should have so far forgotten their sense of decorum, as to throw obloquy (as the book alleges) upon defenceless maiden ladies.

The truth is, I have entertained heretofore a very respectable opinion of our literary institution of New Haven, and a very pitiable regard for the young gentlemen in long-tailed, black coats, who are annually disgorged at that popular college. This feeling has struggled with my gallantry—more especially, since I fear the ladies will have a hard task to upset that venerable foundation.

Upon the whole, I am inclined to think that such heartless swains as are mentioned in the book of Miss Beecher, should be left to the stings of conscience. Youth and innocence, it is true, are not matters to be trampled down ignominiously ; and it is very natural that in affairs of the tender passion, all woman's nature should be roused, to plead the cause of violated affections. But, it must be remembered that a warm and passionate heart sometimes misleads the judgment ; and it seems to me far better to let the tenderness of such womanly lament, exhale silently, like the dew from

autumn flowers, rather than be sacrificed in the pages of seventy-five cent books.

Youthful exuberance is prone to rashness—as well in women as in men, and when the parties shall have reached my maturity of years, they will doubtless regard this publication—whatever duplicity it may expose—as the careless offshoot of a deplorable, girlish extravagance.

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#### A TRIP TO SARATOGA.

—— And Beelzebub, Apollyon and Legion, perceiving by the path that the pilgrims made, that their way lay through this town of Vanity, they contrived here to set up a fair, wherein should be sold all sorts of Vanity—as honors, preferments, lusts; and delights of all sorts, as harlots, bawds, wives, husbands, children, servants, blood, bodies, soul, silver, pearls, precious stones, and what not!

##### THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

Christian, journeying to Beulah, passed through the town of Vanity Fair; so John Timon, in the course of his pilgrimage, finds himself on this August day, in the town of Saratoga.

I do not mean to flatter myself at the expense of Saratoga; and still less is it a part of my intention to flatter the town, at my own cost. I should hate of all things to be recognized as a Christian pilgrim, in such a place; it would be a dull chance, if it did not fare as hard with me as with Faithful, in the allegory; and I have no kind of



JNO. TIMON AT SARATOGA.



doubt, (and may safely challenge Dr. Cheever's opinion in confirmation,) but that there are as many Pick-thanks, and Love-lusts, and Carnal-delights, and Lord Hate-goods, in this town of Saratoga, as ever regaled themselves in the stark-mad city which lay on the road to Bunyan's Beulah.

As I wished to see all that was to be seen, I have taken rooms at the United States Hotel, and have entered my name as John Stubbs, of Stubbston. This semi-titular device, at once practical and innocent, gives me a little dignity with the bar-tenders and newspaper men; and has served me, I frankly believe, in way of retainer, for a better room than I could otherwise have hoped to secure. At the same time, being unknown to almost all the company, I can enjoy my cigar quietly under the trees, or upon the corridor, without any fear of remark or of disturbance.

I am not a little amused by the air with which many young gentlemen of our town, whom it has been my fortune to see wearing humbler demeanor, make their entree. It seems to be a part of their traveling education, as it is unfortunately of very many others, to make a stir. They bluster up to the register desk, and twirl the leaves as if this village of Vanity Fair was to be startled by so small an event as their arrival. They are clearly

surprised to find the clerk of the establishment preserving so admirably his composure at the reading of the important entry.

They take possession of their rooms with a loud and testy joke with the stout Irish maid—very much to her admiration, and very much to the needless terror of some middle-aged lady of an adjoining chamber. When fairly equipped in their watering place dress, they appear in the happiest spirits upon the corridor, and go through their first series of observations upon the company, with the air of sportsmen reconnoitering a covey of frightened quail. They are not bewildered at the sight of the most brilliant beauties, nor abashed by any exhibitions of dignity; nothing, in short, but the glimpse of some more successful rival in their own sphere, gives them even a momentary embarrassment. They are quite sure their cravat tie is altogether the thing; and as sure, that they have come over the direct road from the metropolis. They order the cheapest of the showy wines at dinner; and leer at the fragile country beauties over the rims of their glasses. They smoke under the trees, lolling in their arm-chairs, and laugh with each other very heartily at jokes, which are of course very capital, and very cutting on the ladies.

Our town belle upon her advent to the Springs, is accompanied by her mother,—perhaps by a servant, and possibly by a boy in his teens, just graduated from a first class school, who is unexceptionable in his shirt collars, and in the polka. Our belle, in pretty traveling dress, and with face shielded by a particularly becoming blue veil, alights from the carriage with a languid step, as if she were overcome with the stifling air of a great city, and only seeking a restoration of her wasted energies.

At her first day's dinner she appears in uncommonly slight dress for one so delicate, and hangs languishingly upon the arm of a mamma, who is conspicuous with brilliant head-dress. They eat daintily; and are principally occupied in a quiet study of the persons, family, and dress of the visitors; in all which, the boy comes in with an occasional startling observation, hazarded between green corn and tomatoes.

Before the disappearance of the dinner service, our belle will have formed her estimate of all who are at the table; will have safely decided as to who is *distingué*, who is vulgar, and will have laid down in her own fancy, her future regimen of dress and of action. If Madame, opposite, who is common, and not of her set, is dashing in a very

low-necked dress, that threatens almost instantaneous exposure of a frightfully large person, she will assume more modesty in her next day's attire, than she had hoped to display. If, on the contrary, her opposite neighbors are something timid, and respectably covered, she will astonish them at evening by such naked developments, as will greatly delight the middle-aged gentlemen, and excessively mortify the middle-aged ladies. Our languid belle, but little refreshed by the wine she has drank, retires languidly to the drawing room; but will presently revive sufficiently for a short promenade with the very elegant young man, who has just now complimented madame the mamma, upon her unusual good looks—'wondering what lady it could be with mademoiselle, whose acquaintance,—the honor,—&c.'—and sympathized very cordially with the delicate state, from which our belle appears to be suffering.

The country beauties, from moderately sized towns, behave quite differently. I was much amused the other day, by the tripping way in which two nice young ladies bounded up the steps; (though they were covered with dust, and evidently much fatigued.) They were followed very closely by a plethoric old gentleman, whom I instantly set down for the papa. Their dresses were a little shabby,

and it was plain that they were anxious the company should not scan very attentively their travelling toilette. Nothing, indeed, could be prettier than their nervous inquietude, as they waited for the papa and the maid, to show them their chambers.

In an hour's time they re-appear in the neatest of barege dresses, translucent enough to expose two pairs of exceedingly frail arms. They hang affectionately upon the papa—who has completed his toilette under the dispensation of a waiter with a brush broom—as if they greatly feared contact with the very wicked world about them, and yet, as if they had a hope of extracting from it a considerable quantity of innocent amusement.

In a little time they are seated cozily in a corner of the drawing room ; the papa looking attentively at the chairs, the carpet, or the respectable middle-aged ladies ; and the girls engaged in discussing dresses—regretting that they had not brought the pink muslins, or the lilac silks, and remarking naively upon the stylish air of some old female stager, who is strolling up and down, upon the arm of a very fierce looking young gentleman in nankeen pantaloons, and very thin moustache. The papa, as his attention is drawn, expresses the opinion that the young gentleman of the nankeen pantaloons is a puppy ; whereat the nice young ladies utter a

simultaneous exclamation, look at the gentleman very attentively, and think they would like to see how a puppy danced, or talked ;—though they say nothing about this to the papa.

The papa steps out to have a chat with the host, or to run over yesterday's paper in the shade ; and the nice girls shrink together, like the unprotected females that they are. They presently espy some old acquaintance across the room, when they bound over, and forget themselves in a cordiality of greeting, that absolutely shocks the elegant Miss Miggs, who is bolstered in the corner, talking to a nice marriageable gentleman of five-and-forty. Our girls are already sufficiently enamored to venture the exclamation to their new acquaintance, " is'nt it delightful ? " To which their new acquaintance replies, with a glance at the young gentleman in the nankeens, " oh, charming ! "

The belle of two weeks standing, who has " learned the ropes," is most *degagé* in her air, and expresses herself very nearly as well by her step along the corridor, as by the exuberance of her remark. She does not blush at the close approach of the bearded face that so startles the nice young ladies from the country ; and is anxious indeed to show her complacent daring of the most overt acts of her admirers. She will even adroitly

swing the cane of her gentleman friend, or play with his riding whip, or set his beaver upon her head-dress, with a bravery which she is sure must compel admiration, and excite the envy of the poor weak spirited things in the corner, whose beauty, or whose modesty, is unequal to such a triumph.

The energy and success of our married belles, has excited in me a very great degree of wonder ; and however much I may be disposed to pity the pale-faced husbands who appear within the drawing-room only by special courtesy, and who splice their energies with occasional cobblers at the bar, I cannot but admire the dashing ventures of their wives, and the pretty, and artless play of bellehood, which they so deftly blend with the responsibilities of a matron.

A little anxiety, which at times seems to work into the minds of the husbands, is at best, but a very unseasonable and unreasonable anxiety ; and only serves to expose them the more to an unfortunate, and unenviable observation.

One poor gentleman I have been frequently struck with, who at intervals of from ten to fifteen minutes, will throw down his paper, or his cigar, and come to peer in silyly at the drawing room doors, to watch the erratic movements of his very blooming lady ;—over whom, from appearances, he has about

the same degree of control that he has over his equanimity, or his honor. If such gentlemen, who I charitably suppose to be newly married, would only study the habit of the better part of the town husbands, who send their wives hither for a month's recruit—to get spirit from the springs, and a classic name in the papers (whether *Aspasia* or *Juno*,) and who live with the utmost indifference as to results, they would lead lives of far less care, and have the satisfaction of rounding their domestic economy into a very attractive, and fashionable shape.

Upon the whole, this is a matter, with which I do not much like to meddle; in the first place, because it is none of my business, (an antiquated reason for which I almost need to make an apology;) and secondly, since I have observed that the class of husbands alluded to, are mighty testy fellows, who are a great deal stancher guardians, of what they call their dignity, than they are of the women, whom they call their wives.

I have remarked on occasions and with some interest, the presence of nice gentlemen of small towns, who are curiously observing in the matter of costume, and who sidle along the corridors with their eyes fixed upon some veteran in the modes; and who will presently re-appear with a newly ad-

justed tie, or a new boot to their heel. Thus mended, it is their great delight to stroll along the corridor by the drawing room windows ; and though they rarely venture in, it seems to be an infinite gratification to them, to accept such chance glances of admiration, as may be cast upon them, from behind the drawing-room curtains. And yet these entertaining gentlemen, will very likely carry back with them to their place of nativity, large stories of their flirtations, and convey such side winks as will astonish their youthful townsmen.

Somewhat less modest than these in character and management, is your blooming young lawyer of some small city, who has escaped in the vacation of the courts,—who is a marvel of seemliness, and who flourishes among the gentlemen of the bar with an air of being ‘ somewhat ’ in his town, and as if ability were not wanting, to make him a ‘ somewhat ’ even in this Babel, And when he goes back to dust his papers, and to throw himself into the arm-chair of his small city, he will impress the sheriff, and deputy sheriff of his court confines, with the propriety of his observation, the extent of his acquaintance, and the aptness and variety of his manœuvres of gallantry.

The action of a father of an admired belle is worth casual observation ; and has not unfrequently

given me a short respite from the stolidity of the papers, or the plethora of a hurried dinner. The affected carelessness with which he greets her, and the entire coolness with which he gives her over to the hands of the pestilent worshippers, is quite amusing. Added to this, is the cool assumption of his manner with the gentlemen under the trees ;—the assumed permission to talk the smartest platitudes that ever fell from the lips of a human creature, and the confidence that all will be acceptable,—nay, even praiseworthy, from the mouth of a millionaire, and the papa of a belle.

As for a sketch of those numerous ones, who are noticeable only by effrontery of manner, and capital study of dress, I am, Fritz, wholly unequal to it; and no words however pointed, or however spiced with Salic ingredients, could reach them. Some creatures are as much below satire, as others are above it.

Addison says, in the course of his admirable critique upon the *Paradise Lost*, that he hopes only for appreciation from men of learning; and that he would choose, if the choice lay with him, only learned and critical readers. Now, humble as my labors are, Fritz, I do still need some small measure of sense for their appreciation; and a reproach which is hazarded on such creatures, as

reckon the reproach of an honest man, an honor, is wildly lost. When contempt of the person, is greater than the contempt for his errors,—when even vanities, and follies possess a moral sublimity, as compared with the private character from which they spring,—all satire is at fault, and irony falls pointless.

——— *Quid agas, quum dira et fœdior omni  
Crimine, persona est ?*

But my observations are by no means confined to the hotel where I find myself lodged. If Lords Lechery, and Hate-good, are the patrons of the United States, I should think it ill reckoned, if the Dowager Love-money, and the wench Live-loose, did not sometimes thrive at the Union, or at Congress Hall. It is true there is a colder air in that quarter; and there hardly seems to grow upon the frequenters that easy warmth, which is so captivating in the wives, and middle-aged gentlemen of the west end.

I observe here and there, at the east end of the town, some very proper old gentleman, who brings hither his wife or his daughters, as the case may be, on annual pilgrimages, to look after the wagging of the world; and to catch, at safe distance off, such dribblings from the cauldron of fashion, as will adorn their rusticity for a twelvemonth

Such gentlemen are naturally, highly respectable, and possess a few ambitious, with a great many correct notions. They believe that the world is worth following up tolerably close, though a very dangerous thing to pounce upon. They remind me of those small carnivorous birds, which through the lower Alps, keep close in the wake of the vultures; and who though they would shrink from any murderous assaults themselves, will yet regale themselves highly upon the shreds, and fragments of the dead carcass.

There are very worshipful, elderly ladies too, who are patterns at home, of propriety, regularity, and every good work,—eminent members of sewing societies,—who look solemn at mention of a dance, and who go into ‘tantrums’ at sight of a cigar, or the pop of champagne;—yet they are not averse, I observe, to taking an occasional look, through the blinds, at the Satanic orgies which are passing at the other house; and they will bring away such a valuable stock of hints about dress and action, as will quite set them up for fashionable women, in their smart little country town.

The Union seems to me a very capital sporting ground for such ladies as trim their religion with a fashionable sprig or two, or who touch the color of their fashion, with one or two soft religious

shadows. God forbid that I should speak disrespectfully of an honest and open-hearted religion ; (and I believe in no other.) But, I must confess, that I have but a scurvy opinion for that peculiar stiffness of belief, which approaches as near as it dares to the borders of extreme fashion, without upsetting its equilibrium,—which rails at all dissipation, and is sure to keep close in its track,—which teaches its devotees to utter anathemas on the extravagance of the springs, and to make a judicious theft of the fashions, for a blaze in their country church.

Honesty and simplicity of action seem to me capital qualities, even of a religious belief ; and any sort of belief which can afford to live without them, does seem to me a very expensive one. Genuine goodness neither hangs its hope upon a hat, nor loses its hue by any quick contrasts of color. Extravagance and folly are odious enough in those to whom such things are meat and drink ; but in those, who by profession live over them, they are foul things to be sure.

I here and there fall in with a trim old gentleman, whom I recognize as a visitor years ago, when the Congress hall was in its glory ; and I happen upon pleasant chat with him about the vanities and downward tendencies of the times. He laments

feelingly the great lack of beauty, as well as of propriety in the ladies of our day, and sighs deeply at the mention of those elegant Baltimore dames, who twenty years ago, were the deities of the 'great colonnade.' He keeps us his old tariff of Congress drinks, and walks as regularly, though not so sprucely, as he walked thirty years since. Being an habitual watering place goer, he has kept a chronicle of all the marriages, the elopements and the bits of scandal,—which last have so multiplied within the six years past, that he tells me he almost despairs of keeping his record perfect.

The peculiarities of the different cities are here and there cognizable, and offer a pleasant after-dinner study. The sleek-haired Philadelphian wears his oily aspect in the pleasantest and softest manner imaginable, and any special eminence in the dance, or in dress, is almost sure to be credited to our Quaker city.

The Lousianian, full of chivalry and shirt-buttons, is fully even with the heat of the times ; and rolls off his round of French compliments, with almost French address. The New Yorker, studious of stocks, and of fortunes,—carelessly assuming the umpire, fills all the chasms of talk, and riots at the bar.

The Bostonian, never forgetting his angularities,

whether of mind, or of manner, astonishes quiet men in the corners, affects proper disdain for such as are not Massachusetts men ; and attuned to one of the home furors of mystics or of poultry, he apotheosizes Emerson, or searches for 'fancy fowl.' The stray officer, dainty in his step, most assiduous in the polka, and most learned in strategy, (but not of Jomini or Guibert,) leaves no opportunity neglected, for close attentions to such ladies as have a weakness for the epaulettes, or the buttons. The snug countryman, gaping at each, learns a new trimming to his hair : and cures his dyspepsia with putting six tumblers of Congress water, to his lobster salad.

The show of equipages in the village is worthy of its mark, and seems just now a rising token of position, and of appreciative enjoyment of the springs. There are few romantic rides to be sure, nor is it a long walk to the Congress temple, but a drive into the neighborhood, and a glass or two passed up at the hands of a well-dressed footman, are excessively fine. I think I might safely recommend to any young gentleman with means to back the trial, (nor is this always necessary,) a resort to this venture ; and I feel assured that a first class Brougham, with a pair of bays, (a grey matched with a sorrel would be better,) and two well-looking attachés, would

open to the proprietor, the familiarities of many a most worthy lady—not at Saraccos.

Display, in short, is slanting off from the city winter, and is reflected strongly from the sand plains of our Vanity Fair ; it is coming fast to be one of the spring amusements. Even the fancy balls are almost losing force, since the prettiest of costumes can have only efficacy in redeeming mediocrity for an evening. The arena will presently be transferred to the street ; nor should I be greatly surprised, if in less than two years time, there should grow up an out-of-door masquerade, and flowers and *moccoletti* turn the village road into a Corso Carnival.

Indeed, this wholesale, Roman festivity, characterized by a more democratic intermingling of sets, than can be found at any one of our places of amusement, would, it seems to me, be far more rational than the feverish pride, which plays, with dress and equipage, to the eye and the envy of others.

An Eastern fable tells of a rich Emir, who wore a brilliant diamond ; and who was accosted on a certain occasion by a poor man, who bowed to the ground and thanked him for his jewel ; ‘because,’ said the poor man, ‘I enjoy the sight of it, and am relieved from all care of it.’ The Emir had not counted on such sort of thankfulness, which

humbled him to the position of a purveyor to the delights of others. Our people who keep equipages for short walks, would, I fancy, enjoy far more the curses of the envious, than the thanks of the grateful: and not to discourage them, I think their enjoyment in this respect, must be complete.

With all our boasted independence, we are the most arrant slaves of the most despotic tyrant that exists. No sooner can a man set foot upon one of our recreative resorts, than he looks about him for his cue:—if carriages are in vogue, he must have his carriage; if bowling, he must bowl; if bare necks, he must strip his daughter to the farthest verge of modesty; if a moustache, every appliance is brought into requisition for its growth.

One manifest difference strikes the traveler, between the watering places of America and of Continental Europe. At the latter, people do as they choose; in America, people do as others choose. The European is set down at the *Hotel d'Angleterre* of Baden Baden, to enjoy himself, just as it pleases his humor to enjoy himself. He is utterly careless how Madame the Duchess enjoys *herself*; he is even ignorant up to the last day of his stay if her Grace the Duchess bathes at three, or at half-past nine: He does not even know if the Marchioness eats lettuce to her lobster,—or drives a

brown or sorel horse to her phaeton ; he has never enquired whose is the claret coupée, or whose the Bavarian footman in plush and plumes.

He orders his wine at the *table d' hôte*, before he has learned by observation what is drank ; and he drinks, for the stupid reason, that he has a fancy for what he drinks. He orders his horse to the door, with amazing daring, at just such hour as humors his habit ; and he is quite sure that there will be no hangers on at the door, to remark upon his unseasonable hour, or to get a guide for their own times of recreation.

If he has a liking for *rouge et noir*, he strolls into the saloon, perfectly careless as to who may witness it, and perfectly sure that for his own action, he is himself abundantly responsible. He wears a blue coat of a morning or a black one of an evening, without the remotest reference to what any *herzog* may wear ; and in agreement only with the disposition and resources of his own wardrobe.

Among the admirable results of European civilization, which would be, I think, pardonable in us to adopt, is this delightful truth :—that a mans' stomach, and a mans' caprice are his own ;—and so thoroughly his own, that they cannot, by any possibility, become the stomach, or the caprice of any other man.

The truth is hardly yet acclimated with us: there is, for instance, a fashionable stomach for the springs, which serves as a sort of guage to all the stomachs that drink at the springs: and a given elegant caprice will straightway drive out every private man's caprice, and like the evil spirit that went into the herd of swine, will infect the whole company, and set them galloping to the devil. What is said, controls our words; what is done, measures our actions; what is eaten, guages our stomachs; in religion, we believe what is believed, and in literature, are charmed with what is admired.

This feeling is in *bulk*, at the springs; but it branches widely and sets up its teachers through the country; not only in the saloon, but in the pulpit. And even the young clerical sprout, grafted upon a country parish,—with not enough sense of the honor, dignity, and independence of his calling, to speak out plainly of things god-like, as men talk to men,—will trim his course by the teachings of his last scholastic divine,—will furbish up his precepts from the skeleton of a theologic course, and starve us with the miserable dry-bones of a metaphysic lecture.

In God's name, has our country not enough of breadth, for free growth, and for independent

action? In the crowded and forest ranks of more closely peopled countries, we might expect to find the limbs interlacing, and adapting themselves to established figures :—even as Buffon, (to the discredit of the bees,) affirms that the hexagonal form of the honey cells is the result of rude mechanic compression. But where there is width, and room and freedom,—God overhead, and prairie-land below,—why not make ourselves wide, and not narrow? Why hedge our admiration by the pent landscape of thick-set, established beauty, when the rolling Savannah, deep with fatness, waving with verdure, enamelled with flowers, odorous with sweets,—an ocean of land,—is spread out by the hand of the bountiful One for our love, and for our growth?

This makes a queer tail-piece to a letter from Saratoga ; but now that it is writ, digest it as you will, Fritz ; and I will say to your judgment, whatever it may be, (presuming on your charity) —*ainsi soit-il*.

TIMON.



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Je prends tout doucement les hommes comme ils sont ;  
J'accoutume mon ame à souffrir ce qu'ils font,  
Je crois qu'à la *campagne*, de même qu'à la ville  
Mon *dogme* est philosophe.—LE MISANTHROPE

WANDERING about the country a little, of late. my dear Fritz,—snuffing the cool firstlings of the autumn wind, I have come upon sundry odds and ends, which seem worth covering with such broad-nibbed pen, as a country tavern can only supply.

You know that I am not without a certain easy deftness in 'clothing upon' me the country habit: and that I fling off, as easily as a city maid flings away her modesty, any of those trim city shoots or suckers, which a six months warming between the

hot-bed bricks of the town, may have started either from my head, or from my heels. In fact, I do not believe but that the old rustic lining would smack through my outer furnishings,—whether of brain or of wardrobe,—whatever I might do to cloak its russet color.

However this may be, I find my advantage, as well as my pleasure, in doffing eye-glass and glove, and in looking about me in the country villages, with the naive innocence that suits my complexion every whit as well as it suits the villager.

Of the pleasure of the thing, you, gnawing at your ‘roasting ears,’ and reckoning in what moon you will ‘top your corn,’ have little need for illustration. Of the advantage it is to me, ‘to talk of oxen, and to glory in the goad,’—a thing, by the by, as easily reached, as the middle of this page, with my short-nibbed pen,—you may judge, when I tell you how I have met crowds of our town-livers, playing off the prettiest of their daintiness at snug country taverns; and how I have made awkward *vis-à-vis* in the dance, or at table, to those who would be intensely surprised to find me behind Mr. Kernot’s counter, or dating from John Timon’s *sanctum*.

I have fallen in with many a thriving widower, whose sombre air upon the wrong side of Broadway

used to cheat me into a kind of mental mourning myself,—forgetting himself in a country village, to a most riotous series of flirtations. Young ladies carefully cooped in the city, against any undue exuberance, have surprised and delighted me with such extraordinary gymnastic feats, as jumping out of tavern windows, and have startled a whole village population with a most intrepid array of bare arms, bare bosoms, and bare brows.

Here and there, a town-artist has crossed my track, who had taken up the *role* of troubadour, and who, between album sketches, guitar, and moustache, was doing an execution with his moonlight poetry, that he might despair of effecting with any of his moonlight pictures.

I have been mortified, not to say depressed, by a hauteur and a dignity on the part of several travelling families, who I had supposed, from a writer's observation of their movements in the town, were exceedingly democratic. But let me tell you, that your bracing country air has often a wonderful effect upon weak nerves; and you shall find a lady—all smiles and nods in the town,—suddenly become among the villagers, as starched and learned as a malaprop. It is wonderful, moreover, what a sharpener of memory are your village breezes;—and how the city lady among the country people

will run over a galaxy of names—her acquaintances—which are not so much as to be found in her card basket of the town.

Such familiar chats as I have ventured on with the old farmers of the neighborhood,—to say nothing of occasional strolls over the rye-stubble, in the hope of scaring up a dove or two for my dinner,—have sadly hurt my character with many of the traveling families. And I have been driven to all sorts of shifts to make good my place among them upon the porch ;—scarce ever, it is true, falling below the reputation of being an itinerant lecturer on Phrenology, or strolling doctor; and at times rising to that of school master, or musical performer.

Under shadow of this last character, I enjoyed a very capital talk with a pursy old gentleman of the city, who is a profound admirer of the Opera ; and who discoursed to me for a half hour together, upon the magnificence of the last winter's entertainment ; and, in justice to so worthy a man, I must say that he showed proper charity for my humble attainments, and the limited range for my observation. He assured me that I should be quite taken off my feet with once listening to the performances at the Astor Place ; and stimulated by my devout, and open-mouthed listening, he even

invited me (notwithstanding sundry prohibitory shrugs and glances from his wife) to a seat in his box, in case I should ever find my way to the city. He was one of those honest and bluff old gentlemen, who are eternally proving a marplot in their wife's designs upon 'good society.' In the town they are held, between mothers and daughters, fairly in leash : but once let loose in the country, there is no end to the embarrassments they create. It would be hard to tell which I enjoyed most,—the indiscretion of the old gentleman, or the mortification and anxiety of his wife. I increased the entertainment by a promise to come; and hinted to the old lady, who could scarce keep herself on her seat, though she must have weighed over two hundred,—that if the traveling were good, I should probably be down 'in a horse and shay.' The poor woman is, I fear, suffering intensely on my account.

I sometimes meet with an elegant young gentleman of the city, who is dashing in a carriage, and with a profusion of light kid gloves. He uniformly creates a great stir in the neighborhood; the young ladies of the first families (for I find these are of country, as well as of city growth,) are of course, entranced with him; and the gossiping spinsters shake their heads,—wonder very much, and end

with inviting him to tea. He is supposed to be a gentleman of elegant leisure, and strongly favors the supposition ; although, in one or two instances, it has come to my knowledge, that he was only enjoying a month's vacation from some retailer of *nouveautés*.

Do not, for a moment think, Fritz, that I rank him a whit the lower for this circumstance ; or, that I would sneer at any calling in life. In those who have followed the plough-tail, so long as you and I have done, it would be in very bad taste. I only wish occasion to castigate anew that growing American spirit—of living upon false pretences,—of making display the measure of the man,—of cheating humble worth of its influence, and of debauching the popular mind by breeding a taste for exaggeration and extravagance.

The beaux of the village are of course thrown into the shade by any such aspiring adventurer ; and are obliged to adjourn their conquests, until he shall have taken his departure. As it humors my fancy to take sides with the weaker party, I throw myself into the little groups of discomfited rivals about the inn-doors, and drop hints about the city people—not being so grand as they seem. In this manner, I have wormed my way into a very large share of their confidence ; and am set down by

them as a kindly old gentleman, who has seen in his day a great many of the ups and downs of life.

I have even been favored with invitations to one or two of the village tea-drinkings, and delighted all the old ladies with praise of their tea-cakes and crockery. On all such occasions, I am exceedingly gratified by a study of the village spinsters; who are the most inveterate talkers, that are, I think, to be found, in the habitable world. They toss a happy art of marrying everybody but themselves; and this exception—as they are Christian women,—is, without doubt, attributable to their own charity. They are always unlimited admirers of the clergyman, and extol the dear good man, over their tea, with an enthusiasm worthy of all success.

If of the “Established Church,” they absolutely doat upon crosses, and Miss Sewall’s novels, and offend their best friends by contumaciously calling all dissenting church buildings, meeting houses. Should they be of the other branch, they look with very evil eyes upon showily bound prayer books which they reckon no better than so many devices of Satan; and they are especially earnest in their devotion to poor unmarried Divinity students. They are famous at all quiltings and other country gatherings; and with all their charity, are the most ar-

rant scandal-mongers that can possibly be imagined. They will be sure to know and report any little excesses in a man's diet, and are curiously successful in their inquiries about the lateness of hours, which different families keep. As for any little domestic broils, not so much as a hard word can pass between man and wife, but they will hatch out of it a pestilent brood of stories, that will set the whole village agog.

Here and there a pair of them will set up for literary ladies, which from the size of the town, and the moderate attainments of most of the inhabitants, is a position of very easy maintenance. They will furnish opinions to the village in regard to most of the new novels ; and will be sure to make the most of any errant knight of the quill who may venture in their neighborhood ; and they sigh over Longfellow, with an earnestness every way commendable.

They are mightily observant of all strangers who enter their church on a Sunday, and will sidle up to the postmaster's or the tavern keeper's wife after service, to find out who was the strange gentleman in the middle aisle. This class of ladies—not all of them spinsters—are, I observe, a sort of go-betweens in all the factions which divide the village, and use their best arts to keep all mischief at the

boiling point. These village feuds, by the bye, are to be found in all the little towns where I have lingered for ever so short a space ; and I am very sorry, for my gallantry's sake, to avow that they are confined chiefly to the women.

What may be their origin, I cannot well determine, but being set on foot, they serve to relieve the monotony of a country village, and inspirit the inhabitants into such rivalry of colors and green blinds, as adds vastly to the life and animation of the place. The head of each faction is very pertinacious in claiming for herself the highest rank of gentility ; and nothing can mortify her more than to find her rival dashing in a more stylish hat, or showing genteel strangers into her pew of a Sunday. If one has her grounds laid out by an English gardener, the other will presently set a Dutchman and Englishman at work together ; if one gives a party to a new married couple, the other will maintain her superiority, by giving one twice as large ; if one purchase an expensive pew at the church, the other will purchase a couple. If one trims her children in finery, you shall find the rival children presently startling all the maiden ladies of the village, with their sharp nursery tails, their very short dresses, and their double ruffled pantalets.

A stylish visitor from the city is a godsend to either party ; and it has been a source of gratulation to me, Fritz, that my plainness of parts, and unpretending mediocrity, have saved me from the sin of fanning any such unchristian feuds ; and of being offered up as a holocaust to the village pride. Yet I have no kind of doubt, (and you will spare my blushes,) that if I had ventured upon the primrose gloves, and a jaunty beaver,—made free use of my eye glass, and talked of the gaieties of the winter,—brought with me my ivory headed stick, my pumps, and my striped hose, I could, notwithstanding my years, have flirted with the belle of the village,—have had ambling nags put at my disposal,—have been reckoned passably young by the spinsters, and read poetry with the Corinne of Main street.

But I forget that I am talking with a veteran, to whom these things are as familiar as the chirp of the katy-dids, or the borings of the wood-cock, in your low-lying cornfields. By your leave then, Fritz, I will slip my cable—dropping a buoy to mark the spot—and will drift out into deeper and bluer waters.

## COUNTRY CHURCHES AND PREACHERS

Genti v'eran con oochi tardi e gravi,  
Di grande autoritá ne'lor sembianti;  
Parlavan rado con voci soavi.—DANTE.

I AM not going to make any madrigal of summer woods and Sunday quiet; I leave that for the young poets; the days of my madrigals and milkmaids are gone by, Fritz. Their memory may serve to brighten our talk over a tankard of your harvest cider, but will come poorly into my didactic studies. Nor must it be understood that it is with any unworthy, or irreverent motive, that I put a seeming spice of pertness into my talk of churches. Flippancy as little becomes the topic, as mawkish verse; but there is a way of calling things by their right names,—unfortunately too little known now-a-days,—which, however roughly it may bear on the attenuated sensibilities of my squeamish readers,—is yet as far removed from impertinent gossip, as it is from that deferential cant, which possesses neither earnestness, nor vitality.

There has been heretofore very little poetry about our two-story country churches; and I must say, that with all their adopted richness of modern style, they have only got hold of the measure of the verse, without any of the soul that makes it buoyant. They give us an infinitude of gables, and of carved

crosses, and colored windows,—very rich all of them, in their way,—but not adding materially, in their present stage of adaptation, either to ventilation, comfort, or Christianity.

We have a fashion in churches, as we have a fashion of Newport, and a fashion for wives; and we have fashionable country gentlemen, who having seen somewhat of cities, instruct the country-livers as to how many windows will make a Christian temple fashionable, how many angles will make it Evangelical, and how much ultra-marine will make it *à la mode*. The ladies accept it—on paper; the deacons, or vestry men assent with a shrug;—the architect complies with a leer; and the builder leaves them—in debt.

I do not mean to quarrel at all with the new spirit in this matter, which has latterly infected the country. Nothing can be prettier, and more appropriate than the adoption of the forms of those old English country churches, which have become classic by age, and interesting by association. There seems a touching, and a holy propriety in worshipping as our fathers worshipped: and there seems to me something more than tasteful, in stretching only a simple rafted roof between the devout and heaven;—and I could heartily wish that it were all the impediment that lay between.

I have a strong liking for the deep-stained glass, throwing colors of 'promise' (much needed) upon the chancel, or the altar: nor have I any great apprehension that a cross, whether of stone or of wood, will gravitate very strongly downward; or that the Devil has yet wrought that symbol—whatever some Divines may think,—upon his saddle cloth, or his game bag.

But after all, there is a kind of bodily comfort, which it is inhuman to lose sight of: and to stew honest country people, in a poorly ventilated chapel, under an August sun,—whatever point it may give to the Doctor's talk of perdition,—does seem to me as unnecessary, as it is untasteful, and unchristian. In this matter, as well as in sundry others of recent importation, we are dealing with the crudities of the mere form, before we have learned adaptation. and I would respectfully recommend to vestrymen, and building committees generally, to pay some little attention to the laws of climate, to habit, to the Christian Almanac, and to transpiration, while they are stuffing their brains with crotchets, and finials.

Because a window of Gloucester, although close-screened, and closed, may serve the Gloucester worthies for ventilation, it by no means follows that the same will serve in such western city as Roches-

ter; and, if I might be believed, the worst chapter of Cirencester can keep themselves cooler on the damp pavements, and under the scraped columns of their minster, than they ever could, with all their British phelgm, upon the carpeted floors of the mock minsters, which lie broiling on the New England hill-sides. I would respectfully entreat of the benevolent gentlemen—to whom I render all honor—who are desirous of canonizing themselves by church erections, to secure agreeable recollections of such temporal saintship as they may attain, by a regard for the comfort of the worshippers. And I would assure them that it is much better to gain the gratitude of sober content, than the heated canonization of a *Purgatoria*.

Of the preachers, I would speak with a charity, that is as much their due, as it is their need. Let me not be understood either, in any degree to impugn Christian motive: a high motive is worthy of all regard, and its redeeming excellence will save even mediocrity from condemnation. But as I have already intimated to you, Fritz, I can see nothing in the sacerdotal covering, from the white of a Philpotts, to the black of a Princeton student, that should forbid analysis or inquiry.

It may be a gratuitous regret, and one which may be thrown back cavalierly on my hands—but

it is none the less sober—that our country pulpits lack sadly force and mental calibre : and lacking these, they lack adaptation, energy, width, influence, everything in short that should adorn the highest office that a man can take upon himself. A little personal dignity, and a little punctilious investiture, seem to be all that are demanded, to establish the claims, and to stamp the capabilities of our country divines.

Blackstone somewhere says that some kind of special training, or peculiar mental qualities are reckoned essential to almost every profession, except that of legislator ; but every man thinks himself born a law-maker. I am afraid that there are great numbers of Divinity students, who are laboring under a kindred delusion, and obstinately think themselves born—preachers. Even unfortunate aspirants to the honor of good farming, or good house-carpentry, are turned over, with a three years skinning of Hebrew roots, and unproductive polemics, to teach the world its duties. They may make good witnesses for the heathen ; but they will make a sorry set of Pauls for the Athenians.

It is true that the demand upon a preacher's labor is absurdly great ; and an absurd demand weaklings will best supply. None but a fool can write two sermons a week. A strong man wants time to

digest his fullness, and to mature his thought: but an empty man may talk forever, without any cognizance of his crudities, or any sense of depletion. We are a progressive people, and I have a fear that we are leaving the talk of the pulpit behind us: it is certain that very little of that kind of vigor which sets our ships afloat, is electrifying country church-goers. That vitality which makes itself felt by the strong throbs of enthusiastic action, does not seem to invest very richly our country clergy. There is a forgetfulness that men are awake and active; and that the days of cramming children with Westminster catechisms, and 'reasons annexed' and of breaking their piety upon the pillory of Saturday 'sundown,' are gone by.

You shall hear prudent preachers, as the world goes, wearying a mortal hour with a very strategic assault upon some old bugbear of infidelity, that is as dead as the sermon that combats it. Poor Voltaire is brought ghostly from the tomb, to be made the martyr of some clumsy spike of a quill; and Hume is resuscitated, that some tyro theologic sportsman, fresh from his rhetoric, may shoot down the dead man.

I do not mean to express my sympathy with the absurdities of philosophers: but I mean to say, gentlemen—(and if any man ought to be a gentle-

man, it is the clergyman)—that your labor is lost. The rational world is perfectly certain that the pop-guns of Chubb and Tindal could not batter down the bulwark of Christian faith : the booksellers of London and New York have long ago, with the brief of their trade-lists, closed the case :—and judgment has been heard. Your antagonists are damned. Christianity is believed. The weapons are in your hand, clear and bright : there is work enough for them on new foes, without any showy butchery of old ones ; and if you cannot make them felt, it must needs be credited to a little weakness of the elbows.

There is something in the language of the country pulpits, which it seems to me could bear the electrifying touch of vitality. I know no reason in the nature of things, why the sleepy catechism-y strain, should not give place to a little of the strong breath of nervous and eloquent language. Language in these days of type, is as strong as a leviathan, and as quick as light. Its force and richness are on the growth ; and its stores are at the command of whoever will make his study earnest, and his resolution intense.

What possible sense can there be in pouring from the pulpit the old short-ranging, six pound balls of cant terms, and dogmatic expressions, when the

Paixhan gun fairly mounted, will throw such terrific shot as the modern vocabulary supplies ? There is not a science or a pursuit, which is not adding honor and grace to its exhibitions, by that wealth of allusion which new inquiries in every department of knowledge have afforded : and yet our Divine, too nice for the wholesome homeliness of Taylor, and not even with the spirit of the time, guards his cant, and exercises his ingenuity in speculations about the infusoria that float in the muddy waters of his scholastic lore. But it may be signified to me, that the Doctrine is old, and unchangeable ; be it so—unchangeable as the hills, and beautiful as the morning. But therein lies no reason for not showing forth that permanence, by those thousand aids of adornment and illustration, which would give to what is old, the attractions of what is new. The Doctors need have no fear that their eloquence of life, or language, can mar or obscure the integrity of the tidings they bear. There is much that is akin to genius—if it be not the thing itself—in so wrapping old truth in the garment of language, that men shall rush toward it, as toward a new friend to be greeted, or a new hero to honor. A man may indeed blunder to the truth through a slough of words ; but build for him a

good bridge of well-jointed periods, and as truly as he loves ease, he will be quicker in his approach.

In all this, I yield no iota in veneration, to the staunchest of the doctors. It would surely be a sad reproach upon the Deity, to believe that he had given soul, with such curious capacity for development and growth, and yet given it with no purpose toward the fuller and richer illustration of His Providence. Christian truth, it seems to me, is no dried up mummy, to be eternally swathed in the musty linen bandages of the ancients; but it is a live creature, to be clothed over with the richest dressings of humanity, and to be crowned—if crowned it can be—with the most glorious accomplishments of learning.

These periods, and this train of thought, have chased me, Fritz, into the small hours 'ayont the twal:' a day-light revision might take off a little frill from the dressing; but, upon my conscience, the color would not change.

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#### ADVICE TO A SON.

'Que faudra-t-il donc apprendre à mon fils ?' disait elle.

'A être aimable'—repondit l'ami que l'on consultait, 'et s'il sait les moyens de plaire, il saura tout; c'est un art qu'il apprendra chez Madame sa mère.' JEANNOT ET COLIN (VOLTAIRE).

I HAVE in my hand a letter purporting to be from

a lady of standing and respectability, addressed to her son at Newport; the means by which it has reached me, do, I must confess, throw a little doubt upon its authenticity; but its spirit is so prompt and ingenuous, that I have no doubt that a great many elegant mothers will be tempted to endorse it over to their sons, even though it should prove to be a pleasant fabrication of my friend Tophanes.

It begins;—I am about to give you some advice Tommy, concerning your course at Newport; which, I am sure, if faithfully followed out, will be of great service to you. You must not suppose that our watering places are to be used, or enjoyed, merely as places of amusement, or for the pursuit of health. These are indeed the vulgar opinions on the subject; but the education I have given you Tommy, will I hope, make you aware, that a high position in fashionable society is one of the choicest objects which a youth of parts and respectability can set before him; and believe me, Tommy, when I say, that proper discretion at our watering places is one of the readiest means of attaining this object.

Your marriage, my dear boy, your position, your happiness, and the admiration of your too fond mother, all depend very much upon a proper regi-

men at the place, where you now find yourself for the first time. You will be careful in the beginning about your associates. Evil communications as the poet says, corrupt good manners. (Do not forget to read your Shakspeare). And as for good manners, my son—lud ! without good manners, what is a man worth ?

The Shrimps, I see by the papers, are at Newport ; and you would do well to cultivate them ; the daughters are not pretty, but let me assure you that the mamma is of the very first set ; and as I am told, very easily approachable by young gentlemen of address. She is, I am told, particularly vain of her figure ; I beg, my dear son, you will bear this in mind. The daughters not being elegant, or belles precisely, you will of course win by a little considerate (but no special) attention. And let me caution you here, my dear boy, against undue civilities to such beautiful girls, as may possibly tempt you, but who are of quite vulgar, or second-rate families. Your name in that case will inevitably become associated with them, which may do you incalculable harm on your return to the city. Be assured, my dear boy, that the temporary and evanescent pleasure of dancing or flirting with a belle, will poorly atone for even the smallest degree of degradation from our set.

Whenever you wish to elevate your mind above such things, Tommy,—think of your mother.

I know gentlemen enjoy greater liberty in these intimacies than ladies ; at the same time, a young man whose position is not fully established, has need to be very cautious. The families of wealth whom I have taught you how to distinguish by the character, rather than the amount of their display, it would be well to treat with great, but cold, respect, since, however vulgar they may be, it is impossible to say how soon they may fill positions of excellent odor.

The distinguished visitors you will use your best efforts to find out, and never fail of any opportunity to make their acquaintance. If they be from distant States, or are people whom you will never be likely to meet again, pray study their manner as much as possible, and this study will enable you to profess an acquaintance in town, although you should fail of all opportunity for an introduction. Mr. Clay, although since the City Hall kisses he has become somewhat vulgar, I would still commend to your observation ; and enough acquaintance to pass a flippant word or two with him in the ball room, will not be undesirable.

But, above all things, my dear son, cultivate intimacy with the ladies of note ; your own sagacity

will teach you their weak points, and then it will be your own fault if you do not succeed. Of conversation I have already told you at home ; do not be afraid of making errors, or rather of being detected ; fearlessness is a great deal better than too much honesty,\* and nothing will so mortify your hopes with women of the world as that foolish naturalness which falters at a compliment, or which shows a quick sense of burdensome stupidity. ' Learn to labor, and to wait.'

For your dress I need not now give you rules ; you know already, my dear boy, its great advantage. A light undress of a morning, of plain colors, and loose fit, is not only *recherché*, but has a very aristocratic air. You will attentively observe the English mode in this particular, and will recal what I have told you of the Duke of Devonshire's toilette, on the occasion of my meeting him at Brighton. Nor should you by any means overdress at dinner, it bespeaks a *new* man ; you must seek to give the impression that your position makes you able to afford simpler tactics. Champagne, my dear son, is vulgar, and I do hope you

\* This reminds me pleasantly of the Valets advice to Gil Blas, at Madrid :— *La crainte de mal parler t'empêche de rien dire au hasard ; et toutefois ce n'est qu'en hasardant des discours que mille gens s'érigent aujourd'hui en beaux esprits. Veux tu briller, tu n'as qu'à te livrer à ta vivacité et risquer indifféremment tout ce qui pourra te tenir à la bouche ; ton étourderie passera pour une noble hardiesse.*

will study to overcome that perverse taste ; if you think, from your position at table, that it would be polite to make a little show of extravagance, you can order Chambertin, or Lafitte, which are both expensive and genteel.

As you do not ride remarkably well, I would caution you against engaging yourself in that way ; if unavoidable, pray arrange it for an hour when you will be least subject to observation. I think your polking very creditable ; but remember that you had much better endure the clumsy step of a lady well placed, than to enjoy the grace of a second-rate girl. You will not, of course, be tempted to sing ; but I would advise that you hum to yourself, in strolling about the galleries, some snatches from the newest opera ; any inadvertencies will escape notice, and you will get the reputation of having an appreciative taste.

You would do well, I think, my son, to read some work on fishing and shooting, and to wear your shooting jacket on occasions. These pursuits are gentlemanly, but they will hurt your complexion, and if ventured upon, will expose your ignorance. There is not the same objection to the shooting gallery, and I would advise occasional practice ; beside that it may sometime stand you in need,—not my dear son, that I would ever have

you fight a duel,—but with the name of a good shot, you may escape with less imputation on your bravery.

As for the degree of your intimacy with ladies, particularly married ladies, I scarcely know how to advise you. To become the subject of some talk, and even scandal, is certainly sometimes effective. But, my dear boy, you must remember that religion and morality are, after all, highly respectable, and though not brilliant, are yet worthy of consideration. I must say that conjugal infidelity, striking as it is, has always seemed to me quite questionable, particularly when discovered. So that, my dear boy, in this matter of *liaisons*, (which are certainly sometimes very effective,) you must yield to a mother's modesty, and be guided—as I hope you always are—by your own discretion, and your mother's suggestions. But be sure, my dear Tommy, that if you err, you err upon the safe side; believe me that nothing is more odious than association of one's name with a nursery maid, or a grocer's wife.

I hope you will go to church; it has a respectable appearance, and I am told that the Newport clergymen are generally genteel people, and a trifling acquaintance with them would not, I think, much hurt your position. You will be cautious,

however, of lawyers ; they are working men, and are of very little assistance to a young man who is building up a brilliant reputation.

Newspaper correspondents, and literary men generally, you must always treat kindly ; but do not, I beg of you, be too familiar. They are, for the most part, poor scamps, who will be easily won over by a dinner, and a bottle of wine ; farther than this, you should not suffer your attentions to run. You may be assured that however much they talk about gentility in their papers, they know very little about it in earnest, and are the sorriest set of mountebanks that are to be found. A popular author, however, who has any chance of becoming a lion, you will at once perceive the necessity of humoring ; and, for my sake, Tommy, you will excuse his vulgarities for the use you can make of his acquaintance.

Should you attend the fancy ball, Tommy, consult scrupulously your complexion, and figure in your choice of dress. I think the *debardeur* would suit your style. If Miss Shrimp, as I hear, plays the Sultana, do you, my dear boy, play the Sultan ; it will become you, and I do assure you that she is the very pink of gentility.

I hear of a very pretty young lady who has this year made her first appearance at the Springs.

My dear boy, I do hope you will do yourself the credit of a *measurable* flirtation with her. At her age, she will be easily flattered; but remember, don't lose your self-possession. All depends on your own nerve and resolution, and I have too much confidence in you, Tommy, to think you would be so indiscreet as to fall in love with a mere girl.

Do, dear Tommy, pay heed to my counsels, and rejoice the heart of your fond mother. ADELIA.

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I have nothing to add, Fritz.

If we had been blessed with such mothers, what gay fellows we might have been in our day! Instead of wearying out our life in the tame pursuits of industry, and reclining, as we do now, in the autumn of our days, a pair of humble Benedicks, smoking out quietly the remnant of existence, and quaffing up the simple waters of content, we might have had a life-range of gentility, and grown old—notorious.

As it is, we shall drop off by and by, silently,—with only so little knowledge of the great whirl of gaiety, as our chance glimpses have afforded. Poor outsiders,—from first to last!—and may God grant that in the making up of the twin divisions of the dead, we may be outsiders still! TIMON.





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SEPTEMBER 11, 1850. NEW-YORK. SECOND SERIES—NO. 10.

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From the observation of this glass (*the Lorgnette*) we also draw some puns, crotchets, and conclusions.

1st. That the whole world has a blind side, a dark side, and a bright side, and consequently so has everybody in it.

2ndly. That the dark side of affairs to-day, may be the bright side to-morrow; from whence abundance of useful morals were also raised.—  
THE CONSOLIDATOR (DE FOE).

To you, Fritz, who are of a quiet, contemplative habit, it must have sometime occurred, that we Americans, with all our ancestral phlegm, are yet an excitable people, working off our excesses in occasional mobs, grand funerals, and triumphant jubilees. We are as wasteful of breath, as a high pressure engine; and relieve ourselves by continued explosive puffs of vapour, for which judgment

has not as yet supplied any economic, condensing chamber.

I cannot recall a livelier illustration of the mercurial temperament of our town, or a noisier proof of the justice of De Foe's *lunar*\* observations, (as quoted above) than the history of the last fortnight supplies.

Upon a Saturday, not long ago, the street world was solemn, and wore an unusual earnestness of expression; and the newspapers, with their gigantic capitals, drew attention to that last, sad office of Justice, which cut down a man, while in the flower of his days, who had been distinguished for his attainments; and who was criminal—in the world's eye—by only a single ebullition of passion. There was something in his position, in the refinements of his education, in the attachment and worth of his esteemed family, and in the stern, dogged resolve which had sustained him throughout his trial, that made him naturally the object of intense interest; and in six hours from the time that the trap was sprung, which 'shuffled him off this mortal coil,' a hundred thousand of the town population were stung by a report of the dreadful issue, into a thoughtfulness that bordered on amazement

\* The curious reader will call to mind the ingenious apologue on which are based the papers of the Consolidator.

This was the 'dark side of affairs;' but on the morrow, the first day of the week, there was a turn of our moral kaleidoscope. The same thousands who had been hushed by the execution of an eminent criminal, into a soberness that was almost reflection, forgot the gallows and the crime, as easily as they forgot the Sunday prayers, and paid their worship in a jubilant chorus to the Swedish singer. The papers which on Saturday had set the Boston gallows in capitals, were now making capital of the songstress. The news boys had changed their tune from Dr. 'Webster—last day,—gallows,' to 'Jenny Lind,—first day,—Irving House.' Dr. Putnam gave place to Mr. Barnum; the moral preacher yielded to the princely showman.

I had forewarned you, Fritz, of the approach of our Jenny Lind mania; but I am free to confess to you, that notwithstanding all the intimacy of my observation, I was not prepared for the rueful and extraordinary effects of the distemper; and it has only been by dint of the most extreme caution, in avoiding contact with infected persons, that I have been able to preserve my usual state of health. It has even been a serious question with me if it were not worth my while to retire for a short time into the country, out of the reach of the contagion; but

on second thought, a sense of duty prevailed over my fears, and has kept me firmly at my post.

Poor De Foe, when thrown into the like circumstances, at the breaking out of the Great Plague in London, says, 'I resolved that I would stay in the town, and casting myself entirely upon the goodness and protection of the Almighty, would not seek any other shelter whatever; and that as my times were in his hands, he was as able to keep me in a time of the infection, as in a time of health; and if he did not think fit to deliver me, still I was in his hands, and it was meet he should do with me as should seem good to him.'

I trust, Fritz, that no little of the same self-devotion has belonged to my decision. And you will the more readily credit this statement, when I tell you that my landlady, and nearly half of our household, have already been seized with unmistakeable symptoms of the distemper. Yesterday, on going down to the breakfast table, at half-past nine o'clock (my usual hour,) I was surprised to find the whole family assembled, and talking with a vivacity which I had not observed, since the eve of the late murder of Dr. Parkman; and this vivacity was all the more alarming, since the coffee was badly smoked, and the beef steak (of which there

were two platters on the table) was very much overdone.

The tasteful gentleman who sat over opposite to me, was fearfully gay ; notwithstanding the fact (to which I was knowing) that his quarter's bill had been sent in to him on the evening previous. One of the young ladies served herself to the griddle cakes no less than five successive times, with a terrible vacuity of countenance ; and was so much infected by the prevailing disorder as to say to a mild old bachelor who was sitting next her—‘ thank 'ye for a concert ticket ’ ;—when she would have said simply—‘ thank 'ye for the butter.’

The number of the victims on the first day of the outbreak, is set down in round numbers at thirty thousand ; but as this statement is made up from the testimony of the newspaper reporters, who are strongly predisposed to all distempers of this kind, and many of them even now classed among the most hopeless of the victims,—it should be received with due allowances.

It was really an awful exhibition to see thousands of these sufferers rushing along the streets, regardless of all ordinary proprieties, and sometimes screaming out at the very top of their voices. Some would take off their hats, and swing them several times around their heads, accompanying the

action with exceeding loud shouts, that brought people in the neighboring houses to their windows in affright. Some carried huge bouquets of flowers, which they threw into the carriage of Miss Lind, and kissed their hands, and made all kinds of antics; after which they either grew melancholy, and slipped away through the back-streets, or quieted themselves with drink.

Some seven hundred or more, both in the town and in the villages adjoining, have been infected, even to song-making; but owing to the judicious treatment of a committee of doctors, they have been, with one exception, entirely cured of the disorder.

This singular contagion broke out, as I have told you, at about half-past one o'clock, on the 1st day of September; by evening it had spread to an alarming extent; and at eleven o'clock, several thousand square feet of pavement were covered by a dense mass of people, who were gazing stedfastly upon two iron balconies which project Eastward and Southward from the Irving Hotel. The windows upon these balconies, were most of them thrown open; and at times, as a female figure appeared before one or the other of the balconies, the crowd upon the pavement would break out into terrible shouts; once or twice, as it proved, under

the mistaken notion that the female figure was that of Miss Lind. This error was observed to excite the poor people the more ; an attempt was made to reduce the unfortunate sufferers to subjection by a little music, but it so increased the violence of the fever that I was fain to move away. I went to bed that night, grateful for my own escape, but firmly resolved to continue my observation on the morrow, cost what it might.

The next morning the alarm was general ; an immense number had collected early in the day, about the corner of Chambers street and Broadway ; they were so many that the omnibuses could with difficulty make their way through the crowd. A strange looking flag had been run up the flag staff on Mr. Howard's hotel ; which, I was told by a bystander, was a sort of hospital signal, toward which the poor people came flocking from all quarters of the town. Many distinguished victims fell before nightfall this day ; among whom, if I mistake not, was one Mr. Woodhull, being the mayor of the town ; also a small, gray-haired gentleman, who had lived in the State of Mississippi, and who was much known by his former patriotic efforts to secure a tax upon tea and coffee.

Many deserving tradespeople had, I was informed gone quite crazy with the fever ; and I saw myself

great numbers rushing into the house where the flag was flying, with band-boxes, packages, silk finery, riding whips, fancy combs, umbrellas, fans, and other useful articles. The town papers had quite given up all the usual topics of disunion, tailors' wages, mutual abuse, and the like, and were discussing with very great energy the extraordinary disorder which had broken out in the city. Even the heavy, blanket-shaped journals, which one would have supposed were too old or too stupid to be in any way affected by the mania, were almost as far gone as any with this Swedish fever ; and talked with a droll dignity about the engrossing topic of the day. Their sportive and fantastic humor, coming in between accounts of cotton sales ; and the heavy moralities of their politics, reminded one of the playful capers of a superannuated old beau who is stirred up by some little buxom baggage of a country girl, into cutting a pigeon wing with a pair of gouty legs.

As for the smart gossiping papers, they were overrun with details about the prevailing disorder ; which to the great comfort of such people as read the papers, swept their columns clear of all politics, and morals. Even the dullest of the evening papers, were for once snatched up with haste, and under the influence of the town fever, and horribly

excited, the poor people read through whole columns !

Once or twice I came near being overwhelmed by the rush ; and on one occasion, nothing but my cane and my age could have saved me from the onset of a company of respectably dressed females. Some of these infatuated creatures believed that they saw an angel in one of the windows of Mr. Howard's hotel ; and, furthermore, that the angel had blue eyes ; and another said that it had light hair ; and a third said (very wickedly, as it seemed to me) that Mr. Beebe had just been measuring it for a riding suit. This story was believed so much, that carriages stopped under the windows, and the occupants looked up to see the angel, and others sent up their cards by the footman. It was said, moreover, that Mr. Barnum had the angel in charge, and that he would take it to ride after noon ; at which there was a great hue and cry ; and the people flocked around the carriage, as you have seen them flock in the streets of Rome, about the wonderful *bambino*, which they keep in the church of the Capucins, by the Capitol.

One poor fellow would cry out, " there she goes ! " —and then fall to swinging his hat, and shouting like a madman. Some gazed with a disconsolate air of melancholy ; but these last were compara-

tively few, and consisted, as I was told, mostly of song writers, and play actors. I looked as hard as any of them, at what seemed to me a nice young woman, with blue eyes, and a taking little hat ; but was afraid to say so little of her, for fear of being trodden down as a scoffer.

So things went on, getting worse and worse, till night. Wherever I went, all the talk was the same ; and the next day the papers were at it, fine type and coarse type, as hard as before. I should not be surprised, indeed, to find that the matter had been made the subject of a sermon, by some of those clerical gentlemen who are familiar with allegories and angels ; if not, I would venture to commend it, as a fruitful subject, and (what is better) liable to be listened to ; and this is what cannot be said of a good many town sermons.

On the outbreak of such a distemper in the town, a vast many quacks are sure to set up pretences of being able to cure : and their advertisements are to be met with in every corner. Among them are great quantities of music sellers, who have diplomas guarantying their efficiency and good faith ; beside these, are the writers of biographies, who are certainly very effective, and only to be surpassed by the seven hundred song writers ; whose modesty I am sorry to say, still compels them to

withhold the result of their benevolent endeavors from the public.

No later than the fourth day, I found that the fever had reached our quiet quarter of the town ; the chamber-maid was fairly delirious : the tasteful man was rubbing up his last winter's kids, and had got his note discounted for a hundred dollars ; while I caught his wife in the parlor, at eleven of the morning, with her hair in papers, humming, *la casta diva*.

I could easily fill up my paper with the relation of other most extraordinary circumstances, which attend upon this peculiar visitation of Providence. Many very dismal facts I might record of the appearance of sudden and fatal symptoms in those persons who thought themselves least liable to attack. I might go on to recount the visitations, the august ceremonies, the desertion of whole neighborhoods, the frenzy of particular sufferers, the parlor receptions, the casual remarks of momentous meaning, the speeches of their various honors, the mayor and the president of the Art-Union, the beauty of riding caps, the size and shape of tickets ;—but all this has been recited with captivating grace by our city editors. Their version is made up *con amore* ; and my own, if ventured on, would I sadly fear, be written out *con dolore*.

I must however, take the permission to name

one or two means of prevention, that have occurred to me, against the fever which is now raging ; and that seem to me worthy of adoption, not only in view of the public health, but of the convenience and profit of those people who live in lodging houses, or who have no ear for music, or who frequent the public streets, or who read the newspapers. And first, I would throw out a hint against the seemliness of blocking up the public way, by a crowd of more than two or three thousand people, who scream together : the unfortunate victims of this mania are indeed to be pitied, but they are none the less proper subjects for a police surveillance. I would further recommend to conversational people, a moderate mention of the name of Jenny Lind, as well as that of Mr. Barnum ; it having been observed that such mention is greatly provocative of fever. Moreover, I would caution the presidents of learned societies against rushing in large and tumultuous bodies upon the lady's retirement ; upon the journals most infected, I would urge a course of dieting—say a column a day—of Mr. Giddings, or Clark. The small poets would do well to abstain temporarily from song-writing ; and if necessary, shave their heads, and lease out their services to the *Mother's Magazine*, or the *Literary World*.

In case Miss Lind should continue to be the source of so violent and dangerous a furor, I can think of no more effective way of alleviating the excitement, and withdrawing her from notice, than by electing her a member of the New York Historical Society, and by securing her attendance on the next Tuesday evening meeting.

But a truce to this irony : you see where it runs, Fritz. It runs to combat that odious, because extravagant and unseemly adulation, which has waited upon the Swedish songstress. She is deserving indeed ; and that enthusiasm which kindles into transport in view of merit, is eminently praiseworthy. But when that enthusiasm, by its blind excess, by its stupid forgetfulness of proprieties, by its abandonment of all self-respect, and by its frenzied iteration, fatigues the sense, and offends delicacy, it becomes a fit subject for reproof. Respect for the virtues of a stranger is one thing, and respect for one's own dignity is another ; nor is there any reason in the world, why the first should destroy the last. So soon as a man sacrifices his self-respect in the fervor of his applause, he is making his applause for a sensible mind, good for nothing ; he is taking away from his admiration, all that should make it sterling, and proffering instead, a meaningless rapture.

Do not think, Fritz, that my spirit cannot be stirred with the warblings of Jenny Lind ; it has been stirred thus years ago : but far more kindling than her songs, rare as they are, is her benevolent heart ; and in view of that glorious charity of Stockholm, I could cheerfully, old as I am, fling up my hat in the air, and shout with the best of them—long live Jenny Lind !

And now with a sweep of the pen, and of my thought, I bring back before you that dismal shadow of a gallows, which hung over the opening pages of my present chapter. The contrast, occurring as it did within eight and forty hours, is good for a gaping crowd to look on. Life is a play of light and shadow. *There* is the professor in black ; and *here* is the singing-girl in white. There is the murderer ; and here, the angel of Mercy. From the crime and gallows of the first, the proud may learn Humility ; and from the success and triumphs of the last, the rich may learn Benevolence.





MAN ABOUT TOWN

## THE YOUNG MAN ABOUT TOWN.

— Which course, if it were taken; what would become of many thousands in the world, *quibus anima pro sale*, who like swine live in such sensual and unprofitable sort, as we might well doubt whether they had any *living* souls in their bodies at all or no, were it not barely for this fine argument, that their bodies are a degree sweeter than carrion?

SANDERSON'S SERMONS, IV. (Ad. Pop.)

— There was nothing he hated more than an insignificant gallant that could only make his leggs, and prune himself and court a lady, but had not brains to employ himself in things more suitable to man's nobler sex.

MRS. HUTCHINSON'S MEMOIRS

Mr. Noah Webster never made so pretty an exhibition of his descriptive powers, as in that passage of his great work, where he speaks of a dandy, as a 'male of the human species, who dresses himself like a doll, and who carries his character on his back.' I take blame to myself, Fritz, for having thus far left you in comparative ignorance of a class, which goes so much to make up the expression of the town life, as that which is so cleverly defined by the American Dictionary.

The growth of our fashionable man through the various gradations of cellar life, drawing-room life, club-life, committee life, and the life bankrupt, and married, I have already traced: but of the young gentleman now brought to your notice, growth can hardly be predicated. He skims about, by reason of his light draft, upon the surface of soci-

ety; and as he carries neither freight nor ballast, his whole hulk looms over the busy tide, where we are floating, each our several ways.

He may be found of varying age, from eighteen to thirty; and between these limits he oscillates playfully, as his whim, or the season may direct. He smacks into the town life on a sudden; nothing has been known of him as a school boy; and very little of him as a child. His parentage indeed, is nominal, and accredited: but his real generation dates from those years of incipient manhood which go immediately before his appearance upon the boards of the town. He is found upon the street, in the hotels, and at the watering places; sometimes also he may be seen upon the steamboats or in railway cars, where he wears colored shirts, and is shy.

On his clean linen days, he favors the fashionable purlieus, such as Upper Broadway, Union Square, and Fifth avenue; and is particularly fond of a negligé position, upon the step of the New York Hotel; or of an easy abandon (*i. e.* feet upon the window) in the smoking room. If pinched for funds, a matter which he keeps buttoned under his own coat, he falls away during the hot months to small sea-shore, or mountain places. Here, his moustache, and town manner commend him to hoydenish, lean young ladies, in very long stomach-

ers, who wear fond expressions, and read pocket editions of the poets ; and to those estimable middle aged women who wear black mits and long finger nails, and who talk about charming scenery. He is cautious however, to avoid those old gentlemen, who abound at small watering places, and who carry yellow and black silk handkerchiefs,—take snuff, play checkers, sneeze, and talk about the rheumatiz, taxes, and politics. He cracks capital jokes with a young woman who shuffles around of a morning in patent India-rubbers—about the petticoats that are hung upon the lilac bushes ; he also rolls at nine-pins occasionally, which amusement he makes excessively diverting ;—particularly where a stout girl with a red face, keeps rolling the balls to one side, and an old lady near by, in spectacles, says—‘la—suz !’

He is not, by half, so much a lion in the town, as he is out of it ; he does not find so much of fondness to fatten on. It may be that he is a graduate of a city college, flourishing possibly one or two barbaric insignia ; and in the full communion with some initiatory association, which serves as dry nurse to the New-York Club. He is of course, a zealous admirer of the Opera ; and knows to a hair’s breadth—when to laugh, when to applaud, and when to go into ecstasies.

Nothing proves such a finisher to one of these young gentlemen, as a trip to Europe; it is of little consequence that it be either long or wide. An evening or two at the Gardens of Vauxhall, an introduction to the *foyer* of the Haymarket, and a week of a Paris winter's intrigue, are sufficient to set up a young gentleman of ordinary ingenuity, in our town, as an 'old bird,' and a clever observer. I should be gratified to meet with some such young gentleman, who on a visit to Paris, had not experienced an affair *du cœur* with a distinguished lady;—of undoubted position; who was very rich, and attended by two or three domestics; elegantly dressed; occupying a splendid salon, and so on.

And the acquaintance is uniformly so unusual and romantic!—very accidental in the first instance; either it is—we met in a coach, or, 'we met, 'twas in a crowd;' or our young gentleman catches the first glimpse of her at a public ball, where she is evidently annoyed by the attentions thrust upon her; she wears the air of a stranger; she is clearly much above the ordinary level; she does not venture to dance; and besides, she is very beautiful, and has a servant in attendance.

Our young gentleman trembles at his own boldness, as he seeks to learn, from the *bonne*, by virtue of a bribe, the address of the fair mistress. And

then—what a glance of the eye, what dreams of rapture, and what a studied *billet-doux* for the next day's post! On such memories, our young man about town, regales his friends, over a cobbler at Sinclair's, or a dinner at Delmonico's. But he carefully conceals from them the abounding disappointment at the end; and with all his praises of the lady, does not enlarge upon that art, which imposed upon his folly, and which stripped him of his money, and of his mirth.

For his physical characteristics, I may refer you to this relation of a new, but accomplished correspondent: "You often see his little lack-brain face, peering from behind a cloud of smoke, in the windows of the New-York Hotel; and the indifference which he is apt to cultivate, is grown into a grateful, and graceful inanity of expression. He has purchased, for the approaching cool season, an enormous bag-shaped coat, with huge collar rolling up above the tips of his ears. His sleeves are loose, and long enough to hide his fingers to the tips; and he walks with his shoulders curiously hooked forward, and his arms bowed stiffly out, as if he were in the course of training for some very extraordinary and unusual gymnastic feat.

From a button hole in his waistcoat, to a side pocket, sweeps a tremendous chain of enamel and

gold, serving to sustain a very trifling watch, and an inordinate quantity of oxidized charms, in the shape of bronze women in bath tubs, opera-dancers' legs, and horse's hoofs. You overtake him in the street, and speak, (observe, Fritz, that I am quoting from my correspondent,) expecting him to turn his head ; but such an expectation is very vain ; there is a slight lifting of the chin, a languid semi-revolution at the hips ; you see one corner of his eye, and hear H'ahy,"—and—(to drop now my correspondent,) it is the best he can do.

But, Fritz, is it not a waste of my paper, and an added heaviness to my letters, to labor upon those portraits, which when most finished, and most true, make us most ashamed of our species ? Yet there are those who love such study, and who love such samplers. A kind of mutual admiration, and of mutual generation, sustains the class. Nature not only favors bounteously the assimilation of kindred spirits, but all the tendencies toward assimilation. The young man about town, with little to attract the ordinary observer, and less to make afraid, will yet sustain a character for dignity, possibly for wit, or even honesty, among those of equal capacity and taste ; nay, he may even be held in high honor by small families of gossiping, elderly

ladies, or at the New York Club. *Sus sui, canis cani, bos bovi, et asinus asino pulcherrimus videtur.*

I am not familiar with the much lauded Fourier and association doctrines ; but it has sometimes been a matter of curiosity to me, to conjecture in what particular group, or phalanx, the young gentleman, whose merits I have espoused in this paper, would be entered. It does not appear to me that he could safely be attached, either to the industrial, or to the nursing groups ; and I can only conceive of his employment as a conversational expounder of the system ; which has now grown so various under the teachings of different doctors, that the vagaries of even a fool, could hardly infringe upon the integrity of the leading idea, viz : —the upsetting of society.

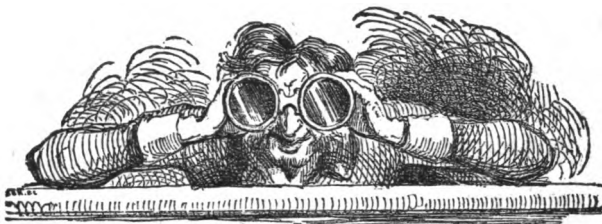
If the young man about town be of an easy moral stamp, (and that stamp is current,) he had much better be of good family, than of good wit. A measurable position will set a refinement upon errors, that would look very naked under the coverings of a poor man's wit. It is French philosophy, but the town will reckon it good,—more especially if I give my authority. In *la Nouvelle Heloise*, (which it is surprising that our publishers have not translated—uniform with *Consuelo*,) the

father of Julie reproaches her mother for admitting to her house St. Preux. 'Who then should we admit, if not *gens d'Esprit?*' says the mother. — '*Des gens sortables, madame, reprit il en colère, qui puissent réparer l'honneur d'une fille quana ils l'ont offensée.*' \*

I had hoped, Fritz, to jot down for you a few of the oddities and strange things which belong to the smaller watering-places along the shore, and the skirts of the neighboring mountains; but my present topics have crowded my paper, while the cool evenings of the first autumn have fairly pushed the summer festivities out of mind. I shall therefore recur to the former matters of the town; and having fairly set you adrift upon the winter's tide, by two more pulls at the oar, I shall leave you to your own pilotage, and to your own reflection.

TIMON.

\* Lettre LXIII. (ROUSSEAU.)



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SEPTEMBER 25, 1850. NEW-YORK. SECOND SERIES—NO. 11.

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— Think, ye see  
The very persons of our noble story,  
As they were living ; think, you see them great,  
And followed with the general throng, and sweat,  
Of thousand friends ; then, in a moment see  
How soon this mightiness meets misery !

—PROLOGUE TO HENRY VIII.

Fritz, you will doubtless remember our entrance, some few years since, into the salons of a certain distinguished old gentleman, who received us, even amid the throng that crowded his reception, with a suavity and grace, and a familiar adoption of our language, that surprised us ; and that put us at ease, even under the frescos of the old palace of the Medici. And now the old gentleman is dead ; his strange life is ended. The reaper has put his

sickle, for his season's harvest, into the tallest of the grain.

Let them carp and sneer as they will at Louis Philippe ;—there died in him the spirit of a strong man. Misguided he may have been ; ambitious he was, without doubt ; avaricious, too ;—but in this vice falling far short of that great Marlborough, whose monumental column still rises from the lawn of Blenheim, the worship and the wonder of all cockneys.

There is something of manly vigor, long forecast, and admirable action, about the man who could so bravely struggle with peril, exposure, exile, poverty, and all the ills that princely flesh is heir to, and rise above them to the mildest decade of French sovereignty that France has known in a century.

Let those who sneer at the late King of the French, consider for a moment the enlarging commerce, the flourishing marine, the remunerative manufactures that sprung up under his thrall ; and let them wander through those galleries enriched by his munificence and taste ; and if they doubt the refinement and genius of the house of Orleans, let them linger in that ground corridor of the palace of Versailles, by that marvellous Joan d'Arc in marble, which will go down to future ages, with the monumental effigies of Augustus,

and of the Bythinian Antinous, as a speaking testimonial to the genius of the King's daughter.

Do not see in this any undue sympathy for Kings, or for Kings' daughters. Louis Philippe was not all he should have been, or all that his position and his means would have made it easy for him to be. But Louis Philippe was a man of talents, of perseverance, of system, and of energy. And they who think that monarchic associations will kill all these, or that mere freedom will create them, have got a lesson to learn, that they may take wisely from the life of the old gentleman who has just now died in the exile of Claremont.

Freedom may, indeed, encourage the development of manliness ; but if I be not greatly mistaken, Fritz, there is a growing notion with us, that Republican institutions are all that are needed to guaranty it. No mistake could be greater, or more harmful. Every man has a soul to be strung discreetly, and delicately, and to be attuned carefully, and with much labor. And when in princely station there meet us such capacity, such development, and such culture as belonged to the head of the house of Orleans, it becomes us to think that they were gained, as they must always be gained, by determined effort.

Let our young men, boastful of their privileges,

and exploding in pompous Fourth of July orations, measure their abilities, from time to time, by those of the men at whom they affect to sneer ; let them gauge their powers of endurance and the intensity of their purpose by the same standard ; and they may learn, that bravado does not supply merit, nor noise give strength of soul.

May the old graybeard sleep calmly in his tomb ! If his virtues were as common with his countrymen as his vices are, there would not be so strong a contrast between their liberty of action and their liberty of talk.

Pray excuse the sober garrulity which a reminiscence of our common wandering has started from my pen, and I will come back to the topics of my ' stated preaching.'

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#### THE RETURN TO TOWN.

— So having gorged themselves on such fatness as the countrie did supply—*cereris munus et aquæ poculum*,—nor this with the moderation of poor folk ; they turned themselves city-ward, where they did disport them through a winter's festival,—*non epulæ sed luxus*,—as he were the best and worthiest, who could speediest kill off his tyme.—AUCT. VAR.

Now that your swamps have taken on the first sprinkle of their maple scarlet, and the first frosts have browned the broad leaflets of your maize, the town-world is shrinking back to its city covert.

Already the streets are thronging with much the same crowd, and the same equipages are astir, which, eight months ago, tempted me into the dignity of print.

All the summer conquests have been made ; the muslin and the barége are giving place to the silk and the worsted ; and bare arms, whether blue with the breakfast hour, or crimsoned with ball-room fatigue, will have to bide their time in sleevy retirement, until the promenade shall yield to the soirée and the opera.

The fancy balls have, I fear, been without much efficacy the present season ; and from no little observation,—for you know, Fritz, that I have played the *debardeur*, if not the *man-of-war's man*, in my time,—I am disposed to think that only the most moderate *éclat* attaches to the heroines either of the Newport or the Saratoga display.

And between the advent of the Swedish songstress, and of California, Utah, and New Mexico, our heroes of the watering-place season, who had brushed up their steps at Saracco's, and who were counting on a large figure in the two-penny journals, have been sadly out of sight. They are deserving fellows in their way, and with a propriety and prudence worthy of the poets, they have chosen that sphere of indulgence which they are best fit-

ted to adorn. But when matters of State, or a popular singer, engrosses the town, they must even yield up their vanities to the humor of the public, and be content with that native inferiority which some accident of marriage or scandal may, in time, providentially relieve.

The accredited watering-place families too, who at this season are usually blooming on their honors, and who resort with the chills of autumn to the town, in the expectancy of much street commendation, are now sadly behind the wake of the popular taste ; and from their carriage, and sour demeanor, feel the neglect, in a way little creditable to their prudence, or to their philosophy. Even the eminent town-livers, who, by their houses, equipage, or scandal, were the lions of the winter past, are now, in the overflowing plethora of the streets, roaming about like tame jackals, who cannot call a shout, or be anything but inoffensive, with the boldest of their clamor.

My heart is warm, Fritz ; and it is peculiarly alive to the curtailment of honors in those quarters where honors are the only basis of character. There is indeed a class of steady, honest, thriving, modest people, who never feel loss of attention, because it is not their habitual nourishment ; they do not court, nor shall they enjoy, my sympathy. But

what, as a Christian man, shall I say of those, who if they cannot bewilder the town into a gaze, or astonish the humble, are the most unhappy creatures imaginable?

I cannot help too, entertaining great sympathies for those who, by a little pardonable bravado at springs, maintain quite a position, but who, on their return to the town, are entirely swallowed up and lost in the throng.

There exists a considerable class of hoydenish, watering-place belles, who will cut a very gay figure, either in the parlor of the United States, or of the Ocean House; but once returned to the city, where there are no public corridors for promenade, and no very promiscuous dancing, their honors are suddenly shorn. My friend, Tophanes, has the class entered upon his list, and by reference to his schedule, I find them entered as,—moderately rich,—passably young, ranging in good season, from twenty to thirty-five,—good dancers,—busy talkers, sometimes given to puns,—blooming (naturally),—good riders, but of uncertain position, and of only moderate education.

In short, he makes them out, of admirable qualities for summer amusements, and for public places; but he adds this significant note against their names—‘shy of housewifery;’ and thereupon

by his peculiar system of classification, he drags in their whole coterie, under his general head of—  
'forlorn hopes.'

The finer accomplishments, and any of the graces of even lady learning, are sadly wasted at our summer places; indeed they are in little demand in any quarter (always excepting Boston) during the hot months. With the approach of cold, however, cultivation gains repute. The musical and literary soirées divide supremacy with the street and the ball. Sonnetteers who have lived on whey and Festus during September, regain position at the town tea-boards; and starveling authors rejoice again in invitations to dine. New books are cut open with the cast-away fruit knives or exhausted corset bones, and critiques upon the drama or the new novels are as plentiful and gregarious as the Jersey reed birds.

The Home Journal is furbishing up again its easy, hot-weather columns; and we may expect to find the sprightly de Trobriand giving us, instead of long Paris feuilletons, a new taste of the town suppers, and of the town ladies—served up with his French *sauce piquante*.

It might be pleasant, Fritz, to pursue to some length an inquiry about such literary elements as belong to the town socialities, and to trace, if

possible, their reciprocal action. I am afraid, however, that it would take me upon delicate ground ; it is certain that a little affectation of literature is beginning to be employed as a bur-nisher for vulgarities ; and our most worshipful grocer or broker can in no better way take off the edge from his ignorance, than by a studious patronage of the crack-brained poets. Our ad-venturous bachelor lawyer, too, will foist himself into the graces of showy companionship, far better by his hap-hazard critiques upon Punch, or the Berber, than by his *clientelle*, or his Chitty.

Aspiring ladies, moreover, who are zealous for something more than the notoriety which equipage or magnificent rooms will furnish, would do well to take a morning hour with the Encyclopædia, in lieu of the upholsterer, and in a week's time they will be able to astonish their vulgar and rich acquaintances, with the extent and variety of their erudition. I would further specially commend to them an enterprising young artist of the town, who has succeeded in producing such an imitation of book-backs as would escape detection in any classically shaded alcove. He should, however, be instructed to confine his labors to the standard works, which are rarely read ; and any counterfeit

of Tupper, Boyer's Dictionary, or the Complete Letter Writer, would be hazardous.

Thanks ought to be given, in this connection, to those philanthropic gentlemen, who, while they collect large libraries, show such a scrupulous nicety in guarding their treasure from the profanation of either public or private scrutiny. Like the old monks that Curzon tells us of, they brood among their books, and hatch out their ideas by incubation.

As for our young ladies, literary accomplishments vary strangely with taste and circle. We have our Italian speaking, and loving ladies,—adoring Manzoni, whom they read, and Dante whom they do not read,—who are profound lovers of the opera, and of moonlight,—sentimental and passionate, and uncommon admirers of moustache and oysters.

We have our ladies of French suavity, by far the most numerous class,—practising on a patient *femme de chambre*, and a dog's-eared Raphael,—in love with the Home Journal, and passionately fond of waltzing,—making their talk crisp and full of equivoque, and partial to bare shoulders, and to young men of fortune. There are beside, our young ladies of English habit, the friends of some 'first families' either in Boston or Virginia, who can repeat you long passages from Romeo, or the

Bride of Abydos,—who are prim, and critical,—much given to letter-writing, and very knowing about the habits of the town poets,—firm believers in the Literary World, and prone to long sighs. Nor ought I to forget the odd and eccentric coteries, who are ravished with German arias and Faust, and talk incontinently in German twang; nor yet those humbler literary victims, who read Mrs. More's voluminous biographies, and who, if you give them only moderate occasion, will overwhelm you with a gush of dogmatism, that is as woful to withstand as the French of boarding school girls, or the moralities of the Herald.

Of musical accomplishments, and of their position upon the opening boards of the winter, it would be indiscreet to speak, in view of that splendid northern comet of song, which is just now sweeping over our sky, and trailing from its golden hair fever and delirium. And, Fritz, I should be very recreant to my intent of keeping you even with the rush and current of the town life, if I did not give you some further picture of the prevailing mania; alas, the picture is only too ready; your philosophic Timon has yielded to the infection; and this, notwithstanding all ordinary means of prevention. My only appeal now to your charity, must be couched in the words of the old play:—

—— I never thought to fall a victim ;  
 But being fallen, good sir, pity me,  
 And hold me innocent of all the throes  
 And flights of my disorder ; which Heaven,  
 And not myself, doth breed in me !

—  
 A CAVATINA .

*Je ne sçay que faire de pareillement comme vous rythmer, ou non. Je n'y sçay rien toutefois, mais nous sommes en rhythmaillerie. Par saint Jean je rythmerai comme les autres, je le sens bien, attendez et m'ayez pour excusé, si je ne rythme en cramoisi.*

PANTAGRUEL, Liv. V. cap. xliii.

Not long since, there arrived in our city a pair of the Lafayettes, who landed, washed, shaved, bathed, ate, slept and departed, without so much as starting from their ambush a single one of the lion-hunters ; with the exception of one or two riddling shots from the small arms of the evening papers, they escaped scot-free, and as unscathed as if their father, the poor old marquis, had never buckled on an epaulette for American Independence. At Albany, indeed, I learn with regret, that they were overtaken, and were honored with such a surfeit of mud, Devons and Dorkings, as must have satisfied both their rurality and their pride.

To their escape from our town, they are indebted not so much to our generosity as to our Jenny Lind. You, Fritz, will understand this;—for you have listened to this songstress amid the blaze of kingly attendance, and under the heavily embossed roof of

a Royal opera-house ;—where the King and his suite were nothing, and the fairest, ‘high-bosomed’ dames of the Unter den Linden were nothing,—and where the long-moustached young officers of the Prussian army twisted their German faces into all shapes of delight. You will understand it, for you have seen her add her native grace to the sweet impersonation of the dreaming and wronged Son-nambula ; and you have seen her, with all the accessories of brilliant stage decorations, and with all the vitality of infectious dramatic skill, stretch up those little hands to Heaven, in all the fervor and the strength of a song of prayer.

Seeing her thus in the old world, where at every sunset martial music swelled upon the air, with its tale of monarchic splendor, and of monarchic power,—it is pleasant to see her here, quit for a time of the panoply of the stage, and in no character but that which she best adorns, viz., her own,—lending her sweet voice and songs to the clear atmosphere of our land of freedom.

Nor could our songstress easily find a more glorious singing-spot than that upon the edge of our moon-lighted bay—wide as the gulf by Sorentum, and with a richer green upon the shore—soft as the Lagoons of Venice, and wakened with the charm of a freer and happier life.

Had Jenny been less than she was represented, either in tone or in heart, there might before this have been a strong reaction. But from the first, she has more than sustained her character; and with a most liberal hand, she has showered back the first largess of the town, to run like the golden currents of her song in a thousand channels, carrying gladness and joy with their sparkle.

It is a new feeling with which to worship art—that of doing goodness by the worship. The knowledge of the abounding benevolence and liberality of this high priestess of song, makes our offerings seem like the sweet sacrifices of old to some protecting goddess, or like that Christian munificence which made the wise men of the East prodigal of their frankincense and myrrh.

Jenny Lind is reported to be appropriating her earnings in this country to the establishment of a great Swedish school; it can well be believed; her charity and good sense lend evidence to the report. Let me set the matter down for you, more narrowly;—a young woman, not yet thirty, scarce appearing two and twenty, with whom the enthusiasm of youth has not yielded one jot to the approaches of age,—while yet in the hey-day of life, when worldly vanities take strongest hold of the soul, and under an amount of blandishment and

flattery that might overcome the staid virtues of a veteran, is bestowing her honors on the needy, and the triumphs of her art and study upon the orphan, and the poor. It is as if Raphael had painted always to teach lessons of charity, or Byron made verse for the endowment of hospitals.

I love, I must say, Fritz, the very exuberance of admiration which waits upon such charity. It is pleasant, amid the cynical things which are credited me, to give loose to such enthusiasm as five and fifty years can yet keep within the walls of manhood, and add the applause of a TIMON to the plaudits of the multitude. God save me from that respectable class who cherish their impassive habit under all the events of life, and who cling to their coldness as the only security of their dignity!

You surely will not set me down as an echoer of the praises of others, or as one given to the loose carriage of indiscriminate flattery. My letters, one and all, have told you a different story:—nay, they will have even made you question the heartiness which you recognized in the days gone by,—when we mingled our struggles and our hopes upon the brink of youth, as the tide set outward, and leaped together into the stream that led on to life and destiny. But now, with the memory of those notes of the songstress—not in my ear, but in my

soul—flowing over me like pleasant thoughts heaven-ward bound, and heaven-belonging,—now falling to an echo, sweet as the sweetest memories of childhood, and again rising and swelling, pure and high as the best hopes that beckon us toward futurity,—I fall from my office of critic, carapist, or whatever you may term me, and yield as profound an homage as any, to that art which, though it runs before the foremost, is yet sublimed to a still higher pitch by its abounding charity.

There is something more than interesting in the thought that a lady songstress, of foreign birth, is gathering by her melodies, from Americans of every class and every taste, the means to build up her distant country of the North in the harmonies and duties of civilization. Think of it for a moment, Fritz, that your ticket, and your seat, is to give a desk to some poor Swedish scholar; and that the echoes of the Nightingale (sounds to be kissed) are to re-echo through their whole life-time, in the hearts and voices of ten thousand blue-eyed Scandinavian children!

There is a kind of moral sublimity in the thought, that the inhabitants of our Western World are led on by their sympathetic appreciation of the highest art, and by their offerings at its shrine, to extend the means of cultivation and of refinement to the

people of that mountain peninsula, over which reigned the great Gustavus Vasa, when America was a wilderness, and this Castle Garden a low alluvial debris, on which the herons stalked among the rank sea grass, and half-clad heathen stranded their birch canoes.

The fashionable world, the papers tell us, has held aloof, and has only here and there sprinkled the benches of the Castle ; if so, fashionable people are to be pitied—not so much for their weakness as for their losses. I am inclined to think that the fashionable world is slandered by the report. Were Jenny less than Jenny ; were the sympathies she excites less universal, or her vanities more in keeping with the proper vanities of the town, we should long ago have lost her *naïveté* in the splendor of parade, and our fashionists would have been intoxicated by her reception of their favors. But even the idlest, and the strongest of our fashionable world, are not apt in the offices of self-denial ; and though they are not remarkable for their deeds of benevolence, yet they will not cheat themselves of a song that beguiles their *ennui*, though the price they pay is a reluctant charity. What a lesson is given by this benevolent Swedish woman, to our silken drivers of showy equipage, and to our fat dandlers of poodle dogs !

How many of our richly-reared women, between twenty and thirty, have got an ear or eye for out-cast, needy children, or for the groans and sufferings of the poor? How many of them are in the habit of commuting their necklaces or their opera fans into bread for the destitute? How many of them keep the calendar of our schools of charity, and do their offices of kindness—for a blessing? There are indeed honorable exceptions, whom it would please my fancy to designate ;—they find their reward in the glow of an honest purpose.

With the most of them (it is hard to say it, Fritz,) this town life is but a round of delirious indulgences, in which the delights afforded even by this new meteor of song, are only—an added excitement. Bounty and duty are to them unknown terms, just fitted for pulpit talk, but very harsh in the *boudoir*. Their sensibilities are kept for the dreamy rhapsodies of elegantly-bound poets, or for the sweet covers of their prayer-books. Their charity all exudes in a twilight tear ; and all their religion in a Lenten fast.

You will perhaps set me down, Fritz, as one crazed by the reigning excitement, and as giving loose to a frenzied intoxication of spirit ; but I claim no absolution from that sympathy, which is started by the holy offices of charity, and adorned

by the natural graces of simplicity and song. I do not envy the critic, who must listen with professional coldness to such a singer, and curb his admiration by the music-master's scale. Even the elegant journalism which talks of her *bravuras*, her *andantes*, and *falsettos*, is to me a Crispin criticism upon a Phidian statue.

Jenny's *andante* is an *allegro* of spirit ; she cultivates no catch-penny *bravuras* of voice, though her whole action is a *bravura* of soul. Her life, like her voice, is of one register ; and her actions, like her tones, whether *di testa* or *di petto*, have always that peculiar and holy symphony of utterance which makes them integral and *alone*.

There are those who object, that Jenny's voice brings no tears, and that her style is cold. They prefer the heated utterance of the Southron. Every man will have his taste ; but for myself, Fritz, I had rather see the heat of the soul in deeds, than to take my knowledge of it from the lip. And with Jenny's warmth in the world, and toward the world she can well afford to spend her voice in cool showers of refreshing and limpid sound, rather than in the heated outbursts of sultry, electric clouds. The tears she makes, are the tears of gratitude ; and the smiles she calls, are the smiles of wonder and of joy.

I must confess that I have enough of the Saxon blood tingling in these finger ends, to welcome, as a northern cousin, the pure, bright genius of the Swedish mountains and pine-lands, who is chaste and pure as the auroral lights ;—nor do I regret one whit, that she does not bring in her breath the heat of the simoon, or show in her style the yellow intensity of the tropics. Her song is fresh, genial, sympathetic ; and though it does not welter and writhe like a swollen and turbid mediterranean river, it rolls on, pure and clear, like a rill through heather, or dashes like a mountain stream, watering bountifully wide meadows, and making whole hillsides green.

The Grisi has her richness of song, flowing smoothly and evenly as oil ; but Jenny's notes are like the dashing sparkle of spring water. The first may feed, with its combustible material, the fires that are seething in one's bosom ; but the cool, joyous, and limpid brightness of the other will feed the health and temper of the whole man.

I propose no quarrel with the critics ; they are a captious set ; and a quiet gentleman must needs be much disturbed, if not worsted, by an encounter. But in this matter of objecting to the town favorite, her northern style, and her lack of that impassioned dramatism of musical sentiment, which belongs to

the Italian, it seems to me that the critics are as idle, and meaningless, as if they were to object to the blue of her eye, or to the golden shadows that lie parted over her forehead.

She is there—the large-souled woman, with not one affectation of the stage, or one mimicry of feeling ;—only Jenny—as the God who made the people of the pine-lands, as well as the people of the olives, fashioned her ; and if the amateurs can mend her—they may.

I wish, Fritz, from my heart, that for an hour I could get at one of your forest skirts, to gather a bunch of wild-flowers,—with the golden rod in it, and a fragrant orchis, and a blue daisy, and pale ghost-flower, set off with the heavy fringe of a brake, and the feathery lightness of the maiden's hair,—to make up a bouquet for the songstress. And I am sure that such a bunch of wild flowers would touch Jenny's heart more nearly, than all the flaunting blossoms from our green-houses of quality.

Act upon the hint, my dear fellow, and tie one with your own hands, with the ribbon grass that grows in your meadow ; send it me at once, and it shall be braided into a thyrsan garland, to hide the point of my Timon raillery, and to be laid down, with all the grace that years have vouchsafed to me, at the feet of the blue-eyed JENNY.      TIMON.





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OCTOBER 9, 1850.

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SECOND SERIES—NO. 12.

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—————This is Timon's last.

TIMON OF ATHENS, Act III., Sc. VI.

—When I first took this task in hand, *et quod ait ille impellente genio negotium suscepi*, this I aimed at, *vel ut lenirem animum scribendo*, to ease my mind by writing, for I had, *gravidum cor, fetum caput*, a kind of imposthume in my head, which I was very desirous to be unladen of.

*Preface of DEMOCRITUS JUNIOR.*

It is now ten months, my dear Fritz, since I first put on the dignity of print, and undertook to tell you something of our Life in Town. As I then said, a hap-hazard ramble over many portions of the world, and a feeling that some modest acknowledgment was due from me, for the rich amusement that the public had so long and gratuitously afforded, prompted me to begin. I had also a hope

that while my letters would relieve the plethora of much and long observation, they might, in their small way, do a trifle of good.

But it was no part of my purpose to make my work altogether a public charity; for I had an honest conviction—not currently entertained by our town writers—that deeds of charity would be much more acceptable in the way of spare pennies, than in any dribblings from a pen.

A paragraphist in the Literary World has indeed thrown out a hint that nothing but a long purse could justify the author's continuance of his labor. I understand this to be a pleasant intimation (coming too from an experienced source) that the LORGNETTE was a bill of expense to its author. To have my open avowal on this point doubted by you, Fritz, would grieve me; a doubt from some quarters might provoke me; but there are still others, I am happy to say, where the expression of such doubt is neither grievous, provoking, nor important.

I began without any newspaper countenance; from the start, only a single editor was cognizant of the plan; and in his journal no notice appeared—not so much as bare mention of the paper—until a volume was complete. The work has had no friendly puffs, but has steadily pushed on, neither

asking nor seeking other newspaper favor than its merits might seem to demand.

It has met with no little rough jostling and hard usage ; which—you will be happy to learn—have neither broken my rest nor harmed my digestion. There are some who have conveyed covert sneers, in what they are pleased to term compliments of my graceful style ; who have insisted on the trapping of words, as if that had been my special study, and there were no earnestness of purpose.

Now, I have no great admiration for the brilliancies of Rhetoric ; but I must confess that I have far more even for its needless niceties, than for that pseudo honesty and energy which bases its character upon crudeness of speech, and which blurts out its fancies in such gross shape, as to impose upon the vulgar an idea of their weight and profundity. I never yet saw reason to believe that truth or earnestness lost one whit of their power by aptness of language ; nor can I conceive what sort of truth that might be, which would call for inaccuracy of expression, or be promoted by violations of grammar.

There is no more ingenious way of diverting attention from the real purport of a speech, than by commending its grace ; an unbelieving Philistine would take all the sting out of a Rabbinical doc-

trine, by descanting on the eloquence of the preacher ; and there is not a prettier way of showing indifference to the knife that cuts us to the quick, than by remarking upon the polish of the blade.

Surely, the charge of "too much refinement" is novel ; and it is one that the wildest extravagance of retort would never justify me in hurling back upon the critic.

But let me not be reckoned ungrateful for the kind words that have encouraged me ; words so kind, indeed, that they have made even age blush for its short comings. My particular thanks are due for the kind notices of the Home Journal and of de Trobriand's Revue ; and they are the more due, since, though an utter stranger to their conductors, I have not forborne to bring them under the dashes of my homely but honest pen. Very few of our literary men, now-a-days, can, from position, afford to be generous in their praises ; and still fewer add the willingness to the power.

I must also express my grateful acknowledgments to the Editor of the Albion, and to a late critic of the Express ;—nor can I believe, from the very kind tone of the last, that I am indebted to that sagacious individual, who, at an early day, furnished me, in the columns of the same paper, with

both sarcophagus and epitaph;\* it was graceful to compare my paper to the rose; but, alas, *il n'y a point de roses, sans épines!* May Heaven grant to the accomplished gentleman, who I hope is not yet deceased, an epitaph as pretty, and—as premature!

I have amused myself from time to time, during the summer, with sauntering into my publisher's shop,—to overhear the remark, and to watch the pleasant brusquerie of my excellent friend, Mr. Kernot. Of late, however, he has grown suspicious of middle aged gentlemen who wear a half country air; he is by no means so communicative as at the first; and only the other day, he honored me with a look of searching scrutiny, that required all my self-possession to withstand.

Of course I have heard very much said of my paper, which my pride, more than my modesty, will not allow me to repeat. One or two well-known writers of the town, whom I had reckoned innocent persons, have not scrupled to express, in my presence, the most contemptuous opinions of my labor. It does really seem as if they might throw a little more humanity into their speech; I

\* I append the notice in full :—"No. 1 of this publication was pleasant; No. 2 was less so; No. 3, stupid; and in No. 4, we must say we see neither wit, humor, or the purpose. Ere long we shall have to write over it the two last lines of old Malsherbe's epitaph—

Elle a vécu ce que vivent les roses  
L'espace d'un matin."

do assure them that I have no wish to trench upon their ground, and still less, to borrow any of their honors. We ought indeed to be capital friends; for while they are unwilling to rank my labors with their more tasteful productions, they may be certain of having my heartiest sympathy

Some dashing ladies, whose names I find on my New-Year's list, have returned the numbers to my publisher, with very odious mention of the author; I regret, exceedingly, that I could not dissipate with my pen an ennui which it has been my sad fortune to relieve, time and again, with the most meagre of chat. But there are those I find,—very proper ladies, too,—who, though quite grateful for the attentions of an indifferent person, under the walls of a salon, would altogether spurn him, when they have no neglect to conceal. Like some flowering plants, they enjoy the smallest sunshine when exposed in the garden air, but on their return to the shade of the cellar, they thrive and recruit in a state of natural torpidity.

Some few have thought it fashionable to subscribe for a shilling pamphlet,—that has met the kind mention of the Home Journal,—and yet they remain contemptuously ignorant of all that lies between the covers. In this neglect, I find myself, however, in capital company; and can afford to be

cast aside with a shrug, by those who do as much for their dictionaries and their Bible.

A vast many, whose opinions are sound, and whose talk even has aided my observations, would have relished much more what I have written,—if they had written it themselves. They remind me of that old philosopher, who advised his pupil to listen to his conversation, and to note it down for his advantage. Some time after, the pupil showed him a digest of his reflections; which the philosopher highly admired, until he learned that they were derived from quite other sources. Opinions which would have been worthy of every consideration, on the lip of some correct old lady, lose their force, when bruited in this public and anonymous guise. The man who has no character as an author, has no right to say good things on paper; and what good people extol from their pulpits, is very impertinent in the type of an unknown adventurer.

A story is told in Athenian history, of some young fellow of exceptionable—because unknown—character, who, on occasion of an important discussion in one of their popular assemblies, made a speech which every one thought well of, but which no one regarded; nor was it until it had been repeated by an old and accredited demagogue, that the people were led to act upon its suggestions, and, by their

compliance, to gain a triumph. So, it seems to me, there are a vast many in our town, who have only one look-out place; and their mental optics take one unvarying plane of convergence; if any object strikes the focus, it is all very well; but if a little to the right or to the left, it is condemned to darkness. They are like those domestic people Rabelais\* talks of, who flourish in a tight-hooped cask, and are forever looking through one bung-hole.

It would puzzle some of the good folk not a little, to find that the staid old gentleman, whose visits they have honored with smiles of welcome, is the same who has suffered such gross neglect whenever he has taken up the pen.

I have been much amused, Fritz, by the attributed hits at particular individuals, and by the undoubted portraits which some wiseacres have detected in my pages. Some of my pictures have been declared excellent studies of those whom I never had the happiness of seeing; and of whom, unfortunately, I had never heard, until the quick-sightedness of the *quid-nuncs* brought them to my notice. A gentleman who has worn very much of the suspicion of authorship, assures me that he has been assailed with threats, by one who

\* — Gens nourris dedans ung barril, et qui oncoques ne regardèrent que par ung trou.

has fancied himself the subject of a special allusion ; it would be wise for our hero to reserve his ire, since he has selfishly possessed himself of an honor to which there was already a score of rival claimants.

Very many, as I am told by my publisher, are pluming themselves on being the originals of sundry of my sketches,—whose follies and peculiarities have been wholly without the range of my observation. They are certainly very welcome to any honor which I may unconsciously have done them ; and should my whim lead me to take up the pen again, I shall be happy to afford them still farther gratification. But heretofore, I have had a higher aim than that of making individual portraits ; my attempt has been to represent classes only,—to ridicule follies in the mass. It would be very strange, if, in following out this design, I had not touched upon some traits so pointedly, that they might be recognized as belonging to particular individuals. I claim no exemption indeed, myself ; and have been conscious often-times of offence, in the very matter of my condemnation.

I have even been the subject of quite gratuitous pity, as offering in my own person the ground-work for one of the most odious of the caricatures ; but I enjoyed the consolation of an exceedingly good-natured friend, who himself pointed out the re-

semblance ; but advised me not to take it too much to heart,—with the comforting assurance, that the author was “ d—d low.”

It is, perhaps, needless to say that my incognito is still entire ; nor can I see that conjectures are any nearer the mark, or the *quid nuncs* any better agreed, than on the first day of my issue. Some of my nearest friends are assured of my connection with the authorship ; and others, quite as intimate, stoutly disallow such assertion ; as I cannot confirm either, without giving offence to the other, I am content to let the matter take its own course.

In my own quiet quarters, the family are still in the dark. They have indeed read my papers, and have discussed them, sometimes to my great annoyance ; and more rarely, to the gratification of a needy vanity. The younger ladies are delighted with such portions as condemn those extravagances that are beyond their reach ; and the elder ones are mightily pleased with what they fancy to be sarcastic hits upon all society which they do not enter.

The tasteful gentleman has had his suspicions of me ; but he cannot reconcile my quiet habits, and advanced age, with either the general range of my observations or the occasional flippancy of my speech. The old lodger above stairs excepts to

nothing but the slur upon the Westminster catechism ; bating this grievance, he reads all with an unction, that has once or twice flattered me into taking a pinch of his villanous Maccaboy.

With this much of prefatory gossip, Fritz, let me give you one more launch upon the town, and my volume is ended.

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### TOWN SOCIETY.

*Carbonarius* in quadam habitans domo, rogabat ut et *fullo* accederet, et secum cohabitaret :—sed *fullo* respondendo ait,—Sed non hoc possem ego facere : timeo enim ne quæ ego dealbo, tu fuligine repleas

AFFABULATIO.

Fabula significat omne dissimile, esse insociabile.

ÆSOPI FABULÆ.

THE public has seen fit to regard these letters in the light of strictures upon the Town Society. It was by no means my wish to give them so narrow a limit ; nor has my playful raillery borne with it, surely, any of the assumption of a judge. Still, the public are welcome to their decision ; and in view of it, I cannot better close, than by setting down, more pointedly than I have yet done, a few of my old-fashioned opinions.

But first let me spare a word for those learned coxcombs who consider all talk about society as sheer twaddle. That a man who knows nothing of the courtesies of life, should sneer at them, is quite

natural ; but that he should plume himself upon his ignorance, is not a little extraordinary. Such men are to be classed with those bold spirits who carry their independence in their manners, or in their lack of them. I have great faith in one who thinks for himself on such points,—provided he thinks wisely; but if he think wrongly, or if he think purposely after a different manner from other men, on all the minor forms and conventionalities of life, I think he would be more happy and respected—though possibly not so much stared at—if he employed some one else to think for him.

The habits of amusement, the every-day practices, and, in short, all those observances which go to make up what is called fashion, have a very considerable bearing upon the virtue, the manliness, and the intelligence of a people. To slight them, while careful about the ordinary claims of education, is to neglect the atmosphere we breathe, while anxious only for our meat and drink.

I have been accused of balking the main issues, and of playing around matters which needed the firm touch of analysis ; but I take the liberty of saying, that these scattered shots upon the town have had their aim. You have seen, my dear Fritz, our old friend Dumas (not the Guardsman) apply the stopper of a vial to some calcareous or silicious

mass,—and watch the degree of the effervescence,—and taste,—and try it with his blow-pipe, and finally, setting it down, and putting his spectacles back, you have heard him give, in a few well-chosen words, the full account of the substance under his hand.

It is much in this way,—though by no means with the delicate manipulation of the French chemist,—that I have been applying my tests, and exhibiting those special qualities, which give character to the whole of our society. I have coveted no reputation of being a fashionable twaddler ; nor do I think myself very far in the road toward arriving at that distinction. It seemed to me to be an honest man's work, to have a crack at those follies which were growing upon our newly-formed society ; and the more honest, since nearly all the journals of the town were approving, and magnifying, whatever fashion decided upon doing

I have deemed it more politic to give a playful trip to such light-heeled errors as good sense would aid me in upsetting, than to affect the *arbiter elegantiarum*, by deciding upon either general or special proprieties. No effort has been made to show familiarity with any other standards than those of good judgment and good taste ; and no pretence has been started to anything more, or anything less,

than the character of a quiet, humble, independent cooker-on. French society possesses a luxurious grace, a silken pliability, and a most grateful *amour-propre*, that would easily induce its admirers to prescribe from Parisian data the rules for our social action ; and on the other hand, I can understand how a man living for only a short period in England, should grow into such sort of respect for their foggy quietude, their aplomb, and elegant indifference, as would make him zealous for the establishment of British regimen.

But it seems to me, Fritz, that every nation, (and you have had the same opinion from me, under the linden trees of the terrace at Frascati,) must, and ought to have its peculiar social ordinances, as much as those of its civil policy, or commerce ; and I see no better reason, *per se*, for adopting the visiting hour of the Parisian, or for dining in the night with the Londoner, than for copying the Milanese in their opera etiquette, or for showing hospitality with a pipe, and entertaining with sherbet and attar. The skeleton of national habit will always be made up by the hard, osseous system of business ; character will lay on the muscle ; and education, with taste and refinement, will supply those finer tissues, and nervous susceptibilities, which give to it social grace.

Opinion, climate, circumstance, all want their action upon social organization ; and adaptation to them, at once easy, refined, and genial, make up the highest grade of social elevation. This adaptation, it seems to me, was perfected for France, in those days of Louis XIV. when a Montespan was a "leader of fashion." Of the standard of education and of morals I say nothing ;—but surely, for the time, for the court, and for the national habit, the ladies of Versailles were model ladies ; wit could never have played prettier on the lip of an unfaithful woman, than in the Vallière ; and judgment never sat with a more luxurious grace upon any courtly dame, than upon the Maintenon. So too it was in the age of the great Athenian commander, when learning, power, and poetry had so ripened social action, that the wit of the salon rivalled the wit of the stage ; and when Athenian ladies of fashion had lost, by culture, the masculine roughness of the Spartan, the lascivious gayety of the Ephesian, and the slavish reserve of the Persian.

Nor is this last allusion so far off, as it might seem ; with added moral (or the assumption of it), political condition is much the same ; there is the same power to rise. And as Aspasia, by her cultivation, rose to the heart and home of Pericles, and afterward drew to the same station the humble

Lysicles,—a New York lady of fashion, if only she possessed Aspasia's wit and eloquence, might do as much. Our social adaptation wants to be directed in view of those changes of circumstance which our institutions are constantly creating.

When there is no taste of a court to be humored, —when there are no established and titled classes, who, by the prerogative of birth, carry from generation to generation, as it were, the dignity and the rule of social aptitudes, every man's own judgment must decide for him; and it is in the easy, refined, and gracious adaptation of his manners and habit to his own taste, that what is called fashion will find its perfection. Yet is there very little of this sort of adaptation in the town.

Our houses, for illustration, are arranged by rule, and by street; with no sort of applicability to the peculiar tastes of the inhabitant; but only for their "party" capacity, or for a certain quality of display. Our fashionable ranks are made up after a similar method:—An education, fair in the rudiments, and touched off with a trifle of Paris, a trifle of equipage, a trifle of the opera, a trifle of Grace Church, and a trifle of religion, completes the equipment.

Take any given set of what are called tonnish people, and we may find one, just what would be expected from his position and influence,—possessed

of fair appreciation of music, a pretty regard for church matters, a knowledge of the journals, and an easy air. A second, who is necessary to the other, for some extrinsic quality, either of name, or of mercantile position, has scarce any of the qualities of the first; and though they brood together, under their wives' tuition, their sympathies rarely meet. A third, with intellectual cultivation and refinement, is attached to the other by loose ligaments; either from special pride in the position, or for the use that can be made of the wealthy patronage. A fourth is essentially a boor; but by extraordinary wealth, or persistent search for just such notoriety, is foisted upon the rest, and hangs upon the coterie, with a kind of pleased yet foolish bewilderment, that reminds one of poor Strepsiad, listening to the cloud teachings of philosophy.\*

In all this herding, there is none of that adaptation, which results from careful observation, and a desire to promote those comfortable elegancies of life, which make up a social geniality.

Take again the successful adventurer upon the town society; he is well-looking, passably clever, graceful, a good dancer, and has passed (*c'est la plus belle rose de son chapeau*) a winter in Paris. He is seen at the A.'s, who are of what is termed

\* Clouds of Aristophanes.

the first set ; this is enough to secure him an invitation to the B.'s,—where, if his jokes be creditable over the “ board,” he is guarantied the entree at C.'s ; the sight of him in their box at the opera, elicits inquiry from the D.'s—who have daughters so ugly, as to be drumming up very frequent recruits. Nor is it until our hero reaches some observing man, who has more of an eye for qualities and fitness, than for reputable visiting, that his character is subjected to an inquiry which secures him—*son congé*. With all the others he has mingled by a habit of the class ; nothing else assured his position, and nothing else affirmed his congeniality.

Let us look at a lady of a first set ; and by first set, I mean whatever set is most talked of, most conspicuous, most devoted to expensive public amusements, and most famous for its balls. Madame is passably looking, with passably looking children ; she is generous enough for display, and rich enough for occasional well-timed charities ; her carriage is known, her footman is known, and her milliner, and her clergyman, and perhaps her lover. She is very likely a kindly sort of woman at heart, with fair education—who goes to the opera because she likes to see and be seen ; and frequents the balls because she loves attention, or oysters. And what

tastes could be more decided, or who could be at more liberty to gratify them? And yet abundance of people are sneering at her position and extravagance, and, if there be a spark of scandal about her, show the most Christian solicitude to fan it into a flame. Very likely we shall find these very traducers most anxious to get at her parties, or to follow in the wake of her equipage. They do so, because she possesses a fashionable publicity, and not because they would enjoy a *tête-à-tête*; yet they would endure a long one—to share her position, or the softness of her lounge, or the luxurious suppers, or any or all of those things which give her the eminence at which they secretly rail.—And if it be eminence, do you not perceive, my dear lady, that by running after it with your infernal clatter of wonder and scandal, you are exalting it to a place in the public eye, that its own unaided qualities could never secure to it?

Let her be the princess of suppers, the queen of lorgnettes, and the sultana of the divan! Seek your companions where you find agreement of tastes, or of occupations; in short, give up your tacit allegiance to those sets which, by notoriety, are first sets; follow the dictates of your own judgment,—refined as much as you please with edu-

cation,—and adorned as much as you dare with charity.

As it is, our classes monopolize the distinctions, to the discredit of the individual attractions. What strange lady, after a year's life in the town, is known as a delightful companion, or a pleasant entertainer, one half so well as she is known for a visitor in such and such circles, or as belonging to such or such a set? And who, under the present artificial range of classifications, can safely judge of a man's character, by the houses at which he visits?

A sensible man chooses his companion for congeniality of tastes; they together choose a third; and presently you have a good fellowship, natural, easy, and honest. But put yourself in a town-saloon upon a reception day, and you shall find the farthest remove from this; and the more notoriously fashionable the house, the farther is the remove. Some are come to do themselves the honor of making show of the acquaintance; others feel that they are doing a generous condescension, and sustain their position by a pretty superciliousness. In this matter, let me note, for contrast, the easy groupings of a Paris reception, where affinities are more studied, and where the visitors mingle spon-

taneously, as it were, and with a genial hum of talk. With us, it is all the good lady can do, to keep up an appearance of *bonhomie*, by adroit manœuvres from party to party. But while I make this special comparison, in which the French are more liberal, and truly republican, than ourselves, I would not be understood to carry it farther. Democratic institutions, and education, ought to modify social action. Those Medici who gave grandeur to what is now the Tuscan Duchy, showed as much social as political wisdom, in searching out companions and partners for their children, among the most meritorious of the Florentine Bourgeois. Prescriptive castes in an old country, and a feudal country, may be time-honored and legitimate; in our town, they are either prurient affectations, or the result of a publicity and notoriety at which true delicacy is shocked. They defeat the issues of rational geniality, and make shelter for all manner of pompous deceits.

The absurd intimations which I have seen in some country papers, that my letters were written merely to unfold the pretensions of the vulgarly rich, or the follies of an upper ten thousand, I wholly abjure; if I cordially detest anything, it is those eternal railers at an imaginary set, whom they thus designate. It is not necessary to be rich,

to be vulgar,—nor to be vulgar, to be rich. Folly has been my target, wherever it appeared ; and I have endeavored, by the wide range of my observations, to do away with the suspicion that I ranked vice by social grades, or heaped upon wealth or fashion any gratuitous reproach.

The tone of all my letters has been Republican ; they have tended, in their humble way, towards the dismantling of those awkward and vulgar scaffoldings, by which our social architects of the town were trying to build up something like the gone-by feudal fabrics of the old world. I have pandered to none of the finical tastes of an “Upper Ten,”—to none of the foolish longings of a “Lower Ten,” and to none of the empty and ill-directed clamor of those who affect to guide the million. John Timon, in the pride of his citizenship, as a Republican, and as a New-Yorker, acknowledges no Upper Ten ! He will live where he chooses to live ; and he will amuse himself as he chooses to amuse himself. He will neither take his building schemes from the nod of Mr. Such-an-one, nor wear his glove at the beck of—Such-another. He will try to consult those proprieties which reason, good feeling, and good custom suggest ; and he will mingle in such circles as will receive him kindly, —as will greet him with a manly cordiality, and

entertain him by such frankness, intelligence, and refinement, as he thinks he can appreciate.

Nor do I apprehend that these things are to be bounded by houses, or by streets ;—or that any man, or any set of men, can lay down the codes by which I am to reach them, or prescribe the ways in which I am to enjoy them. Good habit, in a free society, is as much a matter of taste and circumstance, as coloring in painting, or the management of the rod in angling ; and who, pray, is going to give us rules for the precise amount of chromes, or for the exact length of line, or the dressing of a hackle?

Good breeding does not necessarily suppose a knowledge of all conventionalities ; and a true gentleman can in no way better show his gentle blood, than by the grace and modesty with which he wears his ignorance of special formulas. If there be not a native courtesy in a man, which tells him when he is with gentlemen, and when with the vulgar ; and which informs him, as it were by intuition, what will conspire with the actions of the first, and offend against the sympathies of the last, he may study till doomsday his etiquette, and his French Feuilletou, and remain a boor to the end !

To conclude—as the Doctors say,—let me suggest, that our Town Society needs nothing so much

as an added geniality, honesty, and simplicity. It hardly seems to me of so much importance that our streets should show a Paris *pardessus*, but ten days old, or a new polka, in the fortnight of its introduction along the Faubourg St. Honoré,—as that social fellowship should become easy and refined, and a little wit, taste, and grace be grafted upon the body of our Fashion.

And now, Fritz,

—— “Timon hath done his reign!”

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It is hard to quit friends ; and some friends I feel sure that I have made. There are scores of honest fellows, who, reckoning me honest, will have sent me, by that chord of sympathy which stretches back from number to number of my work,—as it were, on telegraphic posts,—a cordial greeting. There are ladies, too, not all of them old ladies, who, if their confession means anything, entertain a kindly feeling for the old gentleman who has talked so honestly of their errors, as to make the crowd of their virtues—dazzling.

They must be sure that he bears them no ill-will ; and that he will reckon their tolerance of his garrulity as one of the best prizes of his labor. I feel sure, indeed, that many have seen,

under all the apparent harshness of my speech, a tenderness and admiration for those who adorn the sex,—more honorable to them, than to myself. If, in the merest trifle, I may have quickened their disgust for what is vain and false, or kindled their regard for what is simple and true, I shall count it my highest reward, to have made one jewel the brighter, in the coronet of their charms.

My publishers have intimated their design of sending my portrait to the world, with this volume; but I feel quite sure, that if I receive such flattery at the hands of the kindly artists, as most of the town-authors have secured, very few, even of my most intimate friends, will be able to recognize me.

My humble position will remain, therefore, inviolate. I have wished that my opinions should have such credit, and only such, as their intrinsic value would seem to justify. It is true indeed that I could add little weight to them by an open avowal, save among those who know me personally, and who, I am sorry to say, have not yet learned to recognize the hand and the heart of an acquaintance, in these quaint and unusual labors of my pen. But I am spared, thus, the pang of saying farewell to those who do not yet know in TIMON—an old and cherished comrade.

Let me assure the critics, however, that it is from no sense of shame, or of fear, that I forbear to make known my name ;—nor, on the other hand, do I feel prompted to such a course, by any feelings of vanity :—*primus vestrum non sum—nec imus.*

I have amused myself quietly ; and quietly I shall slip away from public notice. There was no flourish of trumpets to announce my coming on the stage ; and there shall be no hireling mourners to attend my going off.

ADIEU.



TA AEFOMENA,  
OR OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

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—THOSE *that are so quick in searching, seldom searche to the quicke ; and those miraculous apprehensions who understand more than alle, before the client hath told halfe, runne without their errand, and will return without their answer.*—FULLER,—(not of the MIRROR.)

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*From the Evening Mirror.*

\* \* \* The name of the writer is not given, but, to use a vulgarism, it “sticks out” in every line. The opera-goer’s search for lodgings is so “Tom Peppery” that we give it entire.

SECOND NOTICE.—The *Lorgnette* is growing stupid.

THIRD NOTICE.—The author, about whose identity there still remains some doubt, is generally believed to be “Ike Marvel,” (Mitchel—not of the Olympic.) He continues to dish up the follies and foibles of society with a considerable spiciness. The letter written by a young lady at the Springs to her friend in town, is the best specimen of satire we have seen since the contributions to our columns of “Ferdinand Mendes Pinto.” It will do for the MIRROR.

*From the Sunday Courier.*

This is the last stupidity in the form of a funny paper which has been spawned upon the town. We should think its author was Dr. Potts or Dr. Tyng.

SECOND NOTICE.—This is the production of a dealer in fancy articles, Mr. J. H. L. McCrackan.

THIRD NOTICE.—This is not the production of Mr. J. H. L. McCrackan, and we beg his pardon.

*From the Journal of Commerce.*

The *Lorgnette* contains closter satire on the frivolity, folly, and insipidity of fashionable life, written in a polished and elegant style.

*From the Albion.*

The "Opera-Goer," who puts forth such clever notices of men and things in this metropolis, continues to preserve his incognito. Twice or thrice we have commended the appropriate pungency of his satire, and the neatness and finish of his style.

*From the Commercial Advertiser.*

Light, pleasant, sketchy, and hits severely some popular foibles.

SECOND NOTICE.—The *Lorgnette* sustains its wit and humor, but we do not like to see its quizzical author resorting thus early to correspondence.

THIRD NOTICE.—This pleasantly sarcastic serial seems to lose none of its vivacity, and we suppose none of its popularity. The author evidently knows the value of secrecy, and carefully conceals his local habitation and his name from the mystery-loving public.

*From the Literary World (Editorial.)*

FIRST NOTICE.—Rather too quiet, and Spectatorish.

SECOND NOTICE.—If the author has a long purse we advise him to go on. It is quite as harmless as driving a fast trotter on the Avenue, and he certainly writes well for a fashionable man.

THIRD NOTICE.—The last, if not the latest direct descendant of that grandmotherly publication—the *Spectator*.

*From Correspondents of Lit. World.*

A sufficient proof that the thing is good may be found in the curiosity to ascertain its author, and the number of those, more or less known in our literary circles, to whom it has been attributed. Messrs. Willis, McCracken, R. G. White, and "Ike Marvell" (Mitchell), are among those mentioned in connection with the *Lorgnette*. On this matter every one is free to make his guess, and we must confess that our suspicions have frequently turned in the direction of some member of the Paulding family. There is something very Paulding in the style of the *Lorgnette*. Two things may be safely predicated: first, it is the work of a man who has seen a good deal of our best society; and second, of one who has read a good deal of the best old English and old French.

The fact that the *LORGNETTER* has thorough experience—that he has been 'in,' 'of,' and 'through,' as well as frequently so far 'above' the follies which he treats of so feelingly—of course gives weight and efficacy to his opinions. But we confess to have been strangely affected by these writings, previously to any knowledge of their source. There seems to be a subtle intrinsic power in their half-earnest expressions, independent of, and far superior to any extraneous authority.

Their unusual combination of strength, delicacy, and refinement, is quite consoling; and we rejoice that one writer of these days can be severe, without forgetting the gentleman, and can demonstrate that wit is most keen and sparkling when set in English, 'pure and undefiled.'

*From the Merchants' Day Book.*

FIRST NOTICE.—Of all the forlorn hopes ever put forward as specimens of New-York wit and humor, this is quite the most forlorn. It is promiscuously attributed to Richard Grant White, Harry Franco Briggs, Gaslight Foster, and General Morris.

SECOND NOTICE.—This quiet and modest publication has been steadily increasing in interest and ability for some time past. Timon has proven himself, by the way he has submitted to his course of sprouts, a capital fellow.

*From the New York Tribune.*

FIRST NOTICE.—“THE LOBNETTE,” by an Opera-Goer, has won a flattering reputation for its quiet, mischievous humor, its lively sketches of fashionable follies, its shrewd delineations of character, and its mastery of a graceful, transparent, healthy English style. It speaks well for the versatility of literary talent among us, that nearly a score of the wits of Gotham have had the credit of its paternity. The author has no reason to be ashamed of his production. A second series is announced by Stringer & Townsend, of which we have the first number, devoted to the mysteries of May moving, and the still more profound mysteries of the Polka and the Polkists.

SECOND NOTICE.—Nos. 16 and 17 have a true spicy flavor, not at all impaired by the hot weather;—the invisible author has been behind the scenes in the modern Athens.

*From the New York Express.*

FIRST NOTICE.—No. 1 of this publication was pleasant; No. 2 was less so; No. 3 stupid; and in No. 4, we must say we saw neither wit, humor, or the purpose. Ere long we shall have to write over it the two last lines of old Malsherbe's epitaph—

*Elle a vecu ce que vivent les roses  
L'espace d'un matin.*

SECOND NOTICE.—This amusing melange is now issued once a fortnight, by its enterprising publishers, who have undertaken to keep it before the people. Mr. McCracken is rather more talked about now, as the author of these clever papers, than any one else.

SUBSEQUENT NOTICES.—John Timon in his last number did himself great credit by his introductory tribute to the late President. In that before us he opens with a graphic memento of Sir Robert Peel, and gives a very graphic description of a victory won by that consummate debater, in the House of Commons, over Macaulay, of which the writer says he was an eye-witness.

— His sketches are portraits true as daguerreotypes.

— John Timon is coming out more and more richly every fortnight. We hope we shall not be trenching upon Messrs. Stringer & Townsend's copy-right by giving a page or two out of the paper before us.

*From the Courier and Enquirer.*

The writer's name is kept concealed, but he is evidently a man who has seen the world, abroad as well as at home, who has traveled without leaving his morals behind him, and mixed in society without acquiring any disgust for simple, home-bred virtues.

Flash critics vote anything of this kind stupid which is not filthy or abusive. There are readers, however, who will like it all the better because its author is evidently a scholar and a gentleman,—one whom they would have no scruple in admitting to their friendship, and from whom they will hear nothing but truth in courteous phrase.

There is not an indelicate allusion, an immoral sentiment, a personal fling, which we have been able to detect in the book. It is the best thing of the sort since *Salmagundi*.

*From the Democratic Review.*

The Lorgnette has attracted some attention. As a specimen of English composition it is certainly very creditable.

Beyond hearsay he has evidently no knowledge. He speaks truth when he describes himself as a countryman and an outsider.

*From the Revue du Nouveau Monde.*

FIRST NOTICE.—Qui est il ? Un écrivain ? Un Journaliste ? Un homme du monde ? ou simplement un homme d'esprit ? Voilà ce que l'on se demande partout à propos du Timon qui publie ce qu'il voit à travers les verres de sa LORGNETTE. Quelques uns qui regardent curieusement par le gros bout, croient deviner à l'orifice opposé un oeil de femme.

Le fait est que ce n'est pas A \* \* qui n'a pas assez de finesse, ni B \* \* qui n'a pas assez d'esprit, ni C \* \* qui n'a pas assez de moderation, ni D \* \* assez de style. Qui est-ce donc ? nous n'en savons rien, et souhaitons que personne n'en sache davantage, afin de laisser à Timon toute liberté.

\* \* Nous ne saurions mentionner particulièrement aucun de ces croquis dont la vérité est incontestable comme le talent. Les *memoranda* d'un coureur de salons à l'affût de tout ce qui peut lui conquérir une place dans la *fashion*, sont vraiment pris sur nature, et la LORGNETTE se transforme ainsi bien souvent en daguerréotype où nous retrouvons jusque dans leur plus légers détails les conversations que nous avons entendues, les travers qui nous ont fait sourire, et les ridicules que la politesse nous oblige souvent dans le monde à saleur avec un sérieux méritoire.

SECOND NOTICE.—Nous doutons que nos concitoyens des Massachusetts et de la Pennsylvanie lui dressent jamais des autels par reconnaissance de tout ce qu'elle met chez eux en lumière, et plus d'un, sans doute, se sera promené sur Broadway avec quelque inquiétude, en songeant à ce daguerréotype invisible braqué traitreusement sur leur passage comme un condottieri l'escopette au poing. Ses épigrammes sont d'un goût irréprochable et ne descendent jamais à la personnalité. Qu'il soit homme d'esprit, c'est ce qu'on ne peut lui refuser en parcourant ses pages ; mais qu'il soit un homme de sens, c'est ce dont personne ne doute en lisant la couverture de ses dernières livraisons. Là, les opinions de la presse sont reproduites avec une fidélité et une abnégation touchante, depuis celles qui lui sont une approbation encourageante, jusqu'à celles qui se traduisent par le mot *stupid*.

*From the Newark Advertiser.*

We have read them as they appeared first, because of a shrewd surmise that they were written by an old acquaintance, (Ike Marvel,) and secondly, because they are intrinsically excellent. They bring us back to the palmy days of the Spectator, by their sprightly style, and their under-current of satire and instruction.

*From the Southern Literary Messenger.*

Its tone is that of a gentleman, not of a cynic ; its humor is almost invariably refined ; and its language felicitous and chaste, to a most exemplary degree. We may predict for it a great run both in town and country. The author's name is still a secret. Upon my honor I declare to you that I have not the slightest idea who he is. I have been told as a great secret, upon most infallible good authority, by people who are never mistaken in matters of literary gossip, the names of some ten or a

dozen who are the fathers of the child, but among them all, the true author of the deed disappears, and the curious public is no wiser than before

*From the Springfield Republican.*

It purports to give a description of New-York society generally, and fashionable society particularly, by a series of letters signed "John Timon," the *nom de plume* of Mr. Fayette Robinson, the literary critic of the New York Express. There was some discussion and wrangling about the authorship at first, but it has been acknowledged by Mr. Robinson.

*From the Evening Post.*

Its sketches of town-life and character are marked by acuteness of observation, and often with wit; but there is a certain refinement of manners about them which perhaps stands somewhat in the way of their popularity.

*From the Boston Post.*

No. 16 of the Lorgnette contains a "Boost for Bostonians." As we do not perceive much merit or truthfulness in this "boost"—it may be full of both. To our best judgment, however, the "Lorgnette" man, generally, is a pert, flat, gentlemanly gossip; and in the present instance is as green as grass about Boston notions

*From the International.*

The Lorgnette, the cleverest book of its kind (we were about to write since the days of Addison, but to avoid possible disagreement, say)—since Irving and Paulding gave us Salmagundi, is still coming before us at agreeable intervals.

*From the Boston Journal.*

This sprightly periodical maintains its interest. In the present number, the editor has made a brief digression, and paid his respects to Boston. He gives a lively picture of Boston life.

*From the Home Journal.*

— This is the taking title of a beautifully printed and gracefully written weekly, issued by H. Kernot.

SECOND NOTICE.—The Lorgnette is too well bred and considerate to have any great rush of popularity; but the ladies all talk about it; and its style as a literary composition improves curiously fast, seeming rather the relapse into a good style, after assuming a new and worse one for novelty, than the progress of an untried writer.

Anything that grows in value with progressing, as does the "LORGNETTE," is note-worthy in these tapering times; and why we have not spoken of the numbers as they have appeared, is simply because we have not received them; for they are of a Salmagundi spiciness that it were dull knowingly to overlook. The sketches of a "Bostonian" a "Philadelphian," and other "Strangers in Town," as estimated in New York, are truly capital.

We find throughout a current of earnest, sometimes almost stern thought, running beneath the easy smoothness and epigrammatic ripples of its pages. JOHN TIMON is a gentleman, and we are glad to know

that he has had leisure to write; but something beyond the results of native courtesy, and familiarity with good society, and lettered ease, appears in these pages. Let not grave fathers sniff at JOHN TIMON, lest so they mock themselves, unwittingly deriding their own advice and counsels to their daughters.

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———*Nunc*

*Non potes in nugis dicere plura meas  
Ipse ego quam dixi.*









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